LES FEMMES ILLUS[illegible]

OR THE

Heroick Harrang[illegible]

OF THE

Illustrious Women

Written in FRENCH by the Ex[illegible]
Pen of MONSIEUR de CUDDER[illegible]

GOVERNOUR OF NOSTRE D[illegible]

Translated By *JAMES INNES*.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARY of ESTE DUTCHESS of ALBANY and YORK.

MADAM.

TO Celebrate Eternally the Honour of famous Heroins and perfectly to Solemnise the glory of the fair Sex, do Illustrious Queens and Princes prostrate themselves at your Royall feet: The noyse of your Bounteous worth hath so over-ecchoed the spacious Universe, that they (but from your Royall perfections) could never hope to obtain, what they have long strayed through the World in

quest

of: Become now weary with wandering, and toyl'd with fatigue, pitie pleads in their behalf for lodging, and charity proclaims aloud that their glory will be for ever Eclipsed, if the Rayes of your Heroick and Noble Vertue dissipate not the clouds which benight it, by taking them in protection: Their Garlands will want the choisest Laurels of their acquired praise, if your Royal Excellencies Crown *not the Trophies of their merit by sustaining their conquests: and they will not only ly alwaies under the lash of calumny, but be irrecoverably ship wracktif their recourse to your* Royal Highness *for defence be rejected. Such has been the impatient Ambition of these* Magnanimous Spirits, *to be adrest to you for particular tuition, that if they could have travelled in* English *without a guid, they would have certainly rendred themselves where I have made*

bold

bold to present them, knowing [illegible] *only worthy to maintain their glor*[illegible] *Oppreſt with the ſtormie malice of frowning fortune, they flie to the al*[illegible]*tars of ſecurity, plung'd in griefe they Solace themſelves with intreating for ſhelter from untainted honor, and though by redoubled misfortune they be ſurcharged with ſorrow, they ſhall retake their courage under your Royal Tutelage, being fully aſſured that your Illuſtrious Patronage is of ſufficient power to ſtop the froward carrier of volatile unconſtancy, and juſtly perſwaded to find a delectable retreat, where the Princly Pattern of accomplished Vertue, and the glorious* Modell *of ſincer perfection is preſented to Poſterity.*

May your *Royal Highneſs* therefore, in beſtowing a favourable look on Illuſtrious *Ladyes*, (whoſe aſpiduous deſires have been to partake of a comfortable and delicate [illegible]

rity with you;) Be graciouslie pleased to accept of my thus consecrating this my Translation of the first part of the *Heroick Harrangues* that thereby *I* may avouch, I have safly lodged these renowned worthies in the closet of Princely Excellency; Have securely harboured them in the haven of safty; have quietly laid to rest their wearied ghosts under the shadow of Royall Goodness: And in fine, found them out a Noble repose, where the only refuge could be had worthie of Heroick Souls. Since then in your Royall Person vertue is compleatly perfect, and does from thence so splendidly renew its lustre that to defend the interest of famous Heriones must be Universally acknowledged your propriety, I humbly begg liberty to leave them to the peaceable enjoyment of your Illustrious inclination, having

Royalty

Royalty for their Tutilare Angel, and a glorious resting place in recompence of their sufferings. Your esteem *Madam*, is the only thing can render this unpolisht work perfect, and your approving of my oblation will render me most happy, in obtaining the honour of presenting my *Royal Princes* with these humble devoirs of.

Madam

Your ROYAL HIGHNESSES

Most Humble, Most Faithful

and ever Devoted Servant,

JAMES INNES.

THE AUTHORS DEDICATION TO LADIES

I Present the Illuſtrious Women, to the moſt Illuſtrious of Women, and conjures them to take them in protection; By ſuſtaining the Glorie of theſe heroick perſons, they mantain their own proprietie, and by a generous Intereſt defend themſelves in defending theſe: for me beauriful and Lovlie Ladies, who have alwaies been the adorer of your Sex, if ſo be this work pleaſe you, and contribute any thing to Your Reputation, I ſhall arrive at the end I have propoſed to my ſelf; Yet nevertheleſs, if by that goodneſs which is naturall to you, You will protect me; And if the malice of men ſhould reduce me to the neceſſity of having need of ſo glorious a refuge, tell them, if you pleaſe; what

I am going to say to you, and I shall endeavour to make them silent, if you judge me worthie to speak. Let them know then, For instructing them of my design, that the fortunate sucesse I had of the translation which I made of the harrangues of *Mar*[illegible], hath partly obliged me to undertake these, I desire to see if I can work as livelie in originall as in Copie, and that I wander not, because I travell without a guide. But if they think it strange that I have chosen Women for expressing my meditations, and imagin that Oratorical Art is absolutly unknown to you, abuse them I conjure you, and defend me with so much Eloquence, that they shall be compelled to confesse there is no want of it in you, and consequently I am not deceived in my choice: Certainlie among the thousands of rare qualities that the Ancients have noticed in your Sex; They have alwayes said that you possesse Eloquence, without art, without Labour, and without *Pains*, and that nature gives liberallie to you, that which studie sells to us at a dear rate: That you are born the same which we become at last, and that facilitie of speaking well is naturall to you, in place of being acquired by us. Yet it may be they will say to me, if Ladies be so naturallie Eloquent why do not I make them punctuallie observe all parts of orations, as Rhetorick teaches in the schools? What may not be seen in this book (Pardon me famous Ladies for the harsh words I am going to speak to you) *Exordes*, *Mar*[illegible]*ions*, *Epilogues*, *Exagera*[illegible]*tions*, *Metaphores*, *Digressions*, *Ana*[illegible]*theses*, and all the beautifull figures, which usuallie do

such works of this kind. To this I can answer them, that they are heir more fitlie placed. The delicacie of art consists in making believe there is none at all. You carrie flyes on your faces, which by your dressing are put there, to make the whitenes of your Complexion shine the clearer: Yet they are placed so orderlie, that it might be said they are living, and that they fly at hasard. You make curles and rings of your hair, but with such a subtile negligence and agreeable cairlesnes, that it might be judged rather the wind, then your hands had been helping to nature. Just so heir I have endeavoured to make my Heroines Eloquent; Yet I have not thought that the Eloquence of a Ladie should be the same of a Master of Arts; The litle *Streets* and the *Classes* the *Colledges* and the *Palace* the *Court* and the *Universities*; Have as differing waies as if they were a people far from other: And what would they doe to see a Ladie of the Latine countrey among the young People of the *Court*: They would look upon her as a *Master*, and scorn her. This, famous Persons, is what you have to say to them upon the subject in hand, but if they insist that I have observed no order of Chronologie heir, how I have placed my *Heroines*; That they will see *Cleopatra* before *Sesigambes Lucrece* after *Zenobia*, &c. Tell them it is true, but this error is voluntar, and if I dare say, Judicious. I have imitated at this time the skill of their who make nosegayes, who mixe by a regular confusion Roses and Jassamine, the flower of *Orange*, and the *Pomgranad*, the *Tulips* and the junquille, to the end that from this

this so pleasing mixture of coulors there appear ane agreable diversitie still to please the sight; Just so hein I have choien in historie the most mater and the most different that I could; And have so orderlie mixed, and so fitlie concealed them, that it is almost impossible but the reader shall be diverted. But divyn persons, if anie remark slightlie that among Heroines, there are more afflicted then content; Answer, it is ane ordinarie thing, that fortune and vertue are two old enemies, that all beauties are not happie and that compassion and pitie are not the least agreeable and least touching resentments which this sort of reading can give. You have yet to answer these who find it strange that the Title of my Book should be the Illustrious WOMEN or the HEROICK HARRANGUES: And who will say, that Women and *Harangues* are not the same thing you have I say, to answer them that the example of *Herodotus* authorises me, and condemns them: And if it was not forbidden him to name the nine books of his historie *Melpomene*, *Erastone*, *Cleo*, *Uranie*, *Terpsicor*, *Euterpe*, *Thalie*, *Calliopeia*, and *Polimnea*, which are the names of the nine Muses, these who are Gode esse and not Books, this which I have doe may verie well be permitted me.

Moreover if it be observed, that in part of my Harrangues, there are some Meditations which have been seen in MODERN Tragedies: Where these same Heroins are introduced: I do conjure you to hinder anie from being so unjust

as to suspect my having taken them from thence. And for my vindication say if you please, that there are certain Universall Notions which necessarlie occurres to all the World, when they treat of the same Subjects. Further if there be any strange thing in my work, that hath not been taken from the Modernes: But which they and I have taken from Antiquitie. I belived it requisite to adorn those Harrangues with all that Historie had that was pleasant and remarkable, concerning the Subject I treat of; And I have made a curious enough search whereby to merit some Glorie: However I was so scrupulous in it, that I have marked with a different caracter all that it did furnish me with, so much for Meditation to make slanderers silent: as for envie, I have no such esteem of my self, as to dare believe, that I can make it speak. In fine to make an end of answering all the objections that can be made against me, if any does take the Medalles of those Heroines, for Medailles made for pleasure, and think them false, because their inscriptions are French, in stead of those which are true, that are Greek or Latin: Answer if you please that they who are curious to know, will defend me from the ignorance of them who know not: And that I have made these inscriptions in our Language in favours of them who do not understand *Latin*, and who cannot read Greeck.

Behold Noble Ladies, what you have to say for me, or to speak more truly. what I had to say to you, for to end this discourse by which I have begun, If so be, you are satisfyed I cannot but be contented: And if this Triumphing

Arch

Arch which I have set up, to the Glorie of your Sex, be not judged unworthie of you, it shall not be the last work I shall undertake for you. I meditat a second Volumn of Harrangues, whose subjects are no less great then the first: They have also something more peireing, and more proper for divertisement: But you think it convenient after this first race, that I withdraw to the end of the careire, that before I make a second, I behold the scaffolds, and try to know in your eyes if my adress hath pleased you.

ARTEMISA
TO
SOCRATES.
THE FIRST
HARRANGUE.

B

ARTEMISA TO SOCRATES.

The first Harrangue.

ARGUMENT.

After that Artemisa *had employed the most knowing Architectures of her time, to build a glorious Monument, which was since one of the seven wonders of the World: the love she had for her dear* Mausole, *was not fully satisfied: She caused* Socrates *and* Theopompus, *the two most famous Orators of antiquity come from* Greece, *and by truely Royal Liberalitie, she obliged these great men to set their Eloquence at work in favours of the King her Husband, that they might eternise his memorie: It was in asking this Favour, that this fair comfortless spoke to them in this manner, when the excess of her love made her forget that she was speaking before the famous* Socrates.

ARTE-

IT is from you, O Famous Ot… expect the immortality of M… is you must give a Soul to all… tues I set up; It is you must … a Tomb, which the revolution… cannot destroy, and which will c… nise *Mausole*, *Socrates*, and *Artemi…* together. Do not think that I believe Time, or Fortu… will respect, the Gold, the Marble, the Jaspire, the Porphire, and the Orientall Alabaster, which I employ to build Him a sumptuous Monument? No, I know that these three hundred Pillars, in which all order is carefully observed, whose foundations are so solidlie fixed, whose Chapiters, are so magnifick, and where Art surpasses the Matter, shall one day be but pittifull Ruines, and after a little Time shall be nothing at all; those lovely Sculptures, which are at the four Faces of the Sepulchre, shall Successively be defaced by injurious Seasons, and but with pain shall some imperfect figures be there perceived, of all those things which we admire to day. Those Obelisques which seem to defie Tempests, shall be one day beat down with Thunder, and turned into Dust, these smoaking Vessels, those [illegible] Trophes, these trophies of Armes, and all the Ornaments that *Architecture* is capable of, shall not hinder the destruction of this Work: In fine, *Socrates*, When I have wasted all my Treasures for this Tomb, and that by the skilfull hands of *Scopas*, of *Bryaxes*, of *Timotheus*, and of *Leochares*, I have put it in condition to gain for one of the wonders of the World, if after all this none take care to preserve his Memorie by writtings, The Statues which I have set up, the Gold, the Marble, the Jaspire, the Porphire, the Alabaster, the Pillars, the low Sculptures, the Obelisques the smoaking Vessels, the extinguished Torches, & all the Ornaments of Building, the [illegible] in the work, shall not (I say) hinder *Mausole*, his *Architectures*, his Sculpters, and *Artemisia* from being buried in *Oblivion*, and from being known to the Ages which come after us, [illegible] never been. It belongs then to you *Socrates*

to give more solid foundations to this fine
you must animat these Marbles by magnifi-
inscriptions; It is you must revive *Mausole*, it is
you must make me live Eternally, although I feel my
death verie near approaching: I desire not *Socrates*,
you make Eloges of *Busire*, or that you give praises
Helen, as you have done at other times. I give you a
more easie and more Illustrious Subject, the vertues of
Mausole, and the lawfull love of *Artemisa*, are a more
Noble subject, then the inhumanity of *Busire*, or the
lightnes of *Helen* your Eloquence shall have no crime
to disguise: All the craft that *Rhetorick* teaches for Im-
posing of Fables, & rendering them seemingly true, will
but serve you to perswade to truth: and without Printing
any thing of *Sophisties*, it shal suffice that you writ as an
Orator, as a Philosopher and as a Historian together, Elo-
quence that rare priviledge, which the gods have best o-
wed on men as a raie of their divinity, should neves be
employed but for protecting innocencie; or eterniling
vertue. They who have made a godess of perswasion, have
not designed to render it a slave to the Capricioes of
men: and doubtless they know as well as I that Elo-
quence is a gift of Heaven which none ought to pro-
fane, the power it has of exciting or appeasing, the
most violent passions; of softening the hardest hearts;
of perswading the most incredulous; of forcing the
most obstinate, of constraining even to our will, and of
making us in opposition to our selves, by quitting our
own opinions to follow these of others; all these ad-
vantages, I say, have not been given him to serve him-
self with injustice: On the contrary, it is that which
the gods have chosen to make the World see vertue
as lovely as it is, and to cause it every day make new con-
quests. It is by possessing of it, that men acquire Immor-
tality by making others immortall: It is it which in
spight of Time and change of Things preserves the me-
mory of brave actions; It is it which maugre the destru-
ction of Kingdoms and Empires, does perpetuate the
remembrance of Kings and Emperours, and when their
ashes are no more in their Tombs, when their Pa-
laces are destroyed, their most famous Towns desolated,
their verie Kingdoms have changed their Names,
makes the whole Earth see an Image of their vertue.

Un

Tea many Ages after their death they have [illegible] men, they have still Friends and Subjects, they are [illegible] fulted for the Government of their Lives, their good [illegible] lities are imitated, they have new Elogies made to [illegible] envie finishes not their Glory, they get all the [illegible] the merit, there is so great veneration had for [illegible] that People go not to the places where they dwelt, [illegible] out some kind of fear; and if there yet remain any old Ruines of their Buildings, some do's respect that in them which time did not regard, they look upon them with pleasure, and prefers them to all the Magnificence of the *Moderns*, and the *Limners* also adorn their Tablets, with their Illustrous Ruines, and with eternising their memories. After all this wonder not *Socrates*, that I so passionately desire, your Eloquence to make a *Panegirick*, for my dear lord: I know in what esteem it was through all *Greece*, and I certainly foresee that Ages to come will render it Justice. All the writtings that bear the Name of *Socrates*, or of *Theopompus*, shall be reverenced, by time, by fortune and by all men. They shall pass among all Nations, and in all Ages without having anie wrong done to them, and shall carrie with them the reputation of them whom they speak of: And there may be Famous Persons found, who by the esteem they have of your work, will make you speak of Languages, which have not yet been invented, who by the brightness of your Glory, will believe they add something to their own by publishing of them. Speak then *Theopompus*, speak then *Socrates* to the end, that all others may speak after you. But *do not* think, that there are any [illegible] of vanitie, mingled with the Prayer that I make to you, No *Socrates*, I will not have you search in my Person nor Life, whereof to me a Magnificent Elogie. I will not have you speak of my Noble Birth; I will not that you tell I was Born with the Crown of *Halicarnassus*; I will not have you tell that though a Woman, I did know the the Act of Sovereigne Reigning: I will not that you acquaint Posterity, with the Extraordinarie Esteem the great *Xerxes* had of me, I will not have you tell that I made a Voyage into *Greece* with him. I will not have you make known that I had the first Place in his Counsells and that mine was ever followed, I will not have you speak of the Exploits I did in that War, nor of

preceding Price which the *Athenians* promised to any that would deliver me into their hands: Only I Will have you tell that *Artemisa* was Queen of *Caria*. Because she Married *Mausole* who was King of it: That *Artemisa* above all Vertues, did ever love that which is most Necessarie to her Sex: That *Artemisa* never had any other Passion, But that of perfectly loving Her Husband; that *Artemisa* after loling him, lost all desire of Life; and in fine, that *Artemisa* after that Misfortune, had no other care but the Celebrating of his Memory. But after you have said all those things, and praised *Mausole* as much as he Merited, after I say, you have painted out my Grief, or to speak better my despair as great as it is, forget not to declaire to *Posterity*, that after I hade Builded the most Sumptuous Monument that never was seen; I could not find one Urne that I belived worthie to enclose his Ashes. *Cristall*, *Alabaster*, and all the Precious Stones which Nature produces, cannot me thinks abundantly testifie my affection: It must needs be Noble and Liberall, to give him an Urne of Gold covered with Diamonds, but to give him the Heart for an Urne, it must be *Artemisa*. There it is *Socrates*, where I shut up the Ashes of my dear lord; there it is *Theopompus*, where I lay to rest his dear Reliques, waiting impatiently, till his Tomb be in condition to receive the Urne a live which I have given him. It is truely my Heart should serve for an Urne to the Ashes of my dear *Mausole*; Me thinks I give them a new life by putting them there, and again me thinks they Communicat that mortall coldness to me which I feel in them. Moreover it is very just that since *Mausole* was alwayes in my heart while he lived, he should also be there after his death: May be if I had put his Ashes in this Urne of Gold all coverd with Jewels, may be (I say) some unjust Conquerour should come to open his Tomb, and with a Prophane and Sacralegious hand take away the Urne, and cast his Ashes with the Wind, and separate mine from those of *Mausole*. But as I use them, we shall be inseparable. There is no Tyrrant can trouble my rest, because none can divide me from my dear lord. Behold, *Socrates*, what I will have you say of me. But for my dear lord, I desire nothing that may be Glorious to him, nor any

thing

thing that was Effectually in him. Tell that he was feared of his Enemies, beloved of his Subjects, and in Veneration among the Princes his Neighbours. Speak of the great qualities of his Soul, as well as of the favours he received from Nature; Praise his Valour in War, his Sweetness in peace, and his Equity and Justice to all the World. In fine from the *Idea* of an accomplished Prince, and you shall make the true Picture of *Mausole*; Yet after you have said all things of this Noble Husband; Speak zealously of the love he had for me, and of that which I had always for him. Paint this passion as strong as pure and as faithfull as it is; undeceive these who believe that Crym is the nourisher of Love, and who thinks that a Lawfull passion can be neither fervent, long or agreeable; Let them see that *Mausole* and I give an exemple which destroyes their Experience and all their Reasons: Because as our Love had always much Innocency, it did not forbear to have great Zeal, in lasting even to death, and being infinitly agreeable to us; Speak then with the Elogie, of that holie Tie, which forces two Vertuous Persons to Love each Other Eternally. And if possible make haste to satisfie me. Employ also your Eloquence to perswade them who work at the Tomb of *Mausole*, to make as great dispatch as they possiblie can, in advancing their work, for mine begins to be finished. The few ashes that remain of my dear *Mausole*, will be quickly consumed, and that once done I have no more to do in the World, all that is on the Earth can no more touch my Spirit: I am insensible of all things but grief, and the only desires of my Soul are to be Re-united to my dear *Mausole*, and to know certainly that you take care of his Glorie; your own should oblidge you to this, compassion should carrie you forward in it, and if it be permitted to propose other recompences to Philosophers then the sole desire of well doing, consider what the expences are that I am at, for Building of this Magnificent Tomb, and judge from thence that she who spends so much of her Treasures upon dumb Marbles, will not be ingrate when you speak to the Glory of her dear *Mausole*; But whatsoever diligence you make to satisfie me, nor the *Architectures* not you shall so soon make an end of your work as I shall finish mine: and if I be not mistaken I shall dye soon enough, to permit you to Illustrat the *Panegirick* of *Mausole*, with the death of his *Artemisa*.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

This Vertuous QUEEN *obtained her wish,* Socrates *and* Theopompus *did speak of her dear* Mausole, *but in so advantageous terms, that some have accused them of flatterie for her Money: As for her, it was not without reason that she pressed the Builders, for this Sumptuous Monument was scarce finished, before she had her Place in it. They who did begin this Marvellous work, left it not unfinished; It was of a long time one of the wonders of the World, and Her Glory which had more solid foundations then it, continues yet in the Memory of Men, with that of* Mausole, *and the Illustrious* Artemisa.

MARI-

MARIAMNE
TO
HEROD.
THE SECOND
HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

Few are Ignorant that Herod *put his Wife to death, but all do not know what She said in her defence, the two Historians who writ of her : One was not in her time, and the other was a Flatterer of Her Husband : So that it belongs to us to try the Truth, in the Ignorance of the one & Malice of the other; for me I acknowledge I am ranked in* Mariammes *party, and whither it be by Pittie or Reason, whither I say her beauty hath blinded or her Innocency made me clear sighted, I cannot believe that a Princess descended from the* Macabees *Illustrous Blood, had put a blemish on her Reputation : But I will rather love to believe that* Herod *was still* Herod, *I would say an unjust and bloody man : Behold then the Apologie of this unfortunat Beauty, who hath more Excellencie in her mouth then is in mine. Hear her then speak, I conjure you, and remark in her Noble Pride the true Caractar of* Mariammes *Spirit.*

MARIAM-

MARIAMNE TO HEROD.

IT is neither feat of death, nor desire of life, that makes me speak to day: and were I but assured that posterity would do me justice when I shall be no more. I my self would help my Accusers and Enemies: I would look upon the last of my dayes as the first of my happiness, and would wait the hour of my Death with so great Constancie, that it should render these who Persecute me confused. But since they would as much against my vertue as my life, it were great Cowardlines to indure a Calumny without repelling it: Innocencie and Glory are two such precious Jewels, that all things should be done to preserve them. Suffer then my lord (if it be suitable for the Grand-Daughter of *Hircane* to call you so) that to let you see the purity of my Soul, I recall to your Memorie, what you are, and what I am, to the end that Comparing my past Actions with the Accusations which are now made against me, you may some way prepare your Spirit to believe these truths which I ought to tell it. Doubtless you have not forgot that I am come of that famous Race, which for many Ages by past hath given Kings to *Judea*: That all my Predecessores did justly hold that Scepter which you have, that by their Birth-right they carried the Crown which Fortune hath put upon your Head, and that if things had been according to ordinar Order, so far from being my Judge, I might have reckoned you in the Number of my Subjects, and lawfullie taken that power of you, which you Usurpe over me; However as this high birth obliged me to a not common Vertue, *Hircane* did no sooner command me to be your Wife, knowing the

obedience I owed him, without considering the inequality that was betwixt us. I received you for my husband, and although that my inclinations (thanks to Heaven) were quit contrare to yours, you know in what manner I have lived with you: and if you had need to expect more Complacency, and more Testimony of Affection from me, when your very Alliance was as Honourable to me, as mine was Glorious to you. Since that my lord, even to the death of *Hircan*, what have I done? what have I said? what have I thought against you? Nothing, but that I could not rejoyce in your Victories, because they were fatall to my Relations, and again, because I had a heart as great as the Nobleness of my Birth, I could not step upon the Throne of my Predecessours without shedding tears: Because I could not do it in Justice; at least in the quality of *Herods* Wife. But you know that being unable to hinder a just Resentment which Reason and Nature hath given me I took all possible care to conceall my grief from you. I endeavoured my self at that time to justifie you in my minde; and seeing that you had Ambition without Cruelty, I have rather pitted then accused you. I called that Passion the error of great Spirits, and the infallible signe of a Person born for great things. How many times have I said to my self, if fortune would give you lawfull Enemies, you would be the greatest Prince of the Earth? How many times have I wished that great and Marvellous Spirit which you have, that invincible heart which makes you undertake all things, might carrie you against a People over whom you might be a Conquerour and not an Usurper. Alace, did you know all the Vowes that I have made for your Glorie, you would not believe me capable of having desires to Tenebrate its Splendor by forgetting my own. And perhaps it is for that fault that Heaven punishes me; yet I cannot wish that I had doue it; and although I see my self to day in hazard of losing my Life, I cannot repent, for having preserved you by my Counsells, when contrare to all appearance you would trust the Traitor *Sarsephane*, I do not Reproach you of that good office. I onlie Remember you of it, thereby to let you see I have still done all I could. But since that I avouch that I have [illegible] lived so, I have no more concilled my sor-

rowes

tows, I have no more ſtopped my voice. I have [illegible]
I have cryed, I have exceſſively groaned and complained.
But what leſs could the Grand-Daughter of *Hircanus* do,
who is expired by your orders & by your cruelties? What
leſs, I ſay, could the Siſter of young *Ariſtobulus* do,
who periſhed by your Inhumanitie, for ſecuring the
Scepter in your hands? Ah! No, no, Patience would
have been Criminall at that time. I was without doubt
born for the Throne, but I would not mount it, becauſe
I could not without Treading on the Bodies of my
Grand-Father and Brother. That Throne was wett with
their Blood, I ought at leaſt to waſh it with my teares;
ſince it is not permitted me to ſhed that of their Ene-
mies. Wo is me! what object worthie of compaſſion,
was that, to ſee the Succeſſor of ſo manie Kings, that Re-
verend old man, receive his death, from him whom he
had made his allay; I tremble with horrour onlie to think
of it, nor could I withdraw my thoughts, if the image
of young *Ariſtobulus* did not preſent it ſelf to my eyes.
What had that unfortunate Youth done to merit ſuch
unhapineſs? He was Young, he was Vertuous, he was brave
in all things, and his greateſt fault was doubtleſs, that
he reſembled me. But alace! that fault ſhould have been
advantagious to him at ſuch a time: for if it was true that
you had *ſuch Paſſionate Love* for me, as you *would* have
conſtantly perſwaded me was in your heart; though *Ariſto-
bulus* had not been my Brother, though he had not been
innocent, you ſhould have alwayes reſpected my Image
in him. The Reſemblance of a perſon Beloved, hath
made Armes fall from moſt cruel hands, and cauſed
them change their deſigns. But inſenſible that I am,
what do I, to ſpeak in this manner to him who would
do ſo to my own Life; And who not content with over-
turning the Thrones of my Fathers, cauſing kill my
Grand-Father, drown my Brother & extirpating all my
Race, would alſo this day raviſh me of Honour, by un-
juſtlie accuſing me of three faults, which I could never
be capable of? I have been ſo little Accuſtomed to
commit them, and am ſo innocent of thoſe which are
impoſed upon me that I doubt if I can well Remember
the Accuſations which are made againſt me. Never-
theleſs, I think my Enemies ſay, that I have ſent my
Picture to *Anthony*; that I have had too particular intel-

dence with *Joseph*; and that I would have attempted your Life. O! Heavens! is it possible, that *Mariamne* is obliged to answer such things? And may it not be sufficient to tell, it is *Mariamne* whom they Accuse, to say that she is Innocent? No, I will see that without remembring my state, or my vertue, I must put my self in condition of being unjustlie condemned: And although my birth is such that I ought not to give accompt of my Actions but to God alone; yet I must Vindicat my self before my Accusers, my enemies and my Judges together. You say then, that I have sent my Picture to *Anthonie*, whom I know not, and who did never see me: and without noticing any Circumstance, if not that he was then in *Egypt*, yet you would have this Accusation passe for a constant truth; But tell me a little, what Limner drew it? who was he who carried it? who are they to whom *Anthony* has showen it? where are the letters he writ to thank me for so great a favour? For it is not to be believed that he has received so extraordinarie a Testimonie of my affection without giving me thanks. The heart of *Mariamne* is not so little Glorious a conquest, though there have been manie Kings in the Earth, who would have esteemed it a Glorie to have done it, and who would not have done all things for deserving it. Nevertheless there appears no signs of the care that *Anthonie* has taken, either to Conquer or to Preserve me: And surelie in that Occasion, I must not only have forgot my proper Glorie, but altogether lost my Reason, to have dreamed of such a crime as I am Accused of. But if it had been in the time that you did all things for him, even in sending all your Jewels to him, and opposing the *Roman Empire* for his sake, I had been somewhat judicious in my choise; And I ought not to believe that *Anthony* who stimulates himself by Generositie, should betray a man from whom he hath had so many Obligations, for a person whom he knows not at all. But if it be since that, that you have not been well together, by the divices of *Cleopatra*, there is yet lesse appearance there: And I should have been verie inconsiderat, to have given armes my self to my Enemie; (for at that time your intereſt was also mine) and moreover, what seeming truth can there be, if I were as Criminous as I am innocent, that at the time when all the

Egyp-

Earth was filled with the love of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, I should have sent him my Picture; Had Rome found that expedient, to cure her of the charmes of that *Aegyptian*? Had the Empire need of that Remedie, or had I anie desire to Sacrifice my self to the vanitie of that unfortunat Princess, whose jealousie would not have failled to have been most highlie Refulgent? No, *Herod*, nothing of this is come to pass: And the innocencie of *Mariamne* is so great, that her verie Enemies cannot propose crimes to her seeming lie true. And moreover, you know that that which is called Beautie in me, never gave me vanitie: And that I have alwayes taken more pains, to be Vertuous then fair. Yet I do not deny, that there hath been a Picture of *Mariamne*, which has passed among all Princes of the Earth, and which perhaps will be a long time preserved there. Yes, *Herod*, there is an inviſible Image of *Mariamne*, which wanders through the World; which makes her innocent Conquests; and which without her consent, makes secret Enemies to you. Her high-Birth, her Vertue, her Patience, and your Cruelties, are the onlie Colours that are made use of in this Picture: And the Blood which I am going to shed, shall doubtless perfect the rendering of it adorable to Posteritie. But to answer the second Accusation that is made against me, which though false, hinders not my changing of Colour, by the confusion I am in, to be constrained to speak of such a thing: I shall say with joy, that thanks to Heaven I have no other witness against me but you who durin the time of this supposed crime was at *Laodicea*; and by Consequence, was incapable of answering for my Actions. So well am I assured, that neither your eyes nor your ears, could declare any thing against my Innocencie: And although that your Court be all composed of your slaves, or of my enemies; that your verie Sister who hates me, and through envie and by interest of State hath observed with Extraordinarie care, even the least things that I have done or spoken, (I say) I am well certain, that she dares not maintain before me, to have heard on word, or remarked one single look which could make the modestie of *Mariamne* suspected. It is not but that I know verie well she can tell a lie: But that which makes me speak with so much boldness.

I know me to have more Vertue then she has Malice: and that having Heaven for my Protector, I cannot believe that if at least I do perish, I shall not obtain Grace to die in that manner, that your injustice and my innocencie shal be equallie manifested. And trulie at this time we need but open our eyes to see that these Accusations which are made against me, are but pretexts to lose me. For what likelie-hood is there, if I were guilty of such a crime, that I would have chosen the husband of *Salome*, my cruelest Enemie, and *Herods* confident? But a woman to that degree that all things were trusted to him: & there was no wicked design, which was not communicated to him. He was partner in all your crimes. He was the goaler & not lover of *Mariamne*; & to say all: It was he should plunge the poyniard in my heart, to obey your wil. O! Heaven, who did ever see such Testimonies of Love! Why *Herod*, you might at parting bid me adieu with tears; you might look upon as you have done, with eyes wherein I saw but signes of Affection; and at the same time meditate my death. Ah! If you could (which I doubt not) you might verie well also to day, feigne that you believe me culpable to make me die Innocent, And tell me not as a favour, that this command was the effect of the strong passion you had for me: the death of the person beloved can never be a Testimonie of Affection. Hatred and Love have not the same operations; they may some times reign successivlie in the heart, but never together. Everie man who loves well lives not without the person beloved, yet he can alwaies die without her; and her death can never be an agreeable thought to him. He should regrate his being separated from her; and not regrate that she died not with him. But your way of loving is onlie peculiar to your self, and your inclinations are so Naturallie cruel, that poisons, and daggers, are the best gifts that can be received from you, when you would testifie your Freindship. Pray you tell me how you can Accomodate all those things. You say that I have sent my picture to *Anthony*, and consequentlie that I had an intelligence with him: and at the same time, you again Accuse me of having one with *Joseph*: because say you, you having trusted to him the thing in the World, which was of greatest Importance to you; and he having discovered

It to me, it is impossible but that I [illegible] my self absolutely to him for that advertisement. [illegible] sider well *Herod*, what you say? *Anthony* and *Joseph* could they be both together in my heart? were they two rivals of the same qualitie and merit? And that *Mariamne*, whose Birth is so great and Illustrious, whose Soul is so High and so Glorious, that her Noble [illegible] by some rather taken for a fault then a vertue; could she be capable for alike weakness, for two men so different, who could have no conformitie together, if not that it had been equallie impossible for them to have touched my heart, when they would have endeavoured it. This conquest is not so easie as you think: and trulie I wonder, that you who could never do it, judges it hath cost others so little. I do acknowledge that *Joseph* did discover to me the wicked design that you had against me: but I also avouch, I believed him not. I did immediatlie think that it was a Treacherie of *Salome*, who to make me carrie my self the more excessivlie against you, to the end of advancing my death: had invented that device: imagining with her self, that my death would trouble me more, then did that of *Hircane*, and of my brother. And that which made me the more believe it was so, was that I saw him undertake to perswade me, that I ought to be infinitlie oblidged to you for that excess of love, which you testified to me at that time: adding also, that he told me not the design, but when you was readie to return: and that so far from making a Misterious Secret, he told it in presence of my Mother, and before all my Women. It is certain, that as I ought also to know all from you, I doubted the truth of what *Joseph* told me. I thought being the Mother of your Children you was incapable of such barbarous thoughts: And in effect, without determinating the matter in my mind, I waited your return. I received you then with the same Mehancholie that I have alwayes had, since the death of *Hircane* and *Aristobulus*, without testifying any more: and observing all your actions, I acknowledge that I ever doubted the truth of *Joseph's* discourse. The malice of his Wife, made me also more suspicious: and when I was speaking to you, it is true, I rather designed to informe my self of the thing, then to reproach you. For if [illegible]

hers true that I had a particular Affection for *Joseph*, and that I had taken what he said, as the pure effect of his compassion to me; I had sooner died then had spoken of it, and that unfortunate man should have also lived. Nevertheless, behold, all the Testimonies of good will that he has got from me: no bodie sales that we have had too private correspondence together: No bodie sales he hath come often to my appartments; and in fine, I have done nothing for him, but what his most cruel enemie might have done, if they had known the same thing: surlie I should have rewarded him ill to treat him thus. You say also that hatred and vengeance, caused me to favour *Joseph*, after having known your design: but know that great Spirits never fail by example. The crimes of others gives them so much horrour, that they are never more stronglie confirmed in good, then when they see evil committed: and for me, I think I should have been less innocent, if you had been less unjust. In fine, for conclusiones, if *Mariamne* descended from so manie Illustrous Kings, had desired to give her affection to any, it should not have been to the husband of *Salome*, nor to the favorite of *Herod*: And if for the punishing of others crimes, she had been capable, she had not caused him be put to death, whom she believed would preserve her life. You know too well what was my wonder, when after the discourse which I made to you, I knew by your answer all was true: I was so surprised, that I almost lost my speech. Nevertheless I did not foresee the Accusation which is this day made against me; And the onlie knowledge of your crime, and of *Josephs* innocencie, whom I exposed to your cruelties, caused all my grief. Since that *Salome* improving that misfortune for my Ruine, as she designed long agoe, hath doubtless perswaded you, that I would attempt your life: and behold the onlie crime wherein there can be a witness found against me, but if I be not deceived, she does more justifie then convict me: For what likelie-hood is there, that in a design of this importance, I should have trusted a man of so low condition? And what seeming truth is there, if it were true that I had correspondence with *Joseph*, but that it was either he then I made this proposition? Used I to converse with such Persons? Hath this man come to my Appart-

Appartment? Have I set him beside you? Is he one of my Familie? Is he a Relation to any of my Officers? In what place have I spoken to him? In what manner have I suborned him? Let him show the Jewels that I have given him? Make him let the money be seen that he has gotten for so great a design? For it is most Rationall, to think that upon simple hope, he would undertake the hazard of his life. It may be he will answer, that since he had no design to do the deed, but on the contrare to advertise you, he did not think of a reward. But I can say to that impostore, that not to give me reason of suspecting him, he always accepted what I offered to him: And that also not having spoken, and not being able to show, is a strong and convincing perswasion of his lie: for in fine, Gold is the Compleat of all Crimes and Hope is the onlie Portion of great Spirits: But for the Base and Mercenarie, they must be moved by the sight of a certain reward; otherwise that sort of People will not serve you: And too manie Examples of your Reign, should have taught you what I say. Yet though it be true, that it cannot be made appear, that either I or mine, have had anie dealing with that man, it is not so of *Salome* your heart and my enemie. It is a long time since my Women foretold me of it, that contrarie to the Custome and Decorum of the qualitie she keeps to day, he often went to entertain her, even in her Closet: However, because I could never stoop to take notice of such things, and by excess of vertue, did not easilie suspect others: I heard that Discourse without making anie Reflection upon it. But if you would oblidge them to give account of so manie Conversations as they had together, I am assured that you would not find them answer you punctuallie. And moreover, in what place have I taken poison; who prepared it? from whence caused I bring it? And wherefore, if I had such intentiones, was it necessar to have employed that man; was it not easie for me, when we have eat so manie times together, to have poisoned you with my own hand, without trusting anie bodie? Why should not I have attempted it at your return from *Laodicea*, as well as they pretend I have done after your return from *Rhodes*, since the unhappie *Joseph* discovered to me then your cruel Intentiones, as well

as when the unfortunate Son hath told me since? In fine *Herod*, all those things are without likelihood, and there is no Spirit so ignorant, who sees not clearlie, that I were not descended from the Kings of *Judea*; If I were not vertuous, I should have no enemies; and my Death should not be resolved upon; I should not have sent my Picture to *Anthonie*; I should not have had Intelligence with *Joseph*; I should not have attempted your life; and consequentlie mine should have been secure.

But because I am of too illustrious blood, and because my Soul is too great, to suffer the baseness and unworthiness of my enemies; *Mariamne* must die, she must perish, she must be sacrificed to the hatred of her Persecutores: they desire it so, and she is resolved to it. Think not unjust and cruel *Herod*, that I speak with intention to incline you to pittie: I think of preserving my Reputation, and not of moving your heart. For as I said in the beginning of my discourse, it is neither fear of death, nor desire of life, that makes me speak to day. The first prepares Crowns for me, and the other can give me nothing but troubles. It is not then hope of escaping from the danger I am in, that makes me take care to justifie my self: I know my sentence is signed, my Executioners are readie to strik off my head, and that my Tomb is alreadie opened to receive me: But that which moved me to it, was to the end, that all who hear me, may let Posterity know, that my verie enemies could not with all their malice, stain the vertue of *Mariamne*: Nor find a plausible pretext for condemning her. If I obtain this favour from them who hear me, I die almost without grief: and I shall absolutlie say, without Regrate, if the Children I leave you were Banished their paternall house: For I doubt not because they are Vertuous, but that they will acquire your hatred as well as I. The complaints that they shall make for my death, will be crimes against you: You will believe they design against your life by lamenting the loss of mine. Wo is me! I see them alreadie maltreated by that slave, who was your first wife: I see them submit to the violent humor of your Son *Antipater*, to the calumnies of *Salome*, to the outrages of *Pheroras*; and to your own cruelie.

And perhaps these same Executioners who put me to death, will shed their blood, or to speak better, will make an end of shedding mine. I alreadie see you unjust and cruel finishing so many Murders: But do not hope to enjoy peaceable the Fruits of such fatal Victories. You seek a repose which you shall not find; You shall be your own Accuser, your Judge, and your Hangman: The Ghosts of so manie Kings as I am come of whom you have abused in my Person, shall environ you on all parts: Those of Old *Hircan* and of Young *Aristobulus*, shall disturbe all your Life: You shall alwaies see your self covered with the Blood of your Children: And the Image of *Mariamne* pursued by these Executioners who wait on her, shall ever follow you foot by foot. You shall alwaies see that whither awake or asleep, which shall reproach you for her death: You shall have Repentance in your heart, Shame, Confusion, and Despare: You shall wish for the death you give to others: My Vertue shall appear then as pure as it is: your Crimes shall seem as great as they are: And perhaps you shall have the misfortune to repent without amending: And I doubt not, but after you have violated all Rights, Divine and Humane, some will do the same to your self. Yes, I already see the eldest of your Children (for mine will never be capable of it) desirous to give you that poison, which you accuse me unjustlie of. I see (I say) all the Administratores of your Fury, become your most cruel Enemies: *Salome*, *Pheroras*, and *Antipater*, shall be most violentlie obnoxious to you: I see you hated of all People, detested of all Princes, execrable to Posteritie: and perhaps you shall become then so odious to your self, that after you have shed all the blood of your Race, Despair shall put a Dagger in your hand, to deliver the World from so dangerous an Enemie, But it may also be that you cannot make an end when you would, and you shall have the misfortune to indure in this life the punishments that are prepared for you in an other. Behold, unjust and cruel *Herod*, the Prophesie which the unhappie *Mariamne* dying unjustlie, makes of you: who in this her last day, lookes upon you rather as a Subject revolted, or as her Tyrant then either as her King or Husband.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS DISCOURSE.

This afflicted and generous Beauty, obtained what she desired from her Husband, and from Posterity; For the first gave her death, and the other hath preserved her glorie: I shall think mine great, if after so many Ages, I could also contribute something to hers and my meditations were not thought unworthie of her. I could say more, if the Author of the holy Court had not yeild all: But as he was too carefull to leave any thing in so Noble a Field, I am too Vain to appear unprofitable there after him. It suffices that I beheld his Triumph without tying me to his chariot, and I Love better to quit my Armes, then to see him amidst his Trophies.

CLEOPATRA
TO
MARK-ANTHONIE.
THE THIRD
HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

After the losse of the Battle of Actium, *occasioned by* Cleopatras *flight, which was followed by that of* Anthonie: *He had some opinion, that she would Betray him, and testified his Resentments to her. But that Lovely and Just Egyptian, who desired to take away from him any impression that could be disadvantagious to her: Did thus speak to him in behalf of her innocencie. I have surely establisht these words, which I put in the mouth of that Queen, upon the Conjectures of Historie: And according to my sense, see what she could say at that time, to that Irritated Lover.*

CLEOPATRA
TO
MARK-ANTHONIE.



IS it true then, that *Anthonie* could suspect *Cleopatra* to have favoured his Enemie? that he could think she would with her own hand pluck the Crown from him, which Victorie was putting upon his head? And to say all in one word, that he believed she had betrayed him? Ah if it be so, and if by my Discourse I cannot remit reason in your Soul, by giving it other thoughts of my fidelitie. I desire no more life; and death is the end of my wishes. No *Anthonie*, if I be dead in your heart. I will live no longer in the World: And perhaps my death will let you see, that I have not desired yours. But I pray you tell me (O Illustrious Impercur) what way, by what liberalities, or by what hopes could *Octavius* corrupt my fidelitie? This surelie cannot be a new Passion, that hath surprised my heart in conquering his; Since we are equallie unknown to other. This could not be so by presents, for what could I receive from him, which I have not received from you, who has given me whole Kingdoms, and made me reign over the most part of *Asia*? But if it were true, that I could have resolved to leave you, and follow his partie, what securitie could I have taken from his words? where are the pledges he has sent me in assurance of our Treatie? What places hath he rendered to me? Why *Anthonie*, could I have trusted my self to *Cesars* word, he who is *Octavius* brother: He who publicklie declared War against me in *Rome*, and who did know me much better,

the name of that *Ægyptian*, more famous (said he) by her Enchantments then by her beautie, then not by that of *Cleopatra*? Why *Anthonie*, could I have been assured of him? By that *Cleopatra* should have loaded her self with Chains? she should have with her own hands tied her armes to the Triumphing Chariot of her Enemie, and which is also worse, *Anthonies* Enemie. And by an imprudence and ungratitude which never had example, she should have betrayed a man who betrayed his own glorie for love of her; who hath made himself enenmy to his Country for her sake; who hath abandoned *Cesars* sister, rather then forsake her? Who hath divided his power with her? Who hath preferred her interests to those of the *Roman* Empire? and who, to say all, hath absolutlie given her his heart.

Ah! My *Anthonie*, all those things are unlikelie: And it almost suffices to see, that I have not forgot my obligations to you, to make me be thought innocent. But if it be permitted me to add one other Reason: I shall say, that as none that is generous doth as easilie forget the good deeds of anie other; so none loves to loss their own proprietie: and seldom would we by injuries deform the good offices which we do to anie Bodie.

Consider then if it be possible (pardon me for speaking so) that after I had done all for you that I have done, I my self would extinguish the remembrance of it in your Soul: And of my own inclination, infuse hatred in the heart, whose Empire hath cost me so manie Vowes and so much Pains. For if you Remember, My dear *Anthonie*, you was rather my conquest, then I yours: fame had given me a Picture of you, which possessing me with admiration, made me design to overcome in your person the Conqueror of all others. And though my eyes had sometimes gained famous Victories, and could have counted among their Captives *Cesares* and *Halph* gods; Yet I trusted not to their Charmes, I suspected my beautie at that time; I thought it had not force enough to conquer you: And as you was the most Magnificent of all men, I did not wish that love should take possession of your heart, but by Magnificencie: And that the day of its Triall should seem rather to be a day of Triumph then of Battle.

I desired

I desired to dasle your eyes then by the beautie of my Armes: for if you Remember, My dear *Anthonie*, the first day that I saw you, I shinned in a ship, whose Poupe was all of Gold, the sails Purpell, and the oares Silver, which by their Equall Cadence, imitated the sound of diverse instruments concording together. I was under a Pavilion of wrought Gold, and knowing your Birth was divine, because you are descended of *Hercules*, you are not ignorant, that I had a Vesture like that which is given to *Venus*. All my Women were Splendidlie Cloathed as Nymphes: and a hundred Cupidons round about me: Were alsoan effect of the desire I had to overcome you; For in fine, My dear *Anthony*, that little Armour was only made against you.

It was not then without design that I overcame you: I employed all things to that end: And nothing that Beautie, Skill, or Magnificencie could do was forgot at that time. I know verie well it is imprudence, to speak to you of all those things, in a time so differing from the felicitie of that: but that day was so glorious to me, that I can never loss the memorie of it: And moreover, to speak Rationallie, that Remembrance is not unprofitable for my Vindication. For to think any way, that I my self would loss my conquests? such thoughts never entered in the minde of any Conquerour: Certainlie *Alexander* would have rather chosen to loss *Macedonia* then *Persia*: That Kingdom was his Fathers Estate; But this was truelie his own. And by the same Reason, I would have rather lost my self then lost you. You know also if I be not mistaken, that I was no severe Conquerers: the Chains I gave you were of no weight: my Lawes had nothing of Rudness in them: and in the manner I used you, it had been hard to know, who was Victorious.

Since that, what have I done *Anthonie*, to make me be suspected? It is true I forgot my own Glorie, but it was for love of you. Yes, I have suffered my self to be opprobriated in *Rome*: and although the pride of your Country, that treats all strangers like *Barbarians*, and all Queens (like slaves) hindered me from being your Wife, the affection which I have for your Person is so strong, that I have not left off to be yours. Yes, *Anthonie*, I loved you more then my honor, and more

then my life: I thought it could not be unjust to love a man worthie of being ranked among the gods: And that the Passion which I had in my Soul, had so noble a cause, that it would render me excusable: so that without considering what misfortuns were prepared for me, I have most constantlie loved you, ever since the first day that I gave you my promise. Judge from that if I had power to betray you, or to speak better if I would betray my self. It is true, I fled, but generous *Anthonie*, if I took the flight it was for love of you, I slighted the Victorie to preserve your life: And your person was dearer to me, then your glorie or my own.

I Well see that this Discourse Astonishes and surprises you. But for your comprehension, permit me to tell what condition my Soul was in, when in the midest of the Fight, I saw you all covered with Darts and Flams. The death which I saw in so manie places made me apprehensive of yours: all the Enemies Javelines seemed by me to address themselves against you: And, in the manner, that my imagination represented the affair to me, I thought all *Cesars* Armie desired to fight none but *Anthonie*. I manie times fancied that I saw you dragged by force into the enemies vessalls, or fall dead at their feet.

And although those who were round about me, assured me, that I was deceived by my eyes, and that the Victorie was still uncertain; What did I not say in those fatal moments? And what grief did I not feel? Ah! my dear *Anthonie*, did you but know the sorrows of a Soul, that sees the Person beloved everie minute in hazard of dying; you would find it the most terrible torment, that can ever be indured. My heart received all the blows which were aimed at you; I was captive everie time, I thought you so, and death it self hath nothing so rude, as what I suffered at that time. In that deplorable condition, I found no remedie for my grief: and my imagination using greater ingenuitie for my Persecution; after having perswaded me that all the enemies desired your death, immediatlie perswaded me, that they resolved to preserve your life, thereby to make themselves Masters of your liberttie. The first thought did certainlie give me a little ease:

ease: But the image of *Cesars* Triumph, presenting it self all at once to me, I relapsed into my former despaire. It was not, my dear *Anthonie*, that I believed you capable of following a Conquerours Charriot: But I thought that to shune that supream misfortune, you would have recourse to death: So that which way it was, I alwayes found my self equallie unhappie. I bethought me of what poison I should choice that I might follow you: And there is no fatall Resolution which past not in my minde I thought more then twentie times to cast my self into the Sea, to free me from the agonie I was in: Yet because I could not die without forsaking you, I could not pursue that design.

But coming of a sudden to consider the strong Passion which you alwaies testified to me, I thought if you should see me abandon the armie, you would also forsake it & by that found I the meanes of preserving your life, and libertie together. For (said I to my self, after framing that Resolution) *Cesar* doth not seek Victorie so much, as the life or libertie of *Anthonie*: And upon condition that he have neither the one nor the other, I shall be glad to loss the Battle. In fine, my dear *Anthonie*, I did what my affection and despair councelled me to do: And you did what I expected from your love. I had no sooner seen, you quit your Ship, and take a Galley to follow me: but my heart was seized with a Surprisall of Joy: Me thought it was I gained the Battle, because I preserved you: And beginning to think that *Cesar* would be content to exchange his fortune for mine, I was partlie comforted of all my disgraces. But that which yeelded me most satisfaction in that fatal day was to see *Anthonie* capable of preferring *Cleopatra* to the desire of conquering his enemies: & that he loved better to follow her though unfortunate, then to pursue the Victorie and in fine, that the Empire of the World was not so dear to him as *Cleopatra*. This thought so pleasant that though my flight ranked us among the conquered, I cannot repent me, and at the last is, the Battle of *Actium* shall not be so glorious to *Cesar* as to *Cleopatra*. He overcame Souldiers who wanted their Commander, but *Cleopatra* saw the most Valiant of all the *Heroes*, throw away his Armes, and follow her. But to perfect my vindication, remember

my dear *Anthonie*, that how soon you was disingaged from your Ships, I causèd a Banner be set upon the Poupe of mine, to advertise you where you should find me. Judge then if that could be the action of a Criminall; For if I had designed to be separated from you, it was easie for me not to have received you: Because I had sixtie sail, and you had but one single Galley. If I had betrayed you I might have easilie delivered you unto *Cesars* hands: And by that given him truelie the Victorie.

If I had essaied to rank my self on the enemies side; if the flight which I took, might have been suspicious to you; I shall say your suspicions are lawfull: But on the contrare, my flight having been the effect of my despair and love you should complain of fortune and not accuse *Cleopatra*.

Further, do not imagine, that that Victorie shall either be verie Glorious to *Cesar*, or your retrait shamfull to you; You fled not from your enemies, you but followed *Cleopatra*. Your Souldiers were conquered by *Cesar*, but you was onlie by love. If this Battle had been the first occasion of War, wherein you had been found, your Valior might have been questioned: but it is so Universallie known, that none are ignorant of it. There are almost no People, among whom you have not given proof of your courage in the beginning of your Youth: And certainlie you must have given manie, because the great *Julius Cesar* choise you to command the left wing of his armie, in the famous Battle of *Pharsalia*; and in a day whereon the conquest of the Empire of all the World depended.

And moreover, *Octavius* knows sufficientlie that you are skilfull in the art of fighting and conquering: That Battle which you gained against *Cassius*, will not permit him to doubt: And less also the Victorie you had [illegible] *Brutus*: When at this time it may be said, that you have overcome *Octavius* his Conquerours: Because you know, that he lost the Battle some daies before, and baselie fled in presence of these, whom you soon after did overcome: But with this difference that Love causèd your flight, and perhaps fear made his. You see then my dear *Anthonie*, that you are conquered without disgrace, and that your enemies has overcome

without

without honor. And moreover, our affairs are not yet desperate: you have a strong Armie near *Actium*, which is not yet under *Cesars* Colours: My Kingdoms have also men, monie, & fortified places: and I will shed all my Subjects may loss to the last drop of their blood to preserve yours and your libertie. But in fine, when fortune shall unjustlie take from you these Crowns, which your merit, and valiour have gained by force: Know that *Cleopatras* love shall not diminish. No my dear *Anthonie*, when that enemie of Illustrious Persons, shall reduce us to live under a Cotage of Straw, in some place remote from the Societie of the World; I shall have for you the same passion, that I had in that blessed hour, wherein you gave Kingdoms: And wherein twentie two Kings were to be seen in your Train. Think not then that misfortune can fright me: there is but one which I can never suffer with you: And doubtless which you also will not endure. Yes, *Cleopatra* can be exiled with *Anthonie* and not complain: She can Renounce all the Splendour of Royaltie, and yet preserve her desires of life, but bondage is that which she can never endure, and which she knows you will not suffer no more then she. Be then assured, that so far from having intelligence with *Cesar*, I give you my promise, to die rather then trust to him, or put my self in hazard of serving his Triumph.

No *Anthonie*, *Cleopatra* shall never carrie Chains: And if fortune be so perverse to her, that she can have no way to choose, but that of *Rome* or of Death; The surrendering of her life, shall justifie your love to her, and her innocencie. But before we come to that extream remedie, let us do all things to resist our enemies. Let us preserve life so long as we can without shame: For in fine, it should not be indifferent to us, while we love each other perfectlie. My dear *Anthonie* I perceive, me thinks by your eyes, that my discourse hath not been unprofitable: They tell me that your heart repents, of having unjustlie suspected me; That it sees my innocencie as pure as it is; and that the love it has for me is so great, that it forebears not yet to love the person, who robbed your hands of the Victorie. For me, my dear *Anthonie*, you shall alwayes be my strongest and last passion; I do acknowledge, that in

the time I did not know you, *Julius Cesars* glorie did touch my heart: And that I could not hinder my self from loving a man, who over all the Earth, passed for the first of Mortals. A man (I say) whom you sometime judged worthie the Empire of all the World: because you gave him his first honour, by putting a Diadem upon his head in the middle of *Rome*, and who after his death, by a brave and Heroick Oration which you made to the *Roman* People, caused him be set up amongst the gods: Who chased *Brutus* and *Cassius*; burned their Places; And *Signalised* your Courage and Friend ship.

But since the time I have seen you, I can assure you, that you have soveraignlie reigned in my Soul; and shall reign there continuallie. It is an Empire which fortune hath not given you, and which being without its domination, shall ever be yours in spight of its unjustice. It may overturn Kingdoms and Empires, but it shall never change my heart: And whatever doth usuallie destroy the strongest affections, shall but fortifie mine. And to testifie to you, that I can love better then you, I will not suspect your Friendship of anie weakness. Yes *Anthonie*, I do believe that although *Cleopatra* hath caused all your misfortunes, she shall ever make all your happiness: and that without repenting you of having ever loved her, she shall alwayes reign in your heart, as you do in hers. Let us go then my dear *Anthonie*, Let us go to *Alexandria*, to do our last Endeavours, to conquer those who have overcome us: It is there where perhaps we shal yet findwherewithall to subdue the insolence of our enemies. But if it come to pass that Heaven hath resolved our Ruine; that fortune become constant to persecute us; that hope be absolutlie denyed us; that all your friends abandon you; that all my subjects betray me, and join with the stronger partie; if (I say) it come to pass that all those things be al us; we shal stil find our Tomb in *Alexandria*; And to merit from our enemies the favour, of letting our Ashes remain there together, we must Signalise our death, by shunning bondage: and in that manner, we shall Rob them of the Noblest fruits of their Victorie, and conquer *Cesar* himself by death.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THey who Love, let themselves be easily perswaded, by things which can please them: And the words of this fair Monster of Nilus, failed not to Attract Anthonies minde, to what she desired. He did not follow Cleopatra, to forsake her afterward: And his Choller being the Effect of his love, as well as his flight had been, it was as easie to apease it as to flie. He then believed all she said to him: He repented that he had suspected her fidelity: But repented not the loss of the Empire of the World, for preserving Cleopatra. He followed her to Alexandria? Where though she was more Generous that second, then the first time, they were not always happy; And of all the things which she promised him Cleopatra could give Anthonie, but the half of her Tomb.

SISIGAMBES

SISIGAMBES TO ALEXANDER.

THE FOURTH HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

After Conquering the Indians, Alexander *the Great Married* Statira, *one of* Darius *his Daughters. Then was it that* Sisigambes, *Mother of that Princess, abandoned her Soul to the joyes and Inclinations which she had for that Invincible Conqueror. She at that time Remembered all that he had done for her; And as her Soul was Noble, she immediatlie testified her gratitude to him in this manner.*

SISIGAMBES to ALEXANDER.

IT is truelie this day, O Invincible *Alexander*, that I believe you to be the son of *Jupiter*: an ordinarie man cannot be capable of so much Vertue. There have been severall times Victories and Conquerors known; But there was never a person found like you who has made the portion of the Conqu red equall with the Victorious: Nor none who have divided the Empire which they have Conquered, with the Children of their enemies. In fine, *Alexander*, though you were of Humane Blood, and not of that of the gods; it is most certain that you deserve Incense and Altars. I leave to the Famous Testimonies of your Valour, the Publication of those Marvellous Exploits you have done, in making you Master of the World: For I Propose to entertain you, onlie with your Clemencie and Goodness. You know, Generous *Alexander*, if I should for your glorie Erect a Trophie of your Enemies Spoils; I should there find Subject of making sorrowfull Tears flow abundantlie, in a day wherein I ought to express joy. This does not proceed from my not knowing, that I shall not there see the Bodie of my Son: For I Remember you was so generouslie good, as to cover it with your Royall Cloack, and bedew it with your Tears; When coming to the Place where he expired by the cruelties of Treacherous *Bessus*, you saw that great Prince in so deplorable a condition. No, *Alexander*, in this Juncture of affairs, I should not look upon you as the old enemie of *Darius*, but as the revenger of his Death, as the protector of his Mother and Wife; as the Husband of his Daughter, and as the lawfull Heir of the great *Cyrus* his Throne. In Effect, you know what were my Sons last words:

He testified his Gratitude of the Obligations that I was indebted to you for: He made Vowes for your Glorie; He assured you he died your Friend and Servant; And without imploying those few Moments he had to live, in Deploring his Misfortune; He wished you Conqeror of the Universe; He hoped you would revenge his Death; That you would take care to perpetuate his Memorie: and he also left to you, the rewarding *Polistratus*, for that little water he gave him, that he might the more distinctlie pronounce those things which he had to say for your Glorie.

O my dear *Darius*, you was truelie my Son in speaking so of *Alexander*! I give thanks to the gods, that at last you had Power to acknowledge, what we owe to his Clemencie, and Goodness. It is for those two Vertues, O Invincible *Heros*! That I admire you this day: The whole Earth is filled with the noise of your Victories: you are the Master ar Conqueror of all men; the meanest of your Exploits are known to all; The verie Playes of your infancie shall be Patterns to all Kings that come after you: What your Conquests have been is everie where known: None are ignorant of what a Glorious War you made in *Greece*; The Splendid Ruines of *Thebes* which you razed, are eternall signs that you was its Conqueror. The Battle which you gave at the passage of the *Garnick*, equallie manifests your conduct and courage: None can be ignorant of what you did in the day of *Issus*; Nor of what passed at the famous Seidge of *Tyre*. The Battle of *Arbella* had too remarkable Circumstances, not to be known of all the Earth.

The Conquest of the *Indians*, and the defaite of *Porrus* on the Banck of *Hidaspes*, are Eternal Monuments of your Glorie. For not onlie is it known, that you excelled that great King; But it is also known that after you had Conquered his Kingdom, you Restored it to him greater then it was before: And in this manner, if it be allowed so to speak; You may not onlie be called the overcomer of this Prince, but the Conqueror of *Porrus*: Because it seems you did not fight but to make him greater.

The Citie of *Oxidraxes*, where[illegible] you so resolutlie exposed your self, is seen of all the Earth: It is look[illegible] up

upon as the field of Battle? Where your great Heart seemed equallie to defie death and fortune, and where you Surmounted both. In fine, *Alexander*, there may be everie where found Testimonies of your Valour and Conquests; Wherefore, without speaking to you, I content my self with praising your Clemencie and Goodness. But, what do I say? Those two Vertues are as Generallie known as your courage: for if, as I have alreadie said, you are Master and conqueror of all men; It may be also said that you are all mens Benefactor.

It will be said that the gods have remitted into your hands all the favours they used to bestow; That they have established you to be the distributor of good deeds; And that they have given you Commission to make all the World happie. You do no sooner Conquer a Kingdom, but you give it: your enemies are no sooner your Subjects, but they become your friends: And you no sooner Conquer them, but you become their Protector.

I have so famous an example in my Person of what I say, that I cannot doubt it without being Criminall. For, O Invincible *Alexander*! I shall never forget the favours I have received from you:

Yes, I shall alwaies remember that dismal day, wherein my Daughter and I became your Prisoners: Fear of bondage had possest our Spirits with such horrid Visions that death appeared the greatest happiness that could befall us. We had lost the Battle with the Throne; we believed *Darius* alreadie lost; And that which was most insupportable to us, was, we thought that we should be necessitated, to die by our own hands, to shun the Insolence of the Conquerors.

But alace! I did not then know *Alexander*; For, said I to my self, I am Mother of the greatest of his Enemies, because *Darius* is the most powerfull of all them who resisted him: And judging of you by the rest, I feared you as much then, as I love you now. This unjust fear was of no continuance in my minde: the sight of you quicklie dissipated it, and I also remember, the first time, I had the honor of seeing you. You pardoned me a fault. For because I did not know you, and because the trouble I was in, gave me not libertie to Reason well on the matter, you know I took the Ge-

rous *Ephistion* for you: And that without being angrie? you said to me, *that I was not mistaken, because he was the second Alexander.* That sign of Moderation towards me, and of Friendship towards your Favorite, began to give me juster thoughts of you: And to remitt in my Soul that hope which fear had chased from it. And surlie you also to day does well testifie, that *Ephistion* is as dear to you as your self: Because having designed to Marrie the Eldest of my Daughters your self, you gave the other to this second *Alexander.*

Since that, what have you not done for me? You have not onlie treated me as a Queen, though I was Captive; But you have treated me as your Mother, and you have done me the favour alwaies to call me so. Everie time that anie new Subject of grief did befall me, you have had the goodness to Solace me: I have seen you in consideration of me weep for your Victories; I have seen you Regrate *Darius* his Death; I have seen you carefull of his Funeralls and Tomb; I have seen you expose your life to Revenge his death; I have seen you punish the Traitor *Bessus* who did assasine him; I have seen you reward them who were faithfull to him; And I see you also this day restore *Darius* to the Throne, by placing there his Daughter and mine.

But the most wonderfull of all the Actions that I have seen you do for *Darius*; Is that I have sometimes seen this *Alexander* Conqueror of the Universe, have so much Vertue, as not to trust to his own: And not to expose himself to the eyes of *Darius* his Wife, fearing least he should be Conquered by her beautie.

Ah! After all this it must certainlie be acknowledged, that all that can be said of you is far below your merits: you have both together the chastitie of my Sex, and the Vertues of all the *Heroes*, who have onlie preceeded you in age.

There can be no good qualities which are not to be found in your Person in the highest degree: And it may be said that Vertues are Perfectionated in your Soul, and take a new luster. That which is Temeritie in anie other, is but a simple Effect of your courage, and excesse of good cannot be vicious in you. You give profuselie, and yet without prodigalitie: Because you

you do not onlie proportionat the presents you make to them who receives them, but to him who gives them.

So that, Townes, whole Provinces, Millions of Gold, Scepters and Crowns, are things which *Alexander* can give without being Prodigall: For as he has received more favours from Heaven then anie other; it is also he should give more then all others. This truth is so well known to you, and you practise it so perfectlie; That after having Conquered all the World, and having given it almost wholly to diverse Persons; when you have been sometimes asked what you would Reserve for your self; You have answered, *Hope*.

And truelie I have often wondered to see, that you no sooner had anie thing in your power, but you did put it in that of an other: And nevertheless, you desisted not to be alwaies giving. This Reflection made me think, that *Alexander* might be said to be like the Sea, which no sooner receives in its Vast Breast the Tribute which all the Fountains, the Rivers and the Floods carrie to it, but it renders it with Usurie to some other part of the World.

What she takes from the *Persians*, she gives back to the *Greecks*; The Ship wracks which she makes does not enrich her; She makes no bodie poor but to augment some others fortune; And without keeping anie thing either of what is given her, or of what she Usurpes; She alwaies rolles her Vawes with an equall Motion. Just so is it with things that you receive from the Gratitude of your Subjects, of the tributes they pay to you, and of the Conquests you make.

You receive them with one hand, and gives them with the other. The verie booties which you take from your Enemies, does but make Rich your Souldiers. So that, be it in Peace, or in war, during a Tempest, or during a Calme, you equallie do good unto all, without doing anie to your self.

Yet there is this difference; between the Ocean and you, that all which goes from the Sea returnes to it, but what goes from your hands never comes back to them again. Further, it shall be glorious for you to see People in your Histories, who have refused your gifts.

gifts, becauſe you gave too much: And that there ſhal be none found Complaining that you gave too little. Your liberalitie is ſo much the more Excellent, in that it is not blind. You do good to all the World, but you do it not alwaies without choice.

All the daies of your life are not thoſe of Donationes to the People, where without diſtinction, you throw Treaſures among the crowd: Where the happie onſie have the advantage.

Ariſtotles Diſciple knows better how to uſe Riches; and knows better how liberalitie muſt be practiſed. Yes *Alexander*, You have reconcilled Fortune with Vertue: We ſee Philoſophers, Poets, Muſicians, Limners, and Sculptors in abundance, and yet do not work but onlie for your Glorie and their own.

We ſee (I ſay) Philoſophers practiſe that Policie which they teach in Governing great Kingdoms; We ſee Poëts carrie at once a Harp of Gold, and a Quiver of Ibonie; To ſing your Triumphes, and command your Provinces. We ſee Muſicians, whoſe Luttes are of Ivorie; Who emploie not their voices, but to praiſe you, and to ſpeak of your felicitie. We ſee Limners as Rich as the Mightie Princes have been formerlie, who emploied them to work. We ſee Sculptors, not onlie make uſe of Marble, Alabaſter, and Porphire in their ſtatues; but have Palaces of their own, where all thoſe things are ſeen.

In fine, all good Sciences and all good Arts, flouriſh under your reign. Alſo it ſhall be ſaid, that as the gods have made a Miracle of you, Nature was likewaies deſirous to make its chiefeſt works for love of you. You have *Ariſtotleſs*, *Xenophanteſs*, *Apelleſ* and *Liciippoſ*, who owing their felicitie and Glorie to you, ſhall alſo beſtow their Labour upon yours. All future Ages that ſhal ſee the pictures which theſe Famous men will leave of you, either by their writings, or by their tablets, or by their ſtatues, ſhall doubtleſs envie that of the great *Alexander*.

All the Vertues of that time ſhall wiſh to have been in this. You ſhall be the *Model* of great Princes, and the foil of perverſe: And while there ſhall be men, you ſhall be ſpoken of as a god. I certainlie wonder no more, that our great *Xerxes* with all his power could

could not perfect what designs he had conceived? For since *Greece* ought to Educate you: The gods had reason to preserve the Conquest of the World for you. If *Xerxes* had accomplished his enterprise, perhaps he should have been called the Tyran and whip of the Universe: But for you, you are the *Legitimate* Prince of all the People whom you have Conquered. You are sent from Heaven for the Worlds felicitie: And there was just Subject for *Hammon* the Oracle of *Jupiter* so say, *That you was his Son, and was Invincible.*

No *Alexander*, none can exceed you, neither in War nor in Vertue: And after the design you have made to day, of replacing *Darius* on the the Throne by divlding it with his Daughter *Statira*: There is nothing more remains for you to do, and nothing more for me to wish, but the Continuance of your Glorie. It is not that I fear it can be taken from you: No, there is no such thought in my mind: But I fear that mens unjustice will render them unworthie of having you long for their Master: Or that the gods jealous of our happiness recall you to themselves. If which come to pass, I do assure you, O invincible *Alexander*! not to stay in the World after you: I could live after *Darius*, who was my Son; But after all the Obligations which I have had from you, I shall not survive *Alexander*. I had not told you, such sad thoughts in a day of rejoicing, if I had not believed that it would be advantageous to you, that it should be known there was a Princess, that there was (I say) a Mother, and if I dare say a Vertuous Mother, who without basenesse, and without unjustice, hath loved you better then her own Son, though you was her enemie. Pardon me then so dolefull a thought, because it is Glorious to you: And believe that when my wishes are exhausted, not onlie shall your Glorie be immortall, but likewise your Person.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

ALexander *must be known, if the Effect of this Discourse be questioned. That great and Generous Soul did again redouble his good Offices, to that Illustrious Princess: And did so gain her Heart; That when soon after the death of his invincible Conquerour came to pass in* Babylon, *she failed not to keep her promise, for she died of sorrow. And certainlie that death was a Glorious sign of* Alexanders *goodness: And when some Excellent Orator, shall employ all his Art, to make him a Famous Elogie: when he has (I say) Magnificently Exaggerated all his brave Actions, I believe I shall say something Greater and more Extraordinarie; When I onlie say that* Sisigambes *endured the death of her Son* Darius, *and could not bear with that of the great* Alexander. *She lived after the one, and died after the other; And Vertue was of more force with her then Nature. O the brave Panegirick! But why? it was* Alexander.

SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

THE FIFTH HARRANGUE.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

AFter that by the Romans *assistance*, Massiniſſa had *Re-conquered the Kingdom of his Fathers, and taken* Siphax *prisoner, who had Usurped it: He Besieidged and took the town of* Sirthe, *where* Sophonisba *Wife of this Captive King, was retired. The charms of that fair* African, *made strong impressions in his heart, and the* Numidians *being Naturalie inclined to Love, he was no sooner Victorious, but he began to feel himself Conquered. But coming to make Reflections upon the Austere Humor of* Scipio, *he questioned not his being desirous to have that Beautifull Captive Queen led in Triumph, to hinder which he Married her the same day, not thinking that after that, any bodie would make Triumph of the Wife of a King, allied to the* Roman *People. But scarcely was this sudden Marriage celebrated, when* Scipio *being informed of it, sent by* Lellius *to ordaine* Massiniſſa, *to come to him and give account of his Victorie. But* Sophonisba *who had a Naturall aversion to the* Romans, *and more also to bondage: having seen something in the eyes of* Lellius *that threatned Triumph, did in this manner speak to* Massiniſſa, *at his going to part from her.*

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

My Lord.

I Well see by *Lellius* Procedure, that fortune is not yet wearie of persecuting me: That after having in one and the same day, lost my Crown, my Husband and my Libertie, and by a Capricio of that inconstant thing, found again my Libertie, an Illustrious Husband, and a Crown; I well see (I say) that it is yet readie after such strange accidents to make me loss all things.

Lellius looking upon me hath doubtless judged me sufficientlie prettie, to honour *Scipios* Trumph, and to follow his Chariot. I have seen in his eies the *Idea* of what he bears in his minde, and the disigne which he has in his heart: But perhaps he has not discovered what I have in mine. He knows not that desire of Libertie is much stronger in me, then that of Life: And that for preserving the first, I am capable of losing the other with joy.

Yes I clearlie perceive my dear *Massiniss* that You are going to fight against strong enemies: The Austeritie of *Scipios* Humor, joined to the *Roman* Austeritie shall doubtless make him give You a sharp Reprimand: He will think it strange, that in the verie day of your Victorie, and in the verie day of your Re-taking the Crown which belonged to You, You should have thought of Marriage: And have chosen for your Wife, not onlie that of your Enemie, but a Captive, a *Carthaginian*, the

Daughter

Daughter of *Hasdruball*, and the Enemie of *Rome*.

Nevertheless my Lord, remember, that at this time, You should not look upon me, nor as the Wife of *Siphax*, nor as a Captive, nor as a *Carthaginean*, nor as *Hasdruballs* Daughter, nor as Enemie of *Rome*, though I Glorie in being so; But as the Wife of the Illustrious *Massiniſſa*.

Remember also, that I consented not to receive that honour till after that You promised me that I should not fall in the *Romans* power: You have engaged your word, be sure then not to faill. I desire not that You expose your self to the loss of the Senats Friendship for preserving me, because your hard Fortune hath made You need it. But I onlie desire, that in pursuance of what You have sworn to me, you will hinder me from falling alive in *Scipios* power.

I doubt not but *Siphax* in the condition he is in, will say to his Conqerour, that I am the cause of his Misfortune; That I have loaded him with Irones, that I made him friend to *Carthage*, and *Romes* enemie.

Yes Generous *Massiniſſa*, I avouch all these things And if I could rob the *Romans* of You, I would esteem my self happie: And believe that my death should be trulie worthie the Daughter of *Hasdruball*. Pardon me, my dear *Massiniſſa*, for speakieg so boldlie to You. But since this is the last time, perhaps that I shall ever see You, I shall joyfullie tell You what have alwaies been my sentiments: To the end, that by the knowledge I shall give You, of that aversion which I ever had to bondage, You may be the more easilie induced, to think of my Libertie. How soon I had opened my eies to the light, the first thing I learned, was that there Were a People, who without anie right, but what the strong imposes upon the weak, would make themselves Masters of all others: And while my infancie lasted, I heard no discourse but of the *Roman* Triumphs; Of Kings whom they had chained; Of famous Captives which they had made; Of the Miseries of these unfortunate men; And of all the things that are done in those fatal Spectales, where the *Romans* pride makes up the Noblest fruit of the Victorie.

These images were so earlie Imprinted in my mind, that nothing could ever banish them thence. Since I became

became more Reasonable by age, I have had more Aversion for that *Roman* Eagle; which sees nothing but the rapines it makes: And which flies not above the heads of Kings, but to take off their Crowns. Perhaps it will be said to me, that the *Romans* give so manie Kingdoms as they Usurpe? And that they make as manie Kings as they tie to their Chariot.

But my dear *Massiniſſa*, if you will rightlie Consider the buſineſs, You wil find that they give, no Scepters, but to have the more famous ſlaves: And that if they put Crowns upon their Vaſſals heads, it is but to have the pleaſure of seeing them laid at their feet; becauſe that by their orders, they will have hommage payed to them.

Vanitie is the Soul of that Nation: It is its onlie work: It is but for it that it makes Conqueſts; Uſurpes Kingdomes; Deſolates all the World; And unſatiſfied in being abſolutlie Miſtris of all that great Part of the Univerſe, which is of its Continent; Paſſes the Seas to come and Diſturb our Repoſe.

For if onlie a deſire of augmenting its Confines, and encreaſſing its riches, cauſed it make War, it would be content to overturn Thrones, and putting them to death who Lawfullie Poſſeſſed them. But becauſe pride is their cheif inſtigator; A ſimple Citizen of *Rome*, muſt for his Glorie, and for the Peoples divertiſement, Drag Kings chained after his Triumphing Chariot. O Gods! Is it poſſible that Conqueros can be ſo inhumane! Is it poſſible to find Conquered Kings ſo cowardlie, to endure ſuch cruell Uſage? Yes, without doubt, and too manie examples of this kind, have made it known, that all Princes are not Generous.

Nevertheleſs it is certain, that *Irons* and Crowns, Scepters and Chains, are things which ſhould never be ſeen together; A Chaire drawn by *Elephants*, ſhould not be followed by Kings; And by Kings tied like Criminall, with whom no ſigns of Royaltie are left, but to ſignaliſe their ſhame, and the Glorie of their Conqueror. But what Glorie can he have who Triumphs in this ſort? For if theſe whom he has overcome are baſſe, (as there is great appearance becauſe they live:) It is no juſt Subject of vanitie to have ſubdu'd them.

And if these unfortunate men, testified courage in their defaite; It is great inhumanitie in him who treats thus Princes who have done nothing, but defend their Crowns; Their Countrie; Their Wifes; Their Children; Their Subjects; And their Domestick-Gods.

But if for the Glorie of their Conquerors, and for the Pleasure of the People they would have Triumphs; It would be more Glorious for them, to cause carrie the Enemies armes whom they have killed with their own hands, then to have themselves followed by Kings whom they have not fought. Chariots filled with broken armes, Bucklers, Launces, Javelins, and Standards taken from the Enemies; Would make a show less Lamentable and more agreeable to the eies of the People.

But Gods! Is it possible that Kings are destined for such infamie? That these same People, who have Combates of *Gladiators* and of wild Beasts given them for their divertisement; Should also be the cause of such fatall Ceremonie; And extract their pleasure from the ignominie and misfortune of Kings; That it should be, that they who delight in seeing four thousand men, by a horrid brutalitie kill one another in one day; And who find their happiness in seeing Tigers and Lyons devour each other; Is it possible (I say) that Kings opressed with Irons, should be draged for these same People?

For me, my dear *Massiniſſa*, I find something so strange in this sort of Triumph, that I doubt if it be more disgracefull to the Conquered, then to the Victorious; and in my particular, I know verie well, that I shall neither do the one nor the other. Judge then my dear *Massiniſſa*, if a person who would not enter *Rome* in a Triumphing Chariot, followed by a hunder chained Kings; Could resolve to follow with Irons, that of the proud *Scipio*. No, *Sophonisbas* Soul is too great for that: If I were but a *Carthaginean*, I shall never be capable of it: If I were but *Hasdrubals* daughter, I shal never resolve to do it: If I were but the Wife of the unfortunate *Syphax*, it is a weakness that shal never come in my mind: And if I were but the slave of the illustrious *Massiniſſa*, I

shall

shall not follow anie other Conquerour. But being both together, a *Carthaginean*; *Hasdruballs* daughters; Wife to *Siphax*, and *Massinissa*, and Queen of two great Kingdoms: *Scipio* needs not think to make Triumph of *Sophonisba*. No, Generous *Massinissa*, if the chains they would give me were of Diamonds; And all the Irons Glister with Gold and precious Stones; And if they would assure me that I should be immediatlie restored to the Throne, how soon I were untied from the Triumphant Chariot, I would choose death in prejudice of Royalltie: And if my hand should once carrie Irons, I should no more think it worthie to carrie a Scepter. In fine, I have so strong an aversion for slaverie and bondage, and my Spirit is so delicate in such matters, that if I thought *Scipio* would cause carrie my Picture in Triumph, I would pray you to put all the Limners of *Numidea* to death. But no, I condemn my self for that thought: For if the insensible *Scipio* does carrie my Image in his entering into *Rome*, he shall rather publish my Glorie then his own; It will be seen that I could die, when I could live no longer with honour: And that a Feminine courage surpassed the *Roman* Vanitie.

I doubt not Generous *Massinissa*, if you do not with all your force oppose *Scipios* severitie, but that you will be compelled to give me death, for acquitting you of your promise; For besides the publick interest, there is also his own particular. He Remembers that his Father and Unckle are formerlie dead in *Africa*: He looks upon me as a fit Victime to appease their Ghosts: And Joyning together in his heart, *Romes* Glorie and his own vengeance, it is not to be believed that *Hasdruballs* Daughter shall obtain her Libertie. Yet Generous *Massinissa*, I think, it will be verie unjust, if in the same day wherein you Re-take the Crown of *Numidea*, your Wife should be tied to a Triumphing Chariot: It is me thinks, to make you at once, a King and a Slave: Because if (what you have said to me be true) that my sorrow and tears, added to the little beautie I have, hath touched your heart, and forced you to love me as much as your self; This will be a Triumphing over you as well as

me. Consider well *Massiniſſa*, If you can be my Spectator that day: Or if you will not think me unworthie of having done me the honor to Marrie me, if I should be capable of disgracing you so much: But do not fear that I shall expose you to such sorrow: If *Scipio* be inexorable, and you keep your promise to me, my death shall vindicat what choise you have made. How ever before we have recourse to this last extreamitie, do all you can to move the heart of that insensible Creature: Tell him I have whollie rendered my self to you: That of all the bootie, which your Valour hath acquired to the *Romans*: You ask onlie one slave from them.

But if his unjustice would oblidge you to deliver her into his hands, as if you were the meanest Souldier of his Legions; Tell him then that this slave is your Wife: And that she cannot be made Triumph of without Triumphing over you: And that the Blood which you have lost, in the service of the *Reipublick*, deserves their giving you Permission to let her live in Freedom. Let him know that you have found her in your Kingdom, in your Palace, and upon your Throne: That in Reason she belongs to you; And cannot be taken from you without injustice. But if these weightie Reasons prevaill not, pray him tenderlie: And if at last you cannot make him flexible, Remember your promise, and fail not to keep it. I perceive by your eies, my dear *Massiniſſa*, that it will grieve you to present me with such a lamentable gift: I well see (I say) that it will trouble you to send poison to her, to whom you have given a Diadem, your heart and libertie: I know that it is a rigid thought, and that it will be a doolefull sight to you to see those same Torches which gave light at my Marriage, must burn at my Funeralls: And that the same hand which you gave me in pledge of your faith, must be that which must open my Tomb: But in fine, all those things shall be more supportable to you, (if you be Generous as I believe you are) then to see me chained: They who say that true Generositie consists in undergoing fatall accidents with constancie; And that abandoning life for eviting misfortune, is according to their opinion a yeeld-

yeelding the Victorie to Fortune: These People (I say) knows not what is the true Glorie of Princes.

This thought is good for Philosophers, but not for Kings, whose whole Actions should be Heroick Patterns of Valour. But if quitting of life be allowed (which I doubt not) it must assuredlie be, to shune the infamie of being led in Triumph. It is a great unhappiness to a King, to have his Subjects revolt: But if he should then think of dying I would esteem him baise: Because he may fight and punish them. It is a great misfortune for a Prince to loss a Battle: But because it is often seen, that they who are conquered to day, may be Victorious to morrow: He must stand firme, and not abandon himself to despair. In fine, all misfortunes that can have an honorable remedie, should not make us have recourse to the Tomb: But when all things are lost, there remains no more for our choise, but chains or death; We must break the cords of life to escape those of bondage. Behold my dear *Massinissa*, all I had to say to you: Remember it then I conjure you: And do not Listen so much to what *Scipio* will say to you, as not to Remember your promise, and the discourse which I have made to you. It is (if I be not deceived) so just and rationall, that you cannot dissaprove of it. Go then, my dear and well beloved *Massinissa*, go fight for my libertie and your Glorie, against the insensible *Scipio*. Ask him Venerable, if after he was not willing to see the fair prisoners he hath made, in his new conquests, why he should desire to see a Woman tied to his Chariot, whose looks had power to conquer *Massinissa*? Let him fear that I become not his conquerour, in stead of his desiring to be mine: And that at least the austere Vertues which he professes, should serve to hinder his desires of Triumphing over me.

You may well perceive, my dear *Massinissa*, that my mind is not troubled, and that I speak to you with abundance of tranquillitie: And I do also assure you, that in the condition I find my self, there is nothing I regrate, but my being constrained to be so soon separated from you. Doubtless this is the onlie thing can touch my heart: For having seen my Countrie

desolated; *Siphax* prisoner; The Crown fallen from off my head; And what is yet worse, *Sophonisba* readie to be *Scipios* Captive: After (I say) all those things; My Tomb shall be a refuge, and resting place to me, if I could enter there without abandoning you. But I have this comfort in my miserie, that having ever had an Irreconcilable hatred to the *Romans* Tirranie: I have at least this advantage to have been the captive of a *Numidean* and not of a *Roman*: But also of a *Numidean* who is my Husband and Liberator: And whose slave I no sooner was, but I was absolute Mistris of his Soul. Go then my dear *Massinissa*, and faill not to keep your promise to the unhappie *Sophonisba*: Who will with much impatience expect Libertie, or Poison.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE

This beautifull and deplorable Queen obtained her desire, because Massinissa *obtained nothing from* Scipio. *He sent death to her, because he could not preserve her Libertie free from danger. And this Sluggard, preferred his interest, and the* Romans *Friendship, to the life of that Generous Person. I should have patientlie endured his losing of it to have preserved his Glorie, if he could do it no other way: But that this Gallant man should have lived eightie years after such a loss, and still freind to the* Romans; *Is that which hath made me Chollerick against him, every time I see this accident in Historie: And which also makes me Silent, because if I had writ more, I must have reproached him. Pittie* Sophonisba *with me my dear Reader, and because I endeavour to divert you, be at least so complacent as not to approve of the action, of the insensible and too wise* Massinissa.

ZENOBIA TO HER DAUGHTERS.

THE SIXTH HARRANGUE.

ARGU-

John Fairley Smith

ARGUMENT.

THis Discourse and the Precedent, lets us clearly see, that all things have two Faces: And that we may arrive at the same end, by different wayes, I mean at Vertue. Sophonisba would die, the Valiant Zenobia would live: And both would live and die by Principels of Generositie. The one beholds Libertie as the Chief good: The other believes that Chief good consists in Soveraign Wisdom. The one could not indure the Idea of a Chariot, because she believed it Ignominious to its Followers: The other followed the Chariot without trouble, because she thought nothing shamefull but crime. The one beheld a Conquerors Triumph with dispair, as a mightie disgrace: The other considered it with disdain, as a chance of Fortune. The one died, the other lived: The one searched Glorie, where the other believed it Infamie: However as I have said, the one and the other had a Vertuous Subject: So true is it that all things have diverse Faces, according to the byas they are regarded. You have heard the Reasons of the one, hear also the other, and then judge of both:

ZENO-

ZENOBIA
TO HER
DAUGHTERS.

IT is now a long time, dear & unfortunat Princesses, that I have seen your tears trickle in vain: My Constancie hath to no purpose taught you, that Heroick Spirits can endur great sorrows without despaire: The *Idea* of the Throne which you have lost, and of the chariot which you have followed, being alwaies fresh in your memorie, makes my example Fruitless: And all the days of your life, renew your affliction. You still carrie in your hearts the Irons which you had on your hands, that cursed day wherein you entred *Rome*: And without losing anie of that Noble pride, which Illustrious Birth inspires in them who are born with that advantage; *Aurelian* Triumphs yet over you, everie time you call to minde his Triumph. I am verie sorrie, O my Daughters, that having made you partakers of my disgraces, I cannot give you constancie necessar to support them. Yet its the onlie heritage I can leave you a dying, and I do most affectionatlie wish that that Vertue may pass from my heart into yours: To the end that being unable to live as Queens, you may at least reign over your selves, If through excess of misfortune, anie could with Reason despaire, it is certain *Zenobia* may do it: For as she has had more

Glorie

Glorie then anie of her sex could ever obtain; So her misfortunes have been more deplorable, then any was ever heard of. You know that on my side you may reckon the *Ptolomees* Kings of *Ægypt* for your fore-Fathers, and that I am come of the Illustrious Blood of *Cleopatra*. But alace! It may be said that the Triumphant Chariot which *Augustus* appointed for her, is come to me by right of succession: And that I have onlie followed what was prepared for her. Yet Fortune hath treated me with greater inhumanitie: For you are not ignorant that I followed a chariot, which I thought I led, and which I had caused do with design to make Triumph of him, who Triumphed over me. You also know, that the beginning of my life, was full of happines; The Valiant *Odenat* your Father, and my dear Lord; After he had given me the Crown of *Palmiranea* would also make me partaker of his Glorious conquests. And I can say without vanitie, and without wronging that *Heros* that if he gave to *Zenobia* the Crown which he carried; She did also with her own hand add leaves of Laurell to that which Victorie had put upon his head. Yes my Daughters, I can say without offending the memorie of *Odenat*, that we together conquered all the East: And being encouraged by just resentments we did undertake to revenge upon the *Persians* the indignities they made the Emperour *Valerian* suffer whom *Sapor* keeped prisoner; When in the interim the infamous *Galienus* his Son abandoned himself to all sorts of delight.

Yet *Odenat* did not forebear to send him all the prisoners we made in that War: We took the best places in *Mesopotamia*; *Carres*, and *Nisibea* rendered to my dear Lord: And pursueing the Victorie, we routed at *Ctesiphont*, an innumerable multitude of *Persians*; We made manie *Satrapps* prisoners; their King also fled away: And continuing almost whollie Victorious, in all our Encounters; Renown made such Proclamations of *Odenates* Valour, that *Galienus* in fine roused himself. Then stimulated by fear rather then gratitude, he made him *Colleague* in the Empire: And to give him also more honour, you know he caused *Medalles* be made, wherein my dear *Odenat* dragged the *Persians* captives, ever till then I had felicitie: Victorie and

Fortune

Fortune equallie favoured me: But alace! And must I say it? When my dear *Odenat* was assassined with the eldest of my Children; I past from one extreamitie to an other: And became as miserable as I had been happie. Then was it my Daughters, that I had need of all my Vertue, to endure that misfortune: And certainlie *Odenates* death, is that, which hath made the loss of my freedom the less rude. I had more trouble to follow my dear Lord to the Tomb, then I had to follow *Aurelians* chariot: And his lamentable Pompe, made me shed more tears, then did all the Magnificence of the Triumph was made of me. But though my grief was excessive, I spent not too long time in weeping: I thought of preserving the Empire for my Children, and of washing of the Blood which he shed, with that of his enemies. And as it might have been said, that Valor was the Soul of that *Heros*; I made vows to pass my Life time, in gathering Palms to put upon his Tomb: That it might be one day said, my hand alone had revenged his death; Preserved the Empire for his Children; And Elevated a Trophie to his Glorie. I believed (I say) that it was more worthie, to hang above his Coffine, the spoils of these enemies I should conquer, then to drown his Ashes with my tears: And being this resolved I took armes in one hand, and the reins of the Empire in the other. I was alwaies of the opinion, my Daughters, that all Vertues could not be incompatible: That it was not impossible for one Person to possess them all; That those of men might be Practised by Women: That true Vertue affects no Sex: That one may be both chaste and Valiant: testifie great courage at one time, and humilitie at an other: Be severe and meek at severall Occasions: Command and obey: Know how to carrie Irons and a Crown with the same countenance: It is by this consideration; (my Daughters) that I have done things so appearentlie different: though I have ever been what I am to day. But to recount all my life to you, you know that death, which robbed me of my dear *Odenat*, did not take the happiness of his armes from me. On the contrare, I though his valtor joyned it self with mine: I slighted the Armie which *Celsinus* sent against me, under the conduct of *He-*

raclean: And unsatisfied with this first Victorie, I went into *Ægypt*, and made me absolute Mistris of my Predecessours Kingdom. From thence I was at *Ancyre*, the *Metropolis* of *Galatia*: I carried likewaies my armes through all *Bethinea*, to *Calcedonea*, and below *Bosphore*, and after I had conquered the *Persians* diverse times, and spread the noise of my Victories over all the Universe; *Aurelian*, guided by Fortune, and being more capable of useing a Sword, then *Galienus* was; Came at last in Person to stop the course. I should Exactlie re-count all my misfortunes to you, as I have done my felicitie, if I did not know, that you remember them but too much: Nor should I have undertaken to Repeat my Victories, if your extream Melancholie made me not think, that your thoughts entertaining nothing but sorrow full imagmations, you had forgot them. Surelie you are not ignorant which way *Aurelian* conducted me to *Rome*: Doubtless you remember, how *Herclamones* Perfidie, made him take the Cittie of *Theanea*: How *Mauger* my conduct and courage, *Aurelian* by his craft gained the Battle of *Antioche*: How *Zabas* Industrie put my Person in saiftie: How I retreated to *Emesa*: How I rallied my Troups: How I gave Battle to *Aurelian* a second time; who after thinking he had lost, was in fine Victor in spight of all my endeavours. You know also I abandoned *Emesa*, and went to shut my self up in *Palmiranea*, waiting for the succours which the *Persians*, the *Sarasins*, and the *Armenians* promised me: You know (I say) that *Aurelian* came there and besiedged me, with a strong Armie which was composed of *Pannoneans*, *Dalmatians*, *Mesines*, *Celtes*, a quantitie of *Mores*, and a multitude of other Troupes, drawn out of *Asia*, *Theanea*, *Mesopotamea*, *Sirea*, *Phenitia*- and *Palestina*. You know (I say) that I saw at that time, as great Preparation of War against me: As there needed be, to conquer the whole Earth. However I lost not my heart at that time: You know that I defended the Walls of *Palmeranea*, with so much courage as conduct; That *Aurelian* himself was dangerouslie wounded thereby an Arrow, which may be was drawn at him by my hand: For the gods knows, if I spared my life, to

preserve

preſerve your Libertie: And further, I know ſince my having been at *Rome*, that Poſteritie will know, I did not forſake the Throne, which belonged to you, without defending it. *Aurelian* having writ to his Freind *Macapor*, Said, *It was true, that he fought againſt a Woman: But a Woman who had more Archers under her pay, then if ſhe had been a man, againſt a Woman who hath Prudence in danger, and who by her foreſight, hath made ſo great Preparations of War, to Oppoſe his conqueſt, that it was impoſſible to imagine, what prodigious number, of Darts, and Stones ſhe had provided. In fine (ſaid he ſpeaking of me) there is no place about the Walls of* Palmiranea, *that is not defended by many Machinations: Its Veines Lenches everie hour Arteficiall fire upon us, and in few words, ſhe fears like a Woman, and fights like a Perſon affeared.* Behold my Daughters, what my Enemie hath ſaid of me: And ſurelie he had no Reaſon to ſay, that I feared, becauſe when he ſent to offer me life and pardon, (for his letter was writ in theſe tearmes) if I would render him the place, and if I would deliver into his hands all my Jewels and Treaſures: I anſwered him ſo reſolutelie, that *Aurelian* was offended. I remember among other things that I ſaid, I told him, that never anie but he ſought of me what he deſired: *Remember you* (ſaid I to him) *that Vertue ſhould as well govern affaires of War. as thoſe of peace; And further, I let you know, that the* Perſians *aſſiſtance, which we expect, will not faill us: We have on our partie, the* Armenians, *and* Sataſines: *And* Aurelian, *ſince the robbers of* Sirea *did beat your armie; What ſhall we do when we have all the forces, which we wait for from theſe places? Surely you will then abate ſome of that great pride, with which as if you were whollie Victorious, you command me to render.* You ſee, my Daughters, that while you was in the Temple praying to the Gods, I did all things poſſiblie for your Preſervation, and never did anie unglorious action. Finalie you know, that *Aurelian* did defate the *Perſians*, who were coming to our relief: And ſeeing it abſolutelie impoſſible to ſave that place, I was at leaſt deſirous to ſecure my Perſon: But Fate which had reſolved my Ruine, made *Aurelian* at laſt my Conquetor, and

me his prisoner. How soon he saw me, he asked, *from whence came it, that I had the boldness to attac the* Roman *Emperours and despise their forces* : Aurelian (said I to him) *I acknowledge you for a lawfull Emperour, because you know how to Conquer ; But for* Galienus *and such as he , I never had that esteem of them.* Till now, my Daughters, you cannot accuse me of cowardise : I have formerlie carried a Crown without vanitie ; I have had my hand sufficientlie firme, to hold at once a Scepter and a Sword : I have equallie known the Arts of fighting and of reigning : I have known how to Conquer, and which is more, I knew how to use the Victorie : I have received good Fortune with Moderation : And in the verie time, wherein Youth & the weakness of my Sex, might have made me proud of that little beautie I had: I have without pleasure heard, all the flatterers of the Court, paint me in their verses, with Lilies and Roses ; say that my Teeth were Orientall Pearles : That my Eyes, black as they were, shined clearer then the Sun ; And in fine that Venus her self was not so beautifull as I. My Daughters I have told you all these things and I have extended my self more then I ought : To make you comprehend that in all the actions of my life, I was never guiltie of Imbecillitie : Think not then, that in the most important of all the actions I have done, or wherein there was greatest need of courage, that my heart ever failled me, more then at other times. No, my Daughters, I have done nothing in all my life, that gives me more satisfaction of my self, then that I had power to follow a Triumphing Chariot with constancie. It is truelie, at such times, that a great Spirit is requisite, let it not be said to me, in such encounters that despair is a Vertue, and constancie a weakness. No, Vice can never be Vertue, nor can Vertue ever be Vicious. Let none say to me, that such constancie is more proper for Philosophers then Kings : But know, my Daughters, that there is no difference betwixt Philosophers and Kings : If not that the one teaches Veritable Wisdom, and the other should practise it. In fine as Soveraigns owe their example to their Subjects, and because they are in the sight of all the World ; There is no Vertue, which they ought not to imitate. Yet among all these

that

that are moſt neceſſare for Princes, Conſtancie is the more Illuſtrious. as being the moſt difficile: But for that deſpair, which puts the dagger in the hand of them who would evit Bondage, it is rather infirmitie then Vertue. They cannot look upon Fortune when it is Irritated: It would no ſooner attack them, but they ſhun fighting it: It would no ſooner deſtroy them; but they promot its deſigns: By a weakneſs unworthie of them, they yeeld the Victorie to this *airy* thing: And by a Precipitous action, without knowing often what they do, they quit the Irons, in abandoning their lives, whoſe ſweetneſs they only loved, without being able to endure the bitter. For me, my Daughters, who am of an other opinion; I maintain that they who live with Glorie, ſhould die as ſlowlie as poſſible: And that to ſpeak rationallie, a ſudden death is rather a ſign of Remorſe of Repentance, and Imbecillitie, then of great courage. It may be, ſome will ſay to me, that I am of a Race which ſhould never carrie Irons: That ſince *Cleopatra* would not follow *Auguſtus* his Chariot, I ſhould never have followed that of *Aurelian*: But there is ſuch a difference between that great Queen and me, that all her Glorie conſiſted in her death: And I made mine conſiſt in my life. Her reputation had not been advantagious to her, if ſhe had not died by her own hand; And mine ſhould never have been at the height it is come to, if I had deprived my ſelf of the Glorie, of knowing to carrie Irons, with ſuch Grandure of Courage, as if I had Triumphed over *Aurelian*, as he did of me: If *Cleopatra* had followed *Auguſtus* his Chariot, ſhe would have ſeen a hundered odious objects in her traverſing *Rome*, which would have reproached her of her former Imprudences: The People would have certainlie cauſed her underſtand by their murmurings a part of her wanting conduct: But for me, I was verie certain, that I could ſee nothing about the Chariot which I followed, but men whom I had formerly conquered and witneſſes of my Valor and Vertue. I was, I ſay, aſſured to hear no Contumelie, and to Underſtand no Speeches but of my preſent misfortune, and of my former Victories. Behold, ſaid the People, the Valiant *Zenobia*: Behold the Woman who did gain ma-

nie Victories: Admire her constancy in this encounter: Might it not be said, that these chains of Diamonds, which she carries, do rather seem to adorn then bind her; And that she leads the Chariot which she follows? In fine, my Daughters, in the time I was all loaded with Irons, or to name them better, Chains of Gold and Jewels, like a Noble Slave; In the time of all that Magnificent Triumph, which is undoubtedlie the most unpleasant day of Bondage; I was at freedom in my heart, and had myminde quiet enough, to see with pleasure, that my constancie, drew tears from some of my enemies, Yes, my Daughters, Vertue hath so strong charmes, that their *Roman* austeritie could not resist them; And I saw some among them weep for *Aurelians* Victorie and my misfortune: Moreover, none should be so cowardlie, as to let the minde be troubled, with things that do not at all touch it, if they be perfectlie wise. All the great preparations that are made for these Triumphs should not fright a rationall Soul: All these guilded Chariots, these chaines of Diamonds, these Trophies of Armes, and the multitudes of People who flock together, to see that fatall Ceremonie, should not make a Generous Person timerous. It is true, my chains were weightie; But when they hurt not the minde, they do not much incomode the armes that carrie them: And for me in that deplorable state, I manie times thought that as fortune had made me follow a Chariot, I my self had done it for Triumph; By that same Revolution which befalls all things in the World: You may perhaps one day have Scepters made to you, of these same chains which I carried. But in fine, if this should not come to pass, afflict your selves moderatlie: Be more carefull to approve your selves worthie of the Throne; Then to remount it: For in the humor I am of, I have more esteem of a simple slave, if he be faithfull, then of the most potent King in the World, if he be not Generous. Think then my Daughters, of induring your Bondage with more constancie: And believe certainlie, that if I have been conquered by *Aurelian*: Mine surpassed fortune, it may be seen through all the course of my life, that death did not fright me, if I could have had Glorie by it; I have seen it a hun-

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dered times under a more terrifying countenance then the moſt deſperate have ever ſeen: *Cato* his dagger, *Brutus* his ſword, *Porcia* burning coals, *Mithradates* his poiſon, nor *Cleopatras* aſpes, are anie way ſo fearfull. I have ſeen greeles of darts and arrowes fall upon my head; I have ſeen the points of a hundered lances preſented to my heart; And all this without anie thoughts of fear. Think not then, if I had believed death could have been Glorious to me, but that I could have found it by my own hand. It was accuſtomed to conquer others; And it would have broken my Irons if I would: But I thought my ſhaire of Glorie would be greater, to carrie them without weeping, then to ſpill my Blood through feebleneſs or deſpaire. They whoſe ſatisfaction onlie conſiſts in themſelves, quits the Throne with leſs regrate then others: They who encounter nothing but contentment in their minds, are conſtrained to ſeek their happineſs, in things that they are ſtrangers to. It may be then you will ask me, what remains for Princeſſes to do, who have loſt their Empire and Libertie? I ſhall anſwer you reaſonablie, that ſince the Gods were deſirous to give your courage ſo Noble a Subject, you are oblieged to uſe it well: And to make all the World know, by your Patience and Vertue, that you merit the Scepter which is taken from you; And that the Irons which were given you, were unworthie of you. This, my Daughters, is what remains for you to do: And if you could let your ſelves be moved by my example and reaſons; You ſhould find that your life might yet be pleaſing and Glorious to you. At leaſt you have this advantage, that in the condition your Fortune is, it cannot become worſe then it is: So that if you can but once accuſtome your ſelves to it, nothing can afterwards trouble your repoſe. Remember that of the manie millions of men whom the World contains, there are not an hundreth who carrie Crowns: And do you believe, my Daughters, that all theſe men are unhappie, and that there is no pleaſure but on the Throne? If it be ſo, O how you are deceived! There is no condition of life, but hath pain and pleaſure: And it is true Wiſdom, to know how to uſe all equallie, if Fortune bring you to the triall of it. They who kill

themselves, know not that while People are living, they are in a state of acquiring Glorie: There is no Tyrran can hinder me from Immortalising my name everie day, if he let me live, and if I be Vertuous: And if my verie silence, do make me suffer anie punishment, while I endure it with constancie, it shall not forebear to speak of me. Let us live then, my Daughters, because we can do it with honour: And because we also have the means left us of testifying our Vertue, the Scepter, the Throne, the Empire which we have lost, were they not given us by Fortune: But constancy comes directlie from the gods. It was from their hands I received it: And for that cause you ought to imitate it: It is the true sign of *Heroes*, as despare is of the weak or inconsiderat. Trouble not your selves then, for what posteritie will say of me? And do not fear that the day of *Aurelians* Triumph, hath obscured my Victories; Since as I said to you, it was the most Glorious of my life. And moreover I know that *Aurelian* hath made a picture of me at his speaking to the Senate which shall make me known to Posteritie: Preserve it then, my Daughters, that when I shall be no more, the remembrance of what I have been, may oblidge you to be alwaies what you ought. Behold the culores wherewith *Aurelian* hath painted his tablet: *I have learned* (said he) *that I be not reproached of doing an action so little worthy of great courage, by Triumphing over* Zenobia: *But they who blame me, knows not what Praise I Merit, if they knew what a Woman she was: How well advised Counsells she had: How courageous she showed her self, and constant in keeping good Order: How Imperious and Grave she was among Souldiers: How Liberall when her affaire oblidged her: And how severe and exact, when necessity constrained her: I could say it was by her assistance, that* Odenat *conquered the* Persians, *and pursued the King* Sapor *to* Ctesiphont: *I could affirme that this Woman had so possest all the* East *and* Egypt *with the terreur of her armes: That neither the* Arabians, Sarasians *nor* Armenianes *dared to move... Let them who are displeased with these Actions be silent; For if there be no honour in having Conquered and Triumphed over a Woman what will they say of* Galienus *in contempt of*

whom she maintained her Empire. what will they say of Claudius, *a Holy and Venerable Prince; Who being employed in the War with the* Gothes, *by a laudable Prudance, suffered her to reign; To the end, that this Princess employing her armes elsewhere, he might with the greater facility accomplish his other enterprises.* Behold my daughters, what my conqueror hath said of me, though I followed his Chariot. Have the same Equity, I conjure you: And believe that whosoever liveth thus, need not kill himself to Immortalise his Name.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis *Discourse* lets it be seen, that a *persuasive Orator*, may prevaile with others: *These Princesses lived, as their Mother had no desires of death; And the Gardens that* Aurelian *gave them for their dwelling place, and which are called to this day* Tivoly, *seems more pleasing to them, then the Coffine. Historie gives account that this Generous Queen was highlie esteemed by all the* Roman Ladies: *And that her Daughters were Married to the most Illustrious Families. It was little for their Birth, but much for their misfortune: Because these same People thought* Anthonie *and* Titus *unworthily Married, though they espoused Queens. This was a Noble thought; But it was that of the Masters of the World. And who says that, says all.*

PORCIA TO VOLUMNIUS.

THE SEVENTH HARRANGUE.

ARGU

ARGUMENT.

After that Brutus *and* Cassius *were defaited and killed ;* Porcia *Wife to the first, and Daughter to* Cato *of* Utica, *testified by her discourse and actions, that she would follow her Husbands fate, and that she would live no longer. Her Relations, who were willing to hinder her from dying, after they had taken all things from her, that could advance such fatall designs, sent* Volumnius *the Philosopher, who had been the intimate friend of* Brutus, *to endeavour to perswade her by reason, that she ought not to abandon her self to despair. But this Generous Wife, after she had most impatiently heard him answered him in this manner.*

POR-

PORCIA TO VOLUMNIUS.

IT is in vain, O wise *Volumnius*, that my Relations have chosen you to perswade me to live after the loss I have had: Seeing it is incredible that the same Philosopher, who put the Sword in the hand of the Illustrious *Cato* my Father, and afterward in that of my dear *Brutus*, can make me believe that it is just or possible for me to preserve my life. No *Volumnius*, in the state I am Reduced to, I neither can nor ought to live: You know that contrare to my Sex, that Philosophie which you employ against me, is not altogether unknown to me; And that the Vertuous *Cato* my Father, made me learn it with great care. Think not then that the Resolution I take, is the Effect of a Spirit blinded with its own grief, and of despair without Reason. I have meditated upon it a long time: And in the Vicissitudes of things, I have formed a design, which I shall execute to day. Any other but I might satisfie their Husbands Ashes, with shedding of tears all the rest of their dayes, but the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wife of *Brutus* should do it an other way. Also I am verie well assured, that *Porcia* has too great a Soul, to lead a Life Unworthie of her Birth; And of the honor of having had for her Father and

and Husband, the two most Illustrious of the Ancient *Romans*? But for them who live to day, they are the Remains of *Julius Cesars* slaves; or to say better, they are enraged Tygers, who tear their Mothers bowells, by desolating their Countrie. Woe is me! Who could ever have thought, that the *Roman* People, were become enemies of their own Libertie? That it could be they themselves, who not onlie forged the chains which did captivate them; Who not onlie set upon the Throne him who was the cause of so manie mens deaths, that he might come to it; But who was also capable of weeping for the death of a Tyrran; Place him in the rank of the gods; And criminallie pursue, a man, who to give them libertie, hazarded his life & despised *Cesars* Friendship? For what would not he had obtained from him, if he could have submitted to Bondage? His Irons should have been certainlie lighter then others: And for a little pains which he might have taken, he might have been Master of him who was of all the World. But *Brutus* was too Generous, to establish his particular felicitie, upon the Ruine of the *Reipublick*: He knew that the first duty took, or ought to take away all other: That owing all things to his Country, he owed nothing to *Cesar*: That being born a *Roman* Citizen, he ought to hate Tyrranie: That not to be ungrate to his Country, he must be partlie against *Cesar*: And that being of the first *Brutus* his Race, he owed the assistance of his Arms and Valor, to the oppressed *Reipublick*. Nevertheless after he had done all these things, these cowardlie and insensible People, exiled him, for whom they should have erected statues in all their publick places. Yet this great ungratitude wearied not the vertue of *Brutus*: You know, O wise *Volumnius*! All that he has done for his Countrey: Nor do I tell it to make you learn; But to employ that little life that remains in me, to speak of his Heroick Actions, and to conjure you, to make them known to Posteritie. Remember then, *Volumnius*, that though all the *Romans* were ungrate to him, he desisted not to do all things for them: And when these Sluggards, in place of one Tyrran had suffered three; He had more compassion for them, then resentment of their ungratitude: And without thinking

ing of his own Preſervation, what did he not to make them happie? Maugre what they had been? But theſe enemies of Vertue are ſo well accuſtomed to ſlaverie, that they hoard up their chaines as their deareſt Treaſures: And all along, after that *Brutus* had broken them, they themſelves renewed them with care: And *Rome* which manie ages by-paſt commanded all the Earth, now voluntarlie ſubmits to Tyrranie. O *Cato*, O *Brutus*! Who could ever have thought it? And who could believe, that the gods would protect crime, and oppreſs innocence. Yet I plainlie ſee what it is that provockes Heaven to puniſh us: The death of *Brutus* is *Romes* chaſtiſement, and the greateſt unhappineſs that can ever befall it: And certainlie it is for *Romes* puniſhment, that the gods permitted him to end his dayes. For *Brutus*, his pains are his reward: The *Romans* ungratitude contributes to his Glorie: And his verie death doth ſo illuſtrate his life, that it is almoſt a ſhame for me to weep. Moreover I aſſure you, that I have weeped more for his abſence, then death. I then looked upon my ſorrows as being unlimited: And my Soul being ballanced between hope and fear, I ſolaced my ſelf with weeping. But to day when I have no more to loſs, and when I ſee an infallible way of ending my miſerie; My Soul is more tranquille And though my grief be greater then anie was ever felt, I endure it with leſs impatience; Becauſe I know it ſhall be quicklie finiſhed. Do not then tell me that I ought to live, for preſerving the memorie of *Brutus*: The action he did is ſo Heroick and Noble, that it ſhall ever be remembered by all men. He ſhall alwaies be regarded as the firſt and laſt of the *Romans*. And the Tyrrans who ſhall reign after this we have now, ſhall likewaies ſerve to preſerve a Glorious remembrance of him; So long as there ſhall be Kings ſeen in *Rome*, it will be remembered, that the Old *Brutus* chaſed them, and that the laſt died in ſaving that libertie which the firſt had acquired. For I doubt not but *Rome* ſhall be continuallie in ſlaverie: Being undoubtable, that if its freedom could have been recovered, *Brutus* would have reſtored it: But ſince he could not do it, he had at leaſt the Glorie of dying without being a ſlave. Think it not ſtrange then, that

being Daughter and Wife to two men, who were even free to death, I would partake of that Glorie with them. And yet to speak truelie, *Brutus* shall not be altogether at libertie, If I were so base as to live a Captive. There will be somewhat wanting to his Glorie, if I forget mine: The affection that he had alwayes to me, makes our interests unseparable. I was of the conspiracie, because I knew it before it was executed: It is but just then that I should follow *Brutus* his destinie: And know *Volumnius* that she whose minde was resolute enough, to stab her self with a Proigniard, to endure and suppress the smart, thereby to testifie to her husband, that she could conceall a secret; Will not easilie change her resolution of dying. The images of *Cato*, and of my dear *Brutus*, do so fill my spirit, that I see no other thing: And me thinks their death is so worthie of envie, that I look upon it as the cheifest good can ever befall me. Remember, *Volumnius*, that the true zeall of Vertue consists in the desires of imitating it: For they who praise Vertuous People, without traceing them so much as they can, deserves blame rather then praise, because they know the good and do not follow it: *Cato* is dead with this advantage, to have had it said by *Cesar*, that he envied his death, because it deprived him of the Glorie of his Pardon: And I wish that *Octavius* may envie *Brutus*, for having chosen a Wife abundantlie couragious to follow him to the Tomb. It is there we shall enjoy a libertie which we can nomore loss; While the *Romans* shall groan under the weight of their Irons. But a day will come, when the name of *Brutus* shall be in veneration among them: When they shall desire that good which they refused: And when the blood of *Cato* and *Brutus* shall confound and make them blush. Yes, these *Roman* Citizens, who saw themselves Masters of the Earth; Who had Kings for their Subjects, whose Glorie was without tashe, and whose power had no Authoritie above it but that of the Gods, shall become infamous slaves: And their Bondage shall be so rigid, that they shall not be Masters of their own will. They shall take from the Tyrrans all their vices: And *Rome* which was a Seminarie of Vertue, shall be a receptacle of vile Adulatores. O Heavens! That the Inclinations of such

ſuch mightie People, ſhould be thus altered in an inſtant? All theſe millions of men, who fought on the plains of *Pharſalia*, under *Pompeyes* coulors, were they all-killed in that battle? Or have they loſt their hearts in loſing it? All theſe Kings who hold their Crowns, of the Senats authoritie, are they all ungrate? And is there none who could ſuffer *Brutus* to unburthen them of their chains? The deſire of freedom, which is ſo ſtrong among all the creatures who live upon the Earth, is it extinguiſhed among men? And is the bloud of a dead Tyrran, ſo dear to the *Romans*, that to honor his memorie, and to wear mourning, they muſt load themſelves with chains all their life? Yes, all the *Roman Legiones* have loſt their hearts; All the Kings own Vaſſals, are readie to lay their Crowns at their Tyrrans feet; All the *Romans* do preferr ſervitude to libertie; *Ceſars* Aſhes are in veneration among them; And for their laſt misfortune *Brutus* hath abandoned them. However, do not think, *Volumnius*, that he deſired to forſake me: It is true when we parted in the Citie of *Elea*, he would not let me go with him, although I did all things poſſible for it; Becauſe ſaid he the journey would be verie troubleſome to me: And becauſe I might be of more profit to him at *Rome*; Then in this armie. But at that time it was not ſo: I know *Brutus* minded me a dying: He expects me in the place where he is; And he doubts not, but *Porcia* remembers, that the Illuſtrious *Cato* loved better to tear his entrails, then to ſurvive his contreyes freedom: And that ſhe having more valide reaſons to perſwade her; will not faill to follow the way that he hath pathed for her. When life can be neither honorable, nor happie, it is great wiſdom to abandone it: Being certain, that it ſhould be no longer dear to us, then when it can ſerve for our Glorie, or that of our Coutrey: Since it is ſo, I ought no more to preſerve mine. Yes, *Volumnius*, I owe my death to my own Glorie; To that of *Cato*; To that of *Brutus*: And to that of *Rome*. But do not think that this death ſhall be rude to me: I go to a place where Vertue is certainlie known, and rewarded. That terriſying apparition which *Brutus* ſaw, without being frighted at the Town of *Sardis*, and afterwards at *Philippes*, appears not to me, I ſee but my husbands

ghost calling me; And which seems to be impatient till mine be with it. I see that of *Cato*, which retaining a fathers authoritie, seems to command me to make haste and quite a place unworthie of *Porcias* Vertue. Judge, *Volumnius*, if this Vision affrights me: And if in the two wayes I have to follow, I can have any difficultie in, chooſing: From one ſide, I ſee my countrey deſolated: All the Earth covered with the blood of our friends; Our perſecutors became our Maſters; All my relations in Bondage: And to ſay all, nothing in the World can be more dear to me then the Aſhes of *Brutus*. Behold, *Volumnius*, what I ſee from that ſide: But from the other, I ſee nothing but felicitie: My Father and Husband wait for me; The firſt requires the fruits of the inſtructions he gave me; And the other, the reward of the affection he teſtified to me. Yes, Generous *Cato*, yes Illuſtrious *Brutus*, *Porcia* ſhall do what ſhe ought at this time, and nothing ſhall be able to hinder her. For think not, O wiſe *Volumnius*, that inclinations can be compelled: Becauſe by it, we partlie reſemble the Gods: It is a priviledge which Heaven hath given us. Tyrranes cannot force it: It is not under their domination: And when the Soul is firme and reſolute, the deſigns are never changed. Believe not then, that my Relations care can hinder me to die: Or that your reaſons can anie way brangle my Spirit. *Cato* would not let himſelf be moved with his ſons tears, and *Porcia* ſhall not yeeld to thoſe of her Relations, nor your diſcourſe; *Brutus* to eſcape Bondage could reſolve to leave me; And by what reaſon, ſhould it not be eaſier, and alſo juſter for me then him, to end my life. My freedom is as dear to me, as his was pretious to him: But I have this advantage, and pleaſure in death, that whereas he could not be free without abandoning me: I need but follow him, to preſerve my libertie. You ſee then, O wiſe *Volumnius*, after all that I have ſaid to you; That death is glorious, neceſſare, and pleaſing to me. Think not then of hindering me, becauſe your care will be alſo to no purpoſe. They who have been made change ſuch reſolutions, are certainlie ſubject to perſwaſion: They have in the bottom of their heart a ſecret reſentment, which oppoſes their deſire; And their own Timeritie is a

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strong enough defence, to preserve their life. They are of such People that would die, to the end that some or other might come and hinder them. But with me, it shall not go so: I conceal not my design; I will not deceive my Gaurds: I tell them freely, that I shall escape from their hands: And that death shall free me from the pain I am in. Yes, *Volumnius*, I go to die. O Illustruous and great *Cato*! O Generous *Brutus*! Come and receive my Soul. See dear ghosts, if I be worthie the name I bear, do not disown me for what I am. For if I be not mistaken, my death shall not be unworthie of a true *Roman*. See my dear *Brutus*, if I have any faintings in this last hour: Or rather if I have not great impatience to be with you. O Generous *Cato*, you see, that daggers, poison, and everie thing that could seem to assist my design, are taken from me: My Chamber is become my prison; I have neither precipes, nor cordes; And I have Gaurds who are carefull of me. But by taking all those things from me, they cannot take away my desire of death, nor the memorie of your Vertue. I remember, O Illustrious *Cato*, of that Glorious day; Wherein you excelled *Cæsar*, by surmounting your self. You then told your Gaurds, that your life was not in their power; Because to finish it, you needed but stop your breath, or dash your head against the Wall. It is then an imitation of so Generous a pattern, that I go to find my dear *Brutus*. Behold, O Illustruous Husband, the last action of *Porcia*; Judge of her life, by her death: And of the passion which I have had for you, by these burning coals, which I hold, ready to choake me.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

IN saying these last words, She did what she said: And by a stedfast courage, which procures admiration and horror, she made it appear, that things are not easie and impossible, but according to the manner they are looked upon: And that when any bodie loves one better then their life, they have no trouble in following their death.

BERINICEA
TO
TITUS.

THE EIGHT
HARRANGUE

ARGU

ARGUMENT.

IN the time of the Judean War, Titus became passionately in love with Berinicea, Queen of Chalis, Daughter of Mariamne: And according to the opinion of some he Married her Secretly. At his Return to Rome, where he brought her, the Roman People, who treat all strangers like Barbarians, and Queens as well as others, did not approve of that alliance: So that the Emperour Vespasian ordered his Son to send her back: It was in that troublesome conjuncture, that this afflicted Princess, speak thus to the great Titus.

BERINICE A TO TITUS.

THink not, O Illustrious and generous *Titus*, that I complain of your parting from me: Since on the contrare, knowing you as I doe, I rather Pittie then Accuse you: And without saying any thing against you, I onlie desire your libertie, to complain of Fortune: Which having favoured you so much in all actions of War, doth treate you so cruellie to day in my person: For I doubt not but you shall be more sorrowfull to abandone me, then you was joyfull in all your Victories. I know that though ambition be a strong a passion as love, it does not surmount it in your Soul: And I will also believe to comfort me in my disgrace, that if you were in condition to dispose absolutlie of your self, you would prefer the possession of *Berinice*, to the Empire of all the World. But this reason of State, which Authorises so manie Crimes, and so much Violence, cannot endure that after the invincible *Titus* hath

hath so manie times hazarded his life, to secure the *Romans* felicitie, should think of his own particular. Yet I have never heard it said, that love was a shamfull passion, when its object was honest: On the contrare, I thought it a sign of great Spirits, becauseall the *Heroes* of antiquitie were capable of it. I thought (I say) that when this passion reignes in a Generous Soul, it inspires it with new desires of acquireing Glorie: Nevertheless, I plainlie see that this is not the Emperours, nor the Senates opinion; And that I am deceived in my conjectures. Had you chosen for the object of your love, a person absolutlie unworthie of you, their complaints should be more tollerable, and I should merit the treatment I receive, if I had infused any baise or shamefull thought, in the Soul of *Titus*: But if I be not mistaken, they cannot reproach you of having made an Alliance too unequall. *Alexander* thought that he did nothing against his own Glorie, when he Married *Roxana*, though she was both a Captive and Stranger: And that error which love caused him commit, hindered not the noise of his Victories, from coming to us: Nor his being ranked among the most Illustrious *Heroes*. The fault which you are reproached off, hath nothing comparable to that: For in fine, you know, I am *Mariamnes* grand-Daughter; I have all the ancient Kings of *Judea*, for my Predecessors, and I my self do carrie a Crown, which me thinks should oblidge the Senat, not to treate me so cruellie. Yes *Titus*, *Palestina* hath had *Heroes*, as well as *Rome*. The *Jonathanes*, the *Davids*, the *Solomons*, from whom I am come, have perhaps done as brave actions, as the *Romules*, the *Numa Pompiliuses* or the *Cesares*: And the Noble and Rich spoils, which you took in the Temple of *Jerusalem* and wherewith you adorned your Triumph, makes *Rome* too much see the Grandure, and magnificence of my Fathers. If I were of a blood that were enemie to the *Reipublick*, as formerlie *Sophonisba Hasdruballs* Daughter was, I would say that they had reason to fear, that after having conquered the Generous *Titus*, I would make my Victorie fatall to the Senate: And at last, cause him do actions contrare to his Authoritie. But I am of a Race accustomed to receive Crowns from the *Roman* Emperours:

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The great *Agrippa* my Father, did hold the Kingdom of *Lisania*, of *Cajus* his liberalitie, as well as that of *Chalsis*, whose Scepter I carrie this day, The second *Agrippa* my Brother, received the same favour from the Emperour your Father: And his death made it sufficientlie known, that he was not ungrate. It was in your presence he lost his life, having a desire to oblidge the inhabitants of *Gamalia* to render themselves, and acknowledge *Vespasians* authoritie: However to comfort me for his death, they banish me like a Criminall. They say I would overthrow the Empire; And scarce can they find a corner of the Earth, fare enough from *Rome*, wherein to send me in exile. Yet you know, O my dear Lord, that I have committed no other fault, but the receiving the honor which you have done to me, by giving me the Glorious Tittle of your Wife: The innocent conqueſt that my eyes made of your heart, is that which makes me culpable; The *Romans* would have you be their Captive, and not mine: They would (I say) dispose of your love, and hatred as they please; And choose a Wife for you according to their fancie, and not according to your inclinations. Moreover, my dear Lord, I know my tears may be suspected, by them who know me not: They of my enemies who will see my grief, doubtless will say, that I regrate the Empire as much as *Titus*: And that Ambition hath a greater share of my Soul, then Love, But if you truelie love me as much as you have told me, You will judge my thoughts by your own: And You shall certainlie know that your person onlie causes all my sorrow, as it did all my felicitie. No, *Titus*, the *Roman* Magnificence hath not transported me: The Throne which You expect; Contributed nothing to the affection I have for You: And the Vertues of your Soul, and the love which You testified to me, were the onlie things I considered, when I did resolve to love You. Take then when You please, a Person with whom You shall divide, the Soveraign Power You shall one day have, without thinking I wish her anie harme; But for favours sake, never divide the heart where You made me reign. It is an Empire which belongs to me, and which You cannot take from me without injustice, You cannot, my dear *Titus*, accuse me of asking too much

much; Becauſe I demand nothing but what you gave me. No more can you ſay, that this heart is not in your power; That *Veſpaſian* holds it in his hands; That the Senate diſpoſes of it; And in fine, that you are not its Maſter. All ſlaves, though as ſtronglie fettered with chains as they poſſiblie can, enjoy this priviledge: They love and hate what ſeems good to them: And their will is as free in the Irons, as if they were on the Throne. Since it is ſo, you muſt certainlie enjoy the ſame freedom, and ſhall not refuſe me the favour I ask from you. You may get a Wife for the Illuſtrious *Titus*, to content the Capricoes of the People: But you muſt not give a Rivall to *Berinicea*. She muſt be ſingle in your Soul, as you are in hers: And though ſhe be ſeparated from you, yet ſhe ſhall ever be preſent in your minde: If it be ſo I ſhall patientlie endure my exille. But Gods! can I think never to ſee you again. No, *Titus*, it is abſolutlie impoſſible for me: my fate is inſeparable from yours: and though *Veſpaſiane* and the Senates authoritie doe all they can, I muſt not quit you. It would be imbecillity to abandone you: you might reproachfullie ſay to me, that fear of being male-treated, made me too ready to obey the order I received for going out of *Rome*, and in fine, you might accuſe me of little love. But no, I will contradict that thought: It would be ingratitude to uſe it ſo. *Berinicea* muſt not coſt you the Empire: Preſerve it then, and let her depart. It is enough to her that you complain: And that when you are arrived to the Crown, you then call to mynd that the poſſeſſion which you ſhall have, did coſt you *Berinicea*. Truelie, *Titus*, there is ſome ſtrange thing in our adventure: For it ſhould be the leaſt thing to think, that theſe ſame people, who alreadie prepare themſelves to acknowledge you for Maſter of all the Earth, would be Law givers to you, in an affaire of ſuch importance to you, and of ſo little to them. And that theſe ſame perſons, over whom you ſhall have an abſolute power, to diſpoſe of their fortunes and lives; May not ſuffer you to love me? Am I Wife or enemie of all the *Romans*; Have they jealouſie, or hatred to me? Fear they that I will prevaill with you to rebuild the walls of *Jeruſalem*? Have I inter-

priſed

pryſed any thing againſt the common good, or have I offended any of them in particular? No *Titus*, I have done nothing, I have ſaid nothing, I have thought nothing againſt them: And my greateſt crime is that I am unhappie, and that you love me. But would to Heaven, that I be in that manner Criminall all my life: Continue, my dear Lord, to give them, new ſubject of hateing me by loving me alwayes: Teſtifie to them, that the Victime which you ſacrifice for them is dear to you: And for your glorie as much as myne, make them know that the affection you have for me, hath lawfull fundationes. Conceall my faults, and carefulie exaggerate the few good qualities are in me: tell them that the affection which I had for you, ſerved in ſtead of merit. And in fine, that you have found in my perſone, ane object worthie of your love. For me, I am not troubled to juſtifie what I have for you; your Valor and Vertue are ſo equallie known through all the Earth, that I need not tell for what reaſons I love you. This ſentiment is ſo univerſall, that though you were not infinitly Good, you ſhould not be obliged to me. But my dear *Titus*, ſhall I tell you ſomething, that is in my minde? Yes becauſe my affection hath cauſed it, you cannot be diſpleaſed and you are too juſt to condemn *Berenice*, when you ſhall know that ſhe is onlie guiltie of exceſs of Love. I would not in the condition that things are in to day, robb you of the Crown which you ought to cartie, by obliging you to follow me: For, my dear Lord, there is no corner of the Earth, where the Illuſtrious *Titus* can live unknown. But if it be permitted me to tell you all that I think, I wiſh that being born without Crown, without Kingdom, and without Empire, we could leave together in ſome place where Vertue alone ſhould Reign with us. I wiſh (I ſay) that you were not what you are: And yet I would not have you changed. In fine, the exceſs your grief and affection, makes that finding nothing that ſatiſfies me, among all things poſſible, I am conſtrained for my Conſolation, to make wiſhes which are impoſſible to execute. Pardon me, my dear *Titus*, if I would rob you of a Crown: I reprehend my ſelf becauſe I know, by your eyes you are no offen-

ded

ded. Till now I never thought that I could see you greived, and not be a partaker with you: Yet surely that which I see Painted in your face, sweeteth my affliction: Your tears diminishes the bitterness of mine: And in the condition my Soul is in, I can have no reflection so pleasing as to see you infinitly afflicted. Yes *Titus*, my dispair is so great, that since I cannot live happie with you, there are moments wherein I shall wish that we were alwaies unhappie, so that we could but be together. Yet this unjust thought does not last long in my mind: And passing from one extremity to another, I shall wish that I were yet more unfortunate, and that you were not at all. Methinks then the *Romans* have reason to exile me, because I am capable of disturbing the repose of their Prince. I wish I could depart without afflicting you; Carrie away in my heart, your sorrows with my own: And by so tender a thought, I pittie you more then my self. Moreover, if I can possiblie live without you, I am sure I shall hear often newes of you, though you your self should give me none: Fame will tell me of all your brave actions: And I heartily wish that it would load it self with my tears, as well as with your exploits, thereby to let you know that neither time nor absence, had anie way Diminished my sorrows or affection. Remember, my Dear *Titus*, everie time that your heart makes you do a brave action; That there *Berenicea* shall find both a subject of joy and of grief. She shall rejoice at your glorie, and afflict her self for the loss she has had: But when that doth come to pass, she shall ever love you equallie. Nevertheless, I think I shall not be long in pain, to partake of what befals you: for my grief which I feel is so great, That I believe it cannot be long. If my exile had been caused by your inconstancie, that you had changed your thoughts of me; That your disdain had been the cause of my disgrace; I should have comforted my self by complaining of you; I should mitigate my Torment, by calling you ungrate & perfidious: Choller & despight should devide my heart: I might one day hope to love you no more: And, whether by resentment or glorie, I should almost depart from you without weeping. But as matters goe, I se all ever subjects to afflict me;

And nothing that can ſweeten my grief. I not only loſe a Lover, I loſe a Faithfull lover; And I loſe him in ſuch a manner, that it permits me not to complain of him, I accuſe the Senate and the people, that I may not complain of the Emperor, becauſe he is his Father: And without being able to accuſe him, If not of his having loved me too well, I depart the unhappieſt woman that ever was! But unſenſible that I am, what do I ſay? By that *I* find ſome cauſe to comfort me: Becauſe *I* quit *Titus*, and he not me. fortune plucks me from him againſt his will: It threatens to take the Crown from him, If he conſent not to my baniſhment: And at this time I have the ſatisfaction, of ſeeing my dear *Titus* eſteem me more then the Empire of all the World. However it is true, that I muſt forſake him: Yet I have this little comfort at our parting, to know that I dwell in his heart, and that nothing can chaſe me thence. If I be not miſtaken I ſee by your ſilence that you conſent to what I ſay; Your ſighes does aſſure me, and your teares permit me not to doubt. You have too delicate a Soul to be capable of infidelitie or forgetfulneſs: Unconſtancie is a fault, which cannot be found in you, becauſe it is certainly, a ſign, of imbicilitie or little Judgement. The heart muſt not be given without a long premeditation: But when once given it muſt never be retaken. For me, I find we have more right over others goods, which belong not to us; then we have of the preſents which our liberalitie gives. Other things may ſometimes come under our power without injuſtice: But what we once give, ſhould never again be ours. It is a renouncing of all right we have to pretend to it; And no Law can with equity put us in poſſeſion of it. Since it is ſo, I am aſſured to have alwayes the poſſeſſion of your heart: It is by that thought that I can hope to live in my exile. It is the onlie thing I can ſupport my life: And for that only can I, ſay that I am not abſolutely unhappie. I hope the *Romans* will in time know, that as your love to me had nothing of injuſtice, ſo I have inſpired you with nothing but rationall thoughts. I deſire not *Titus*, that you loſe your ſelf for preſerving me; I will not have you oppoſe the Emperor; I will not

have you acquire the Senats hatred; I will not have you irritate the People against you; I will not have you endeavour to make the Legions Rebel; I will not have you refuse the fair *Arricidea*, who I know is appointed for you; I will not (I say) have you lose the Empire for love of me. On the contrare I counsel and conjure you to obey the Emperor, to follow the Senats advice; to content the humours of the people; to keep your legiones, to make new conquests; to receive on the Throne the too happy *Arricidea*: and preserve the Empire which Fate promises, and birth gives you. But when to my prejudice you have satisfied all the World, be so just as to remember, that *Berenice* should by your only passion. If I obtain this favour from you, I shall depart with some pleasure Maugre all my sorrows; & so far from making imprecations against my Enemies, I shall make Vowes for their felicity, as I shall doe for your preservation. May you then O *Titus*, gain so many Victories as you give Battles? May you Reign over your people with as much Authority as clemency? May you be feared of all the Earth? May you have so much Glorie as you merit? May your Reign be as happy, as I am unfortunate? In fine may you doe so many brave actions both by your excellent Vallour, and rare goodness: That by consent of all Nations you may one day be called. *The love and delight of mankind.*

THE EFFECT

OF THE HARRANGUE.

Those wishes were too passionate, not to be exclaimed, Titus. *Was as great, and as much beloved, as* Berenicia *did wish: And if the fame of Historie deserve me not, she was his last passion, according to her desires. So that it may be said that she obtained all that she asked, though she parted from Rome and abandoned* Titus.

PAN-

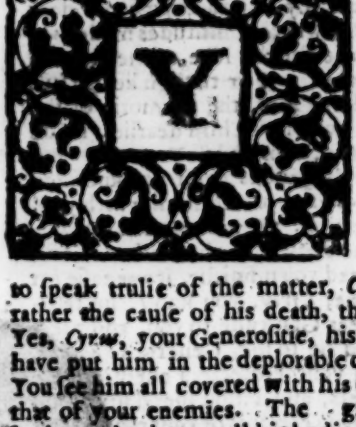
PANTHEA TO CYRUS.

THE NINTH HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

PAnthea *Queen of* Susania, *being taken prisoner of War by the great* Cyrus, *was favourablie treated, in acknowledgement of which courtesie, she obliedged* Abdradates *her Husband, to forsake the* Lydeane *partie, and joyn his Armes with those of this invincible Conqueror. But that mightie man of War, to signalise his gratitude and courage, asked permission from* Cyrus *to fight in the advance guards in the day of Battle: That glorious favour being granted to him, he did prodigious things and so little spared himself, that he gained the Battle and left his life. His body was brought back all covered with wounds to the inconsolable* Panthia: *And* Cyrus *having gone to comfort her, or rather to bear a part of her affliction for a loss equal to them both, this sorrowfull Princess spoke to him in these words.*

PANTHEA
TO
CYRUS.



OU see, O Great and Generous *Cyrus*, what the Victorie hath cost you: *Abradates* hath been the Victime, which has made the Gods Propitious to you! His Bloud hath dyed the Laurels, which are wreathed about your head. He is dead in Crowning of you: And to speak trulie of the matter, *Cyrus* and *Panthea*, are rather the cause of his death, then the *Lydians* Valor. Yes, *Cyrus*, your Generositie, his gratitude and mine, have put him in the deplorable condition that he is in. You see him all covered with his own bloud, and with that of your enemies. The great manie wounds he hath received, over all his bodie, are certaine proof of what he gave to them who fought him. His mightie Courage, changed that of the *Egyptians* into despair: And that Illustrious hand, which they have almost separated from his arm, (alace! what an object to *Panthea*!) makes it sufficientlie seen, that he quitted not his armes

armes but by quitting his life. He was seen, Generous *Cyrus*, fight with such Ardencie, that it was said, that the gaining of that Battle, ought to put the Crown of the World upon his head. He hath retributed the obligations I had from you, with his person, his blood, and his life: And in this manner, O invincible *Cyrus*, (as I have told you alreadie) your Generositie, his Gratitude and mine, have caused his death and my misérie. However I do not accuse you; I am too just to do that: On the contrare, I thank you kindlie, for offering your assistance to comfor me. I praise in you, O *Cyrus*, that Generous sentiment, which makes you shed tears, the verie day of your Victorie: And which makes you grieve more for the death of your freind, then rejoice for the gaining of the Battle, and defaiting all your enemies. But after I have done your Vertue this justise, suffer me, without either accusing you, or repenting me, to complain of the rigour of my fate, which owing the preservation of my honour to you, would oblidge me my self to expose my dear *Abradates* to a fight, where multitudes made him Succumb. It was onlie for the love of me, that he abandoned *Cresus* forces: For though he had just epough cause not to serve him, the memorie of the dead King his Father, who loved him dearlie, made him not abandone the Son, though less Vertuous. But I no sooner made my obligations from you known to him, then he freelie offered to acquitt me with you, for so sensible an obligation. Your fame had formerlie disposed his heart, to consent to what I asked: And having alreadie esteemed you infinitlie, it was easie for him to love you. In fine, *Cyrus*, you know, he testified at that time, great Gratitude to you, and great love to me. No, said he to me, Generous *Panthea*, *Abradates* cannot be your Protectors enemie: He hath dried up your tears, and I must spend my blood in his service, he hath been carefull of your glorie, and my Valour must increase his: He hath lost a man whom he verie much loved, by Protecting you, I ought to repaire that loss; And if it be possible, not let it be perceived in the day of Battle, that *Araspes* is not there. Yes, said he to me aloud, I shall loss my life, or I shall testifie to *Cyrus*, that they who receive

benefits

benefits as they ought, are some times as Generous as they who give them. Wo is me! Must I tell it, I never gain-said this discourse: And without apprehending any fatall Event from so Noble an Intention, I praised his resolution and design: I thanked him for that, which was to become the cause of my supream misfortune; & contributing to my own unhappiness, I excited his courage to do things which have caused his death to day; And yet which will make him live Eternallie. O cruell Remembrance! O injustice of Fortune! of all the Conquerours, why should *Abradates* onlie been overcome? And having so profitably shed his blood, for gaining of the Battle, why should he almost have been the onlie one, who enjoyed not the Fruits of the Victorie? But it was not in this encounter alone, that I contributed to my own Disaster: So great was my blindness, that I expected that fatall day, like a day of Triumph: My spirit was filled with nothing but hope; My imagination presented me with nothing but what was agreeable; I looked upon the conclusion of the fight, as the Commencement of my felicitie: Methought I saw, *Abradates* returning all garnished with Palmes, and his Chariot overloaded with the spoils of his enemies: And in that consideration, I took more pains to make his Armour Glorious then strong. I knew *Abradates* his Valor, but I did not also know Fortunes Malice. I had so much fear that his brave Actions, should not be sufficientlie known, that I employed all my Jewels, to make his Coat of Armour the more remarkable. But insensible that I am, what do I say? Doubtless I was in action with his enemies: I was minded to show them where to strick: I was the cause of all the wounds that *Abradates* received: It was I who peirced his heart: And covered all his bodie with blood and wounds. I guided all his Assailants hands: And as if it could not have been enough that the Generous did fight him, in emulation of his extraordinarie courage: I would also make the Avaritious and Mercenarie have the same designs. In fine, I armed all *Cresus* armie against him: Some onlie by desiring to conquer a man, who seemed to be the God of War; And others by the Richnes of the Bootie. It was my hand put on *Abradates* his Armour

armour that cursed day: yet Generous *Cyrus*, I my self brought the cause of my ruine to him: and though in that very instant, a secret horrour seised me, which foretold my misesie. I despised a revelation, which was sent me by the Gods, and though I could not restain my teares, I was so unjust as to conceal them from my dear, *Abdradates*. Me thought it would be a robbing him of his heart, to testifie to him that I wanted one at such a time: But imprudent that I was? I ought to have showed him my Tears with all their bitterness: For I doubt not, if by my grief I had let him know, that my life depended upon the preservation of his; But he would have taken a little more care of himself then he did. He would have equallie considered your glorie and my life: But O Illustrious *Cyrus*, it seems at that time that I neither cared for that of *Abdradates* nor my own: For when I had made an end of arming him, and had led him to the Magnificent Chariot that waited for him; I did neither speak to him of himself nor of me; But Wholie of your obligations to me, I remembered him, that when you might have used me as a slave, you treated me like a Queen that having had the misfortun of displeasing a man whom you loved better then your self, you was so generous, as to defend one from him; and that after so Heroick an action: I promised to you that he would be as faithfull and profitable to you, as *Araspes* had been, Behold. Generous *Cyrus*, what I said to my Dear *Abradates*, being readie to depart from me for the last time. And as his thought were never differing from mine, *Would to the Gods* (said he to me, putting his hand upon my head and lifting up his eyes to Heaven) *That I may show my self to day as a deserving friend to* Cyrus, *and as a husband worthie of* Panthea. And having so said he left me; And looking upon me so long as it was possible when he was in the Charriot, he commanded his Postilion to drive. And being depryved of embracing my dear *Abdradates* any more, all I could do was, to kiss the outside of the Chaire wherein he did sit. *Adiew*, Would I have said to my dear *Abdradates*; When an excesive greiefe, which surprised me all at once did hinder me. And although the Charriot did

did begin to goe away from me, *I* did not forbear to follow it: But when *Abradates* perceived it: *Goe* (said he to me) *generous Panthea, expect my return with hopes of seeing me anone.* Woe is me? I did not then know, that the Charriot whose magnificence attracted the eyes of all its beholders, and which seemed to have been made for a day of Triumph; would be *Abradates* his coffine: However I did no sooner lose sight of him, when my waiting women having put me in my Litter, and brought me back to my Aunt: *I* ceased to hope, and began to fear. My imagination, which till then had entertained me with Crowns and victories, then presented nothing to my view but dooleful objects: and according to the acount is given me of the businesse I saw in my Melancholie, revenge all that hath befallen my dear *Abradates*, Yes *Cyrus*, *I* saw him in the front of the Battle, impatient to shed his blood for your glorie. *I* saw him furiously repulse the *Lydeanes*; *I* saw him break the Battalions he attacked: I saw him give Death wheresoever he carried his Arm, pursuing his flying enemies, covering the fields with dead bodies: and in my Vision, me thought I saw his Chariot conducted by Victorie. But alace! That apparition was quicklie defaced by an other? I saw of a sudden that that which should have oblidged *Abradates* his souldiers to stick close to him, made them abandone him. The great dangers wherein he did cast himself, daunted his followers courage, and augmented that of the *Egyptians*. I saw him abandoned by the most part of his Souldiers, and invelopped among his enemies. yet I saw him make bright day thorow the lances, the darts and the javelie of them he did assault: I saw him like in lghting among the ranks: Overthrow all that he encountered: Break the Chariots that opposed him: Kill the men who drove them: attaque and defend himself at once: And in fine conquer all that withstood his Valour. But after he had with his own hand erected a trophy to your and his own glorie and had taught your Souldiers, which way they should obtain the victorie. After (I say) he had covered all the fields with blood, dead bodies, broken armes, and Chariots dashed to peices: These same men

whom

whom he had killed, These Armes which he had broken, and these verie Chariots which he destroyed: Did (O *Cyrus* shall I tell it) overturn that of my *Abradates*. If he had conquered fewer enemies, he had not been overcome: They whom he had surmounted, were more fatal to him, then they he had to fight: But in fine I saw *Abradates* oppressed by the croud, I saw him all overwounded, disputing for his life, even to the last drop of his blood! O terrifying vision! I saw him fall dead, and a dying conquerer them who caused him dye. and in effect, O *Cyrus*, you know that your Souldiers fought better to have the dead bodie of *Abradates*, then they did to save *Abradates* his life. Judge what condition could my Soul be in dureing such a lamentable sight: But that was nothing in com parison of what I suffered, when I saw *Abradates* his Chariot return all loaded with the spoiles of his enemies: And above that fatall Trophie, the body of that Illustrious *Heros* all covered with wounds, pale, dead, and bleeding, O *Cyrus*! O *Panthea*! O doleful victorie! What object to my eyes! And what grief to my soul! It is so great, that I wonder it hath not alreadie deprived me of all sorrow; everie thing I see Torments me, and everie thing I think of makes me dispair. for Cyrus, when the unlawful passion of *Araspes*. gave me cause to complain; If I had then had my recourse to Death. I had preserved *Abradates* his life I had secured my honor, And you should not have had cause to accuse a man who was beloved of you I should have altogether satisfied my husband, my own glory, and the great *Cyrus* I owed him that respect not to have complained of his favorite and if I had been rationall, death should have hindred my complaints then, And my tears to day. But fate had otherwise resolved it: Would to the Gods in so sad an adventure, that as *Abradates* showed himself, a husband worthie of *Panthea* and worthy of *Cyrus*, his freindship I may also manifest to posterity, that *Panthea* was a wife worthy of *Abradates*; And that she was not unworthie of *Cyrus* his protection. I well perceive. O excellent Prince, by the many sacrifices that are prepared, and by the magnificent ornaments;

That are brought to me upon your account: That you design to make the obsequies of my dear *Abradates*, such as are suitable to this Illustrious Conqueror: But because his Glorie is the onlie thing, that I ought to care most for; O great *Cyrus*, let Posteritie know, by a Glorious Monument, and by true Inscriptions, what *Abradates* was. Eterniſe altogether, your glorie, his, and my unhappineſs. The Gold and the Marble which you will make uſe of in it, will not be unprofitable to you: And the Tomb which you cauſe build, to Immortaliſe *Abradates*, ſhall make your ſelf immortall. There are more People who can do a brave action, then give account of it themſelves: Who can acknowledge and publiſh it as it ought to be. Have not that Jealouſie, which Glorie gives to the moſt Illuſtrious: And believe that if You take care of that of *Abradates*, the Gods will alſo take care of yours. The blood which he has loſt for you, merits me thinks this gratitude: Nor ſhall I doubt my obtaining what I deſire of you. I ſee that you conſent to me; And that I have no ſooner thought of my requeſt, but your goodneſs oblidges me to thank you. However I have another yet to ask of you: It is, O Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, that without haſtening the doolfull Pomp of my dear *Abradates*, I may be yet ſuffered a while to waſh his wounds with my tears. All the Victims that are neceſſare for appeaſing his Ghoſt, are not yet in that order they ſhould be: O *Cyrus*, let them not then be preſſed: I ſhall not make them wait long, my laſt fare-weils ſhall be quicklie ſaid. And moreover, it is verie juſt that ſince he died for me, I ſhed ſo manie tears as he did drops of blood: And ſince I ought to ſee him no more in this World, I may enjoy the ſight of him ſo long as it is poſſible for me. Yes *Cyrus*, that lamentable and moſt pitifull object, is the onlie good I have remaining. It is both my deſpare and comfort: I cannot ſee it without dying, and perhaps I ſhall die how ſoon I am deprived of ſeeing it any more. Wherefore I conjure you that I be not preſſed: And becauſe you prayed me to tell you into what place I would go; *I promiſe to you, that you ſhall quickly know the place that I ſhall chooſe for my retirement.*

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

ALace! This beautifull and sad Queen, was but too true: For scarcelie had she deceived Cyrus, by making him believe that she was capable to live after the death of Abdradates; (And that Generous deceipt was the issue of her Harrangue) but she choose her retiring place; I mean her husbands Tomb. I say Cyrus was not well gone from her, but she plunged a Poiniard in her heart, and expired upon the dead body of Abdradates. This Generous Monarch was incredibly greived: And to eterniſe the memorie of those two rare persons, and his own gratitude with them; He builded for them a Glorious Monument: Where manie ages after his, the Marble and the Braſs, declared the Vertues of Panthea, and the Valor of Abdradates: And the River Pactol which is there represented, upon whose banks this Tomb was builded, seems to tell that she esteems their Reliques more precious, then all the Gold that rolles on her sands.

AMALASONTHA TO THEODATES.

THE TENTH HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

AMalasontha *Daughter of* Theodorick *the great, Reigned after the death of* Eutharick *her Husband, eight years in* Italie *with a Marvellous Splendor during the minority of* Athalarick *her Son. But this young Prince being dead, whither it was that she would discharge her self partlie of state affairs; Or that she believed the* Goths *were desirous of a King; She placed upon the Throne* Theodates, *Son of* Amalfreda, *Sister to* Theodorick *her Father: Yet with intention to partake of the Soveraign Authoritie with him. But this ungrate man, had the Scepter no sooner in his hand, then he banished this great Princess: Who immediatly upon her departure, did expresse her self in these words.*

AMALASONTHA TO THEODATES.

HAve you forgot, *Theodates*, which way you was conducted to the Throne? Have you forgot how you received that Crown which you carrie? Have you forgot of whom you hold that Scepter which I see in your hands? And that absolute power which I so cruellie have tri all of to day; Did it come to you by your Valor? Was it given you by the Laws of this Kingdome? Or by the depopulation of all the *Goths*? Have you conquered that great Extent of Earth, which acknowledges your Authoritie? Are you either Conqueror, Usurper, or Legittimate King? Answer everie thing *Theodates*: Or at least let me answer for you: Because if I be not deceived, you cannot make it for your advantage: And I am more indulgent then to oblidge you, to tell anie thing that would be irkesome to you. They who desire not to acknowledge a benefit, can have no greater punishment then to be forced to publish it: Wherefore I will not constrain you, to avouch from your own mouth, that neither by right of Birth, nor of a Conquerour, nor by that of our Lawes, could you while I am alive have anie pretensions to the Kingdom of the *Goths*: Because I was in possession of it, as Daughter, Wife, and Mother of them whose it was; And who left it to me after them, as their lawfull Heiress. Nor are you ignorant that you are born my Subject: And that you would have still been so; If by a verie extraordinare goodness, I had not descended from the

Throne to conduct you to it. However after I had taken the Crown from off my own head to give it you; After I had depositted my Scepter in your hands, and was resolved to make a King of your Person: After all that it was seen that I had much ado, to make the *Gothes* obey you; It was seen (I say) that the first things you did, was to recall to the Court, all them whom I had banished for their crimes: And after you had chosen my greatest enemies for your principall Ministers. *Theodates*. That same *Theodates*, whom *Amalasontha* Daughter of *Theodoriek* the great, had made a King: Whom she by her own hand had Crowned; And to whom as a manefest proof of her power, she demitted the Regall authoritie, unjustlie exilles her, who gave him the power of banishing her. O Heavens! Is it possible to see the like ungratitude among men? And is it also possible that *Amalasontha* hath made so bad a choise? No *Theodates* I am not like you: I will not condemn you without hearing: You must certainlie have some reason for hateing and banishing of me. What did I against you while you was my Subject? Or what have I done against you, since I have made you a King? I remember verie well in the time you was under my morigiration; And when I had the power of punishing, or rewarding you; I verie well remember, that multitudes of *Tuscanes*, having come to complain to me, of the violences your avarice made you commit against them, I remember (I say) that being angrie to see you guiltie of a passion, unbefiting *Theodoriek's* Nephew; I used all my endeavours to make you comprehend, that such desires, were base and unjust. It, is true I oblidged you to restore things, which did not belong to you: But it is also true that I did nothing but what reason and equitie would have me do, I know I told you at that time, that avarice was the infallible sign of a mean Spirit: That almost all covetous People, were cowards: That they who so pationatlie desire to heap up Treasures, take but little care to acquire Glorie: And in fine, that Avarice for the most part was alwaies the companion of ungratitude. See *Theodates*, what I have done against you: I have endeavoured to correct a wicked inclination, with which you was born: But do you know *Theodates*, what was then my intenti-

on?

on? I thought of putting a Crown upon your head: I thought of giving my Subjects no cause to reproach you, when you should become their King: I thought to hinder them from fearing, that you would be their Tyran, rather then Soveraign: And that they should not apprehend, that he who had alreadie usurped their Fortunes, when he was but a Subject like themselves, would not intirelie Ruine them, when he should be their Master. Behold *Theodates*, the true cause of the sharpness of that Reprimand, which hath infused that hatred in your Soul against me. Nevertheless, I wonder, that having spent the most part of your life, in studying *Platos* Philosophie you should take it ill, to be corrected by anie bodie. They who so carefullie learn Wisdom, should me thinks practise it: And I cannot think it strange enough, that you should so well remember, the reprehension I gave you, and not remember more what I have done for you. When I resolved your Coronation, I did it not rashlie, I considered what you was; I endeavoured to foresee, what you would one day be. I found two inclinations in you which did not please me: The first was that negligence, which you alwaies have had of warlike affairs: And the second, that insatiable desire, of acquiring everie day new Riches. Yet I thought that the one would oblidge you to be wise: And for the other, I thought that a man who believed his avarice could be satisfied, with usurping three or four foot of ground from his Neighbours; Would be cured of that infamous passion when I gave him a Kingdom. I believed (I say) that when that avarice wanted an object it would at least become a Noble ambition; That you would thereafter take as much care to merit the Fortune I had given you, as you have alwaies had to purchase new Treasures; And I believed in fine, that of a covetous and sloathfull Subject, I should make a prudent and understanding King. But I should have also thought, that he who could not endure Neighbours at his Country house: And who was so unjust, to augment his Limits by paces; I say, I might have verie well thought, that a man of that humor, would never resolve to partage a Throne with me. Trulie *Theodates*, I do not at all think, that you have well exagitated what you do.

for

for is it possible, after I have given you a great Kingdom; After I have made you Master of the *Gothes* and all *Italie*? That you can appoint for the place of my banishment, that little Island of *Bolsina*, scituated in the middle of a lake, where there is hardlie place for a small Castle? No, *Theodatus*, let us not disguise the truth: The place of my banishment, should be rather called my prison, or rather perhaps my Tomb. May be I shall there find my Executioners, thinking to find my guards: And it may also be, that in this verie time I am speaking to you, You are vexed at the length of my discourse, because by it the fatall moment of my death is postponed. However, you are not yet in condition to accomplish the crime which you are readie to commit: Consider *Theodatus*, what you are undertaking, Perhaps my death may cost you your life. Eternise then your name some other way then by ingratitude: do not begin your reign with an unjust action: And if it be possible, let your repenting for a wicked design, make you undertake better. Consider *if I* had not been willing to have you reign, I should not have made you a King: And that it be not thought, that I did set you upon the Throne, but to precipitate you from it. Wherefore, what do you apprehend of me? Or to say better, what should you not fear, if you exill me? Do you think that the *Gothes* and *Italians*, will endure without murmuring, the Daughter of *Theodorick*, to be unworthilie treated, by a man whom they do hate so much alreadie, when he was but her Subject? That secret hatred which they have to you, will appear how soon they can find a pretext for it: They will equalie think of revenging the abuse done to me, and also themselves: And in that manner, without *Amalasonthas* contributing to your Ruine, she shall not forbear to overthrow the Throne whereon she hath placed you. The injurie you do to me, doth not reach me onlie: all the Princes of the Earth ought to be concerned with it: And if *I* be not deceived, you have Neighbours, who under the Title of Protectors of innocence, or revengers of my death, shall make incursions into some parts of your Dominions. If Fortune had otherwaies treated me, That *I* had lost the Throne in some other manner, Had my

Subiects

Subjects revolted; Had the Emperour *Justinian* made War against me; Had *Belisarius* conquered me; Or had any other conquerors usurped my Kingdom; *I* should have been the more easilie comforted: But to see that by my own hand, the Crown is taken from me, to give it to my persecutor; Is that which puts a stand to my Constancie, and all my Vertue. Ha! *Theodates*! Can you see *Amalasontha*, at the foot of the same Throne where I have formerlie seen you, as my Subject, as a Criminal, and as a Supplicant? Can you (*I* say) see me there, unjstlie condemned to perpetual banishment? Without having done anie other crime in all my life, but that *I* gave you the Soveraign Power? Perhaps that is the cause why Heaven punishes me: *It* would revenge upon me all the injustices you wil commit; And make me myself experimently feel that, which doubtless you will make others undergo. However because my *I*ntentions were most sincere; *I* cannot repent me of what *I* have done for you: But since I am so Generous as not to repent me of a good action; Be you also so just as to repent of a wicked design: And if you will not do it for love to me, let it be done for love to your self. Ungratitude is a Popular vice, which hath never been seen upon the Throne but with Monsters: And as liberalitie and gratitude are the true Vertues of Kings; Avarice and ungratitude, are vices which they should never be capable of. They are the distributors of benefits, and rewards: That which is avarice in the heart of a Subject, should be Prodigality, in him and that which is ungratitude, should be Ambition in the Soul of a Soveraign. Yes *Theodates*, a King may be ambitious and prodigall, without being dishonored: But he can never be either covetous, or ungrate, without being the object of his Subjects disdain, and without being execrable to Posteritie. Doubtless your Books have taught you what *I* say, and what onlie experience hath taught me; But you think if I be not mistaken, that it is easier to make a fine discourse then to do a brave action. *It* is not that the way to Vertue is difficile, if the inclinations be Noble: On the contrare, it brings its reward along with it; And the pleasure of doing well, is the more agreeable Value. But that which gives you the trouble of bringing your self to it, is that all your inclinations are against

you. You cannot be juſt, without fighting againſt your ſelf: you cannot be thankfull, without betraying your thoughts: you cannot be liberall without tearing your heart: And to ſay all in one word, you cannot follow vertue without abandoning your ſelf. Yet conſider, *Theodates* that you have but one enemy to ſubdue: Undertake that War if you believe me, and be aſſured it will be glorious to you. You need beſiedge no Cittie; You need give no Battle: You have no *Incommodious* Voyage to undergo; You need not exhauſt your ſo much beloved Treaſures, to raiſe armes; You need not hazard your life on that occaſion; You need not go into a far countrey, to ſeek your enemies; You need not diſturb that profound repoſe, you ſo much delight in; For in fine, without going out of your cloſet, you may find in your ſelf, your adverſarie and defender. Your inclinations will oppoſe your reaſon; But if your will do but join with the juſter party, and if you will ſtronglie diſpute the Victorie; You ſhall no ſooner deſign the Conqueſt, but you ſhall be Victorious: Or to explain my ſelf more cleathie, you ſhall no ſooner be reſolved to abandone vice: and embrace Vertue, but you ſhall be Vertuous: perhaps you will ſay to me; that this Civill War, which will paſs without anie witneſſes but your ſelf, will not be glorious to you, becauſe it will not be known: But think not *Theodates*, that Vertue is a thing that can be hidden. You ſhall no ſooner be of its partie, but all the Earth ſhal know it. You ſhall gather no more Treaſures, but to enrich your Subjects: You ſhall not let your ſelf be oblidged, but to reward them who oblidge you: You ſhall reign over your People, with as much Equitie as Clemencie, you ſhal behold inveneration by all the Princes your Neighbours: You ſhall no more banish *Amalaſonthas*: And your name ſhall be glorious, in all Ages to come. Behold *Theodates*, what Victorious fruits you may reap, which does not at all depend upon the caprice of Fortune, nor of the chance of armes; It is abſolutlie in your power. But to leave you the freedom, of aſſaulting and conquering this enemie, whom I have Crowned; I withdraw, and does yeeld all the glorie of the Combate to your ſelf.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis discourse wrought effects in Theodates his person; But not such as Amalasontha expected. This Monster of ungratitude and crueltie, would not so much let himself be moved by the tears of that Queen, as to remember the obligations he had from her: And because he was ashamed to see her, he hastned her departure. Yet his inhumanity dallyed not: For some few dayes after, he induced them who were enemies to the Vertues of that great Princess, to go and kill her with a Poyniard in her Prison. But this did not pass unpunished: He did not long enjoy the fruits of his crimes: He lost the Scepter and his Life: And to speak Rationallie, his death was the Effect of this Harrangue: Which in fine, armed his just revengers against him.

LUCRETIA
TO
COLLATINUS.

THE ELEVENTH
HARRANCUE-

ARGUMENT.

THis Herrangue hath need of no Argument: And none are ignorant that when the young Traquin ravished Lucretia, she neither concealled his crime, nor her own misfortune! She told both the one and the other to her husband: And to excit his revenge, she made appear to him the abuse that was done to her, With all the Circumstances that could aggravat it. Though there have been severall ages since this accident hapned, and that it is almost as old, as ancient Rome: It cannot yet be decided, if she did well in killing her self after her misfortune, or if she had not done better, to have let Tarquin kill her, and died innocent, though she had not been believed so. Reader, hear her Reasons, and because her case is exposed to the eyes of all the Universe, and that all men are her judges; Give your vote after so manie: And make use of a priviledge, which every one hath acquired: But because she is going to speak, do not condemn her without hearing.

LUCRETIA TO COLLATINUS.



O is me! Can *Lucretia* possiblie see *Collatinus*, without dareing to call him her husband? Yes, Reason will have it, and I will not oppose it. No, *Collatinus*, I am no more your Wife; I am an unhappie creature, whom the indignation of the Gods hath chosen, to be the object of the most horrid Tirranie, that ever was heard of. I am no more that *Lucretia*, whose Vertue charmed you more then her beautie; I am an unfortunate Soul, which an others crime hath made culpable. But to oblidge me to speak with Tranquillitie to you in so great a trouble; Swear to me, that you will revenge the abuse I have received. Let me see desires of Vengeance in your eies; Show me the Poigniard, which should obliterate the injurie that was done to me: ask arduouslie the Tirrans name from me. But alace can I tell it? Yes. *Lucretia*, for your vindication and chastisement, thou must to day, be alto-

gether thy accuſer, thy witneſs, thy partie, thy defender, and thy judge. Know then, *Collatinus*, that that *Lucretia*, who did ever love her honor, better then her life, or yours; Whoſe chaſtitie was always without blemiſh; The puritie of whoſe Soul is incorruptible; Hath ſuffered in your place, a baſe, an infamous Perſon the ſon of a Tirran, and a vetie Tirran himſelf. Yes, *Collatinus*, the perfidious *Tarquin*, whom you called your friend, when you brought him to me the firſt time that I had ſeen him; (and would to the Gods it had been the laſt day of my life?) That Traitor, I ſay, hath made Triumph of *Lucretias* chaſtity. By deſpoiling his own Glorie, he hath leſſened yours, by having abſolutlie benighted mine; And by a crueltie which never had example, he hath reduced me, to the moſt deplorable condition, that Woman whoſe whole inclinations are Noble, could ever ſee. I perceive Generous *Collatinus*, that my diſcourſe aſtoniſhes you; And that you are in pain to believe what I ſay: Yet it is a certain truth. I am witneſs and aſociate of *Lucretias* crime. Yes *Collatinus* though I am yet alive I am not innocent: Yes my Father, your daughter is guiltie, for having ſurvived her glorie: Yes, *Brutus*, I merit the hatred of all my Neighbours: And when I have commited no other crime, but the giving love to a cruell Tirran, who by the abuſe he hath done to me; hath altogether violated the Laws of men of friendſhip, offended the *Roman* People, and deſpiſed the Gods; It is enough to merit the hatred of all the World. Woe is me! Is it poſſible, that *Lucretia* could inſpire ſuch baſe thoughts; that her fatal beautie could kindle a flame, which ſhould be her own deſtruction? And that her looks which were ſo innocent, could give ſuch criminall deſires? But what is thy wonder, inſenſible that thou art! Rather wonder that thou did not tear thy heart, before thy great miſfortune. Then was the time *Lucretia* wherein you ſhould have teſtified courage, and the love that You had to Glorie You ſhould have then died innocent; Your life would have been ſpotleſs; and without queſtion the Gods would have been carefull of your reputation. But in fine the buſineſs is not ſo. I am unhappie, unworthie to ſee the light; Unworthie, of being *Spurius Lucretius* his

Daugh ter

Daughter; Unworthie of being *Collatinus* his Wife; And unworthie of being a *Roman*. Now *Collatinus* ask of you, what punishment *Lucretia* deserves? Deprive her of your affection: Blot her out of your Remembrance. Revenge the abuse that has been done to her, onlie for love to your self, and not out of love her. Look upon her no more but as infamous: And though her misfortune be extream, deny her that compassion, which is had of all that are miserable. But nevertheless, if it were permitted me, after I have spoken against my self, to say some what in my defence: I would say *Collatinus*, without contradicting truth; That *I* have not obscured my Glorie, but by having loved Glorie too well. *Tarquins* cajolleries, did not touch my heart: His passion gave me none: His presents did not at all suborn my fidelitie: Nor love nor ambition brangled my Soul: And if I desired to speak for my self, I can onlie say, that *I* loved my Reputation too much. Yes *Collatinus*, *Lucretias* crime was that she preferred fame to true Glorie. When the insolent *Tarquin* came into my Chamber; I being awaked saw a Poignard in his hand; And having brought it to my Throat to hinder my out-cries, he began to speak of a passion he had for me; The Gods knows what were then my thoughts; And if death appeared terrible to me. In that condition I equallie despised the praiers and threats of the Tyrran: His demands and offers were equallie rejected: Neither love nor fear, had anie place in my Soul: Death did not affright me; And so far from apprehending, I manie times desired it. My Vertue had nothing to fight against at that time: I was not pendulous to prefer death to the Tyrrans love: And I know no horrid pain, which I would not have joyfullie endured, to have preserved my honour. But when my constancie had wearied the Tyrrans patience: That he saw neither his praiers, tears, presents, promises, threats, nor death it self could move my heart: That *Barbarian*, inspired by the furies, finding I resisted his desires anie longer, he would not onlie kill me; But to make me infamous to Posteritie, he would kill a slave who accompanied him: To the end that leaving him dead in my bed, it should be thought that I had forgot my honour for that slave, and that he might get

zeal to you, had punished us, as being guiltie of that crime. I avouch with shame, that that discourse wrought on my Spirit, what the certaintie of death could not do: *I* lost strength and reason; I yeelded to the Tirran; And the fear of being thought infamous, is the onlie thing that made me so. No, *Collatinus*, I cannot endure that *Lucretia* should be accused, to have failled in her honour: That the memorie of it was eternallie blasted: And thinking that she should be execrable to you, hindered her from dying at that instant, and makes her live till now. I did all things to oppose the Tyrrans violences, except killing my self. I desired to live, that I might preserve my Reputation, and that I should not die unrevenged: And a false image of ttue Glorie, taking possession of my heart; made me commit a crime, which I feared to be accused of. However the Gods are my witnesses, that my Soul and desires are whollie pure, my consent contributed nothing to that doolefull accident, neither in the beginning, progress nor end of it. You know, *Generous Collatinus*, that when you brought the Tirran as your Friend, I was not voluntarlie the cause of his unjust passion; I scarce lifted up my eies to look upon him: And that Illustrious Victorie, which my Modestie gained to you that day, should make you sufficientlie remember, that *I* have not drawn upon my self, the misfortune that is befallen me. After that, I did not see the treacherous *Tarquin*, untill that dismall day, wherein he made prise of *Lucretia* Vertue. But what do I say? Tirrans have no power over the will, I am yet the same *Lucretia* who so much loved glorie; Because it is certain that mine is altogether innocent. The tears which flow from my eies, are not the effects of my remorse: I repent not for the fault I have committed, but onlie that I died not before that of another. We were two in the crime, and but one Criminall: And my conscience does check me of nothing, but my having preferred my reputation and revenge, to a Glorious death. That which hath caused my misfortune, is that I believed the Glorie of my death would not be known: I doubted the equitie of the Gods at that time: And without remembering that they do miracles when they please, and that they are protectors

of

of innocence; I have lived longer then I ought becauſe I have ſurvived my chaſtitie. Think not *Collatinus*, that I will diminiſh my crime to appeaſe your furie; I ſee in your eies more ſplen againſt *Tarquin* then hatred to *Lucretia*: Doubtleſs you rather pittie then accuſe me, and all the former actions of my life, aſſiſt to vindicate me in your heart. And moreover, as I have ſaid alreadie, though I am unwillinglie guiltie, yet I conſent that *Collatinus* do love me no more. I ſpeak not this to flatter you; But onlie to carrie you the more ardentlie on to revenge. Me thinks, in vindicateing my ſelf, I make the Tirran the more odious: The more innocent I appear, the more guiltie he ſeems: The more unhappie I am, the more he deſerves to be, and the more tears I ſhed, the more blood you ſhould make him ſhed. Behold, *Collatinus*, the cauſe of my diſcourſe, of my tears and of my life. Let me not be ſaid to have lived infamous to no purpoſe: Think of revenge, Generous *Collatine*, conſider what you are, and what your enemie is, or to ſpeak better the publick enemie. You are a *Roman*, you are Vertuous, you are Noble; And if I dare alſo ſay ſo, you are *Lucretias* husband. But for him he is of a ſtrange race, he is the ſon, and Grand-Son of Tyrrans. The Proud *Tarquin*, you know, mounted not the Throne, but by pulling a Vertuous Prince from it, whoſe Daughter he married. The Scepter which he holds, coſt the life of him who formerlie carried it: And to ſecure himſelf in his dominions, he has committed more crimes, then he hath ſubjects. Behold *Collatinus*, who is the Father of my raviſher. If I be not deceived his mother does not make him more conſiderable: For in fine, I cannot be live, that the ſon of the infamous *Tullia* who dared to drive her Chariot over her Fathers bodie, that ſhe might arrive at the Throne ſhe aſpired to; Had not ſo manie enemies at *Rome*, as there are Vertuous men in it. And moreover, the Vertue of *Sextus Tarquinius*, did not deface the crimes of his predeceſſors: The beſt action that he did, was the betraying a great manie People, who truſted in him. Behold *Collatinus*, what an enemie you is, go then, go and aſſault him couragiouſlie. You ſhall no ſooner ſpeak of the abuſe he hath done to me, but you

shall have all the *Romans* on your side. It shall be both a Generall and Particular quarell to them: They will be feared for their Wives; Their Daughters; And their Sisters: They shall all look upon the treachetous *Tarquin* as their enemie: And if their yet remain anie who will follow him, they will certainly be cowardly & esteminate, whom it wil be no hard matter to overcome. The Senate waits but a pretext to declare themself: The People are wearie of carrieing chaines: They will seek a hand to unbind them: And the equitie of the gods shall favour your partie, You shall see that the Tirrans verie Relations, shall tear the Crown from off his head. Yes I see *Brutus* listening to me, with intention to revenge my abuse: Doubtless he will follow you, in such a generous design: And if the confidence which I have of Heaven deceive me not, I alreadie see the Proud *Tarquin* chased out of *Rome*; His infamous Son die by some unknown hand; And all bloodie fall in the dust. (For I doubt if the gods will suffer him to die by so illustrious a hand as yours.) Yes *Collatinus*, the Victorie is yours, I alreadie see all his Souldiers revolt, and all the Citizens mutiny. Hatred to the Tirran, and desire of libertie, shall equallie press them: And would to the gods, that I may be the Victime, to obtain from their goodness, my countreys libertie. Yes *Collatine* all the Souldiers who are in his camp, who fight to day under his colours, shall become worse enemies to him, then they of *Ardea* whom he now besidges. Go then and make my misfortune known over all: And believe *Collatine*, that you shall not publish my crime, but onlie that of *Tarquin*. And moreover, I am verie certain, not to hear, what the People will say: For having been my own accuser, my witness, my partie, and my defender; I must be also my judge and Executioner. Yes *Collatinus* I must die: Do not tell tell me then, that because my inclinations are innocent, I ought to live, that I might have the pleasure of seeing how you revenge my injurie: It is enough that you promise me: And therefore I can sweetlie die; But I can have no pleasure in life. There is a *Lucretia* within me whom I cannot endure: I must separate from her, she is insupportable to me; I cannot see her; I cannot suffer her; I owe herblood to

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the others justification, and to the revenge which you will take, When the *Roman* people shall see *Lucretia* killed by her own hand, because she would not survive her misfortune; They will the more easilie believe, that a Woman who loved glorie, better then life, was not capable, willinglie to loss it. That last action shall justifie all mine: The blood which I shall shed, will beget Souldiers to you, to help your punishing the Tirran: And in this manner, I my self shall assist to my revenge. My tears shall doubtless have some effect: And moreover, though I am unhappie, I dare believe that my death will trouble you. Yes *Collatinus*, Yes my Father, you shall be sensible of my death: And finding your selves oblidged both together to revenge the honor, and life of your Wife, and Daughter; You shall be the more irritated against the Tirran. Say not to me that my death is use-less, or that it will be evillie explicated. No, they who judge sincerlie of affairs, will not take it for the effect of my crime: Remorse doth ordinarlie shed more tears, then blood: And if I be not mistaken death is the remedie of the generous or despetat. Repentance is alwaies a sign of weakness: And whosoever is capable of having it, may live after they have failed. I have the Authoritie of all ages for me; Which lets it appear, that almost everie day, they who have emploied their hands against their own life, do it onlie to dissapoint Fortunes crueltie, To shun a shamefull death; Or to hinder themselves from being slaves. and not for their punishment. When we have erred, we are alwaies favorable judges to our selves: And there are few people who condemn themselves to death. Let none tell me then, that the blood which I shall shed, will rather blemish my life, then deface what the Tirran hath done to it. No, *Collatin*, my intention is too pure, and the gods are too just, to suffer all men to be unjust to me. I die not through remorse, or despair, I die with reason. I have told you what causes I have, do not then oppose my design, for you cannot hinder it. Think of vengeance and not of my preservation: Because the one may be glorious to you, and the other will be unprofitable. Further, *Lucretias* example shall perswade the *Roman Ladies* never to survive their glorie: I must

vindicate

vindicate the esteem, that they alwaies had of my vertue. I owe the loss of my life to my own glorie; To that of my countrey; To that of *Spurius Lucretius*; And to that of *Collatin*. But as I shall do what I ought at this time, do you the like after my death. Forget nothing to revenge me; employ Sword, Fire, and Poison: All violences are lawfull against *Usurpers*: Policy must be joyned to force, when valor is not sufficient to destroy. Consider the justness of your cause; Remember *Lucretias* chastitie; The love that you ever had for her; And that which she had for you. Never forget the passion which she alwaies had for glorie: And her continuall hatred to vice. Believe her to be more unhappie then guiltie: And from all those things Generous *Collatine*, frame in your heart an irreconciliable hatred to the Tirran. But not to delay anie longer such a Noble revenge; Go, *Collatine* go; I end this doolefull discourse, with ending my life: And behold the dagger which I hold, whereby to punish my self, whereby to revenge you, and wherewithall to show you, how the Tirrans heart must be peirced.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THe Effect of this Harrangue, was the flight of Tarquine, *the banishment of his Father, the loss of his Kingdom, and the beginning of the* Roman Reipublick. *It cost* Lucretias *ravisher both life & crown: And never was crime better punished; Never was an outrage better revenged. The death of that chaste unfortunate, put armes in the hands of a great mavie People: Her blood produced such effects as she expected: And the name of* Tarquin *was so odious to all the World, that being unable to endure it in the Person of one of them who had been assisting to banish the Tyrrans he was obliged to change it.*

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VOLUMNIA TO VIRGILIA.

THE TWELTH HARRANGUE.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

After that Coriolanus *by his Mothers intreatie, had made peace with* Rome, *he caused the armie of the* Vdlsques *return to their countrey: And would have that People experiment the Generositie of his action. But* Tullus *who loued him not, because he had been formerlie ouercome by him, while they were of a contrare partie, suscitated some seditious People, who when he was desirous to vindicate himself in the publick Assemblie, did hinder him to speak and at last killed him amidst the tumult. The newes being brought to* Rome, *all the Ladies of the Cittie suddenlie repaired to the Mother and Wife of that generous enemie: And the first taking in hand the discourse, did immediatlie speak to them in this manner, if the conjectures of Historie deceive me not.*

VOLUMNIUA TO VIRGILIA.



Ook upon me no more *Virgilia*, as the Mother of *Corilanus* your husband, I am unworthie of that name; You should in Reason nate me as much as formerlie that unfortunate *Heroes* Loved me. Remember that Famous day wherein I employed my teares to dis-arme him: I weeped, I cried, I commanded; And I forgot nothing that could make a Generous Son flexible. I begged favour for the ungrate; I took part with *Coriolanus* his enemies: and though the Victorie was so certain to him, that he was readie to be revenged of his banishers; And held in chains almost all them who did abuse him; That great heart which nothing could have moved, was at last by his mother: I did overcome in him the conquerour of *Rome*: And to my misfortune I obtained all that I asked of him. You know it *Virgilia*, as well as I; Nor do I remember all those things, but for redoubling my griefe. Alace! Me thinks I still hear the voice of *Coriolanus*! When he had thrown down his armes, to come and embrace me, he cried out with sighs, *O Mother what have you done*

to me! You have gained a Victorie verie Glorious for your self, and verie happie for your countrey; But most unfortunate for your Son. Wo is me *Virgilia* this discourse was but too true! For these same armes which he threw down to come to me, were emploied against him. Then did the Volsques take the Daggers in their hands, which they plunged in his heart: It was I made them undertake that design: I was of that conspiracy against him: For after I had surmounted my Son, I delivered him all unarmed as he was, into the hands of his enemies. Ah insensible that I was, could I think that it would be other waies! Was I Mother of all the Volsques, to believe that for love to me they would yeeld the Victorie which they were readie to obtain? What right had I to ask from them the liberte of their enemie *Rome*. Should not I have thought, that they would revenge upon my Son, that loss which I caused to them? Ah yes! *Virgilia*, I ought to have considered all those things: And if *Coriolanus* could not return to *Rome*, I ought at least to have been companion with him in his dishonour: And as he did overcome his resentments in consideration of me, I should have quit my countrey for love of him. However we did not use him so: I did let *Coriolanus* depart environed with them who caused him loss his life: And I returned to *Rome* as in Triumph, to enjoy the fruits of that fatall Victorie. When at our return the Senate asked of us what recompence we would have for our action, we ought, *Virgilia* to have desired the return of *Coriolanus*; And not as we did, permission to build a Temple to Feminine Fortune: It well appears, that that Divinitie hath not approved of our zeal; Because it is so much against us. The gods would have certainlie been the more agreeable, that we had been thankfull to *Coriolanus*: The Temple which is builded for us, is the effect of our vanitie, and not of our gratitude: We sought our own glorie, and not that of our Liberator: Though to speak truelie he merited it better then we: It was to the vertues of my Son, and not to our own that we should have erected Altars: And he who could surpass his resentments; Deliever his countrey; And yeeld the Victorie to his Mothers tears, without doubt meritted better then we, the honor which is done

to

to us. Me thinks his pietie ſhould have had a more Favourable treatment from Heaven: For though there be ſome *Romans* ſo unjuſt, as to ſay that *Coriolanus* ſhould not have quitted his armes, but onlie for his countreys ſake, and not for mine: And conſequentlie bewrayed more feebleneſs then generoſitie, in that action; I am not of their opinion; And I hope poſterity will be of mine. That ſtrong paſſion which birth inſpires in them, who have a compleat Soul, is not cauſed by the Situation of the places where they were born: The ſame Sun gives light to all the Univerſe: We enjoy the Elements everie where: And if they have no ſtronger reaſon then that, certainlie it will be verie weak. But that which makes us love our countrey, is becauſe the Citizens, are all our Relations or Allyes. The intereſt of blood, or that of civill Societie, links us to them: The Religion, Lawes, Cuſtomes which we have common, makes our intereſts be common: But the firſt ſentiment that nature gives to them who love their countrey; Is to love it cheiflie, becauſe their Fathers, their Mothers, their Brothers, their Siſters, and their Relations are in it. Yes, I am verie certain, that the moſt zealous of all the *Romans*, returning to Rom, after along journey will not ſo ſoon look to the Capitoll, as to that place of the Town where his Mother or Wife dwelleth: Wherefore then, let none wonder anie more, that *Coriolanus* would yeeld to none but to my tears: For to whom among the *Romans*, ſhould he have been rendered? All who were ſent to him did abuſe him; He did not ſee in anie of them the mark of a true *Roman*: They were all ungrate to him: He could not in them acknowledge his countrey: He onlie ſaw the walls of *Rome*, but did not ſee his friends which he formerlie had there. Fear made all them ſpeak who were ſent to him: And it was onlie by me, that he did know he had yet in *Rome*, ſomething that ought to be venerated by him. Wo is me! Is it poſſible, That ſuch extraordinar Pietie hath been ſo evillie rewarded, that ſo courageous a man, hath ſo lamentable ended his daies? That he ſhould be aſſaſinated by them who had choſen him for their Captain, and that the Place of his refuge, ſhould be that of his execution? Alace, I ſay, that from my intentions which were

ſo pure and innocent, there ſhould reſult ſo fatal an accident: However *Virgilia*, the Gods have permitted all theſe things; And yet I ſee no other reaſon, if not that *Coriolanus* and I, have too much obliged the *Romans*, who have rendered themſelves unworthie. But in fine, *Coriolanus* is dead; And onlie dead for love of *Volumnia*. Yet his death hath this advantage that it hath made them ſhed tears who cauſed it: For the Volſques after the overthrow of their Captain, did honorablie take him up; They no ſooner did ſee his blood, but they ſaw their crime, and elevated a Trophie to his glorie, of theſe ſame armes, which they employed againſt his life. They gave him a Conquerours funerall; His memorie is dear to them: They hung above his Tomb numbers of Enſignes; And all the glorious ſpoills, which do uſuallie ſignaliſe the valor of theſe illuſtrious dead, over whom they put them: And *Rome* which owes her libertie to *Coriolanus*, knows of his death without making publick mourning! She remembers no more that ſhe had been loſt, and in ſlaverie but for him: All the *Romans* were ungeate to him while he lived, they continue ſo after his death. They look upon him rather as their enemie then their liberator: They remember more the chains which he prepared for them, then theſe he took away from them: And that fear which formerlie poſſeſt them, of ſeeing him enter *Rome* in a Triumphing Chariot, makes them verie glad to know, that he is to day in his coffin. For me, I avouch, that though none ſhould ever repent of having done well, I have no great trouble to hinder me from wiſhing, that *Rome* were in Captivitie, and that *Coriolanus* were alive. The vertue of *Brutus*, who without greif ſaw his Children die, is not of my knowledge: That hard-heartedneſs hath more ferocitie then Grandure of courage in it: There are ſome tears juſt; And compaſſion is not contrare to generoſitie: When I told *Coriolanus*, that I would love better to die, then to ſee him Conqueror of *Rome*, I ſaid nothing againſt truth: And when I alſo ſay, that I wiſh to be dead, and that my Son were alive: I ſay nothing againſt naturall equitie nor againſt *Rome*; I give to reaſon and nature, what I cannot refuſe them; And *I* take nothing from the *Republick*. I have ſacrificed my Son for it, and it

may

may also suffer me to weep a little over the Victime which I have immolated for its preservation: And that after I have done all that a true *Roman* could do, I may likewaies do all that sorrow can exact from the tenderness of a Mother. All they who loss their Children have constantly just subject of weeping: yet they have for their comfort, the libertie of making imprecations against them who take away their lives: But for me, I not onelie weep for the death of my Son, but I also weep, for being the cause of his death: And to increase my sorrow, there is ane austere vertue, that will not let me repent for what I have done. O my Son! O my dear *Coriolanus*; Can I pursue such a barbarous resolution? No it is too contrare to nature and reason: I must greive; I must weep till death for the death that I was the cause of. It is not *Romes* enemie I regrate; It is he who was so many times prodigall of his blood, in pursuit of glorie who hath served in the wars seventeen years, with incomparable zeal: And had no reward but the wounds which covered his bodie. Further, Illustrious *Roman Ladies*, this mans birth doth not render him unworthie of your tears: He came of one of your Kings, and *Ancus Martius* his Predecessour, having carried a Crown, it might seem that he should have had more right to the honors of the *Respublick* then anie other; Because he was incapable of useing it ill. But perhaps it was for that reason (some may say to me) that the *Romans* refused him the Consulship, through fear that he would use it as a step, to remount the Throne of his Fathers. No, this reason cannot be good; And there needs no more but the remembrance of *Coriolanus* his whole life, to make his intentions known. In that Battle which was given against the proud *Tarquin*, he made it verie well appear, that his ambition aimed no further, then to merit the Crown of Bayes, which the Dictator did put upon his head, without thinking of that of his Predecessors; For having seen one of our Citizens fall to the ground, he set himself before him to serve him for a Buckler: And covering his bodie with his own, he secured him from danger: And so well congregated his forces and valor, that he gave death to him, who would have caused his. If the *Romans*, had dealt rationallie with *Coriolanus*, that singler

action would have sufficed to hinder them, from being desirous to have him pass for a Tirran: Because it is not credible that he would have so much exposed himself, to save so small a part of so great a bodie, if he could have been capable of framing designs to destroy it intirelie on day. But it is not in that encounter alone, that he hath made his zeal for the *Reipublick* appear. Is it not to be seen in all occasions that offered? Is it not signalised in all the battles that have been given? Hath he ever returned to *Rome*, without bringing with him some of his enemies spoilles, or without being all covered with theirs or his own blood? Behold *Virgilia*, what a husband yours was: See Illustrious *Romans* what my dear *Coriolanus* was, who in all his warlike actions, was never conquered but onlie by me. The Volsques themselves, whom he afterward commanded, judged him not worthie of that employment, but because by his hand, was that Victorie plucked from them, which they were readie to bear away, in spight of *Lartius* his resistance: Who going to assault the Town of *Corioles*, was so courageouslie beat back by the besieged, that they put all our trophues to the flight, and all our armie into confusion. That was the time, wherein the passion that he ever had for the glorie of the *Roman* Empire, made him surpass his own strength, and by his example, forced some of ours to turn head to the enemie. This Generous design did so happilie succeed with him, that he repulsed them to the walls of the Town: and not contented with so brave an action; he would have perswaded them who followed him, that the gates of *Corioles*, were not so open for these who fled, as for them to enter. But seeing their fear more prevalent then his discourse, and that they thought more of retreating then fighting, this unfortunate whom I lament, did not forbear to pursue his design. There did he see himself almost alone; fighting against the whole inhabitants of a Town who fought through despair. There his hardiness wrought terror upon his enemies; His example reinforced the spirits of our Legions, and by the strength of his arme he made them enter that fortified Town; And in fine made them over come those who came to conquer them. It was onlie then by his

courage

courage, that *Lartius* had leasure to rallie his trophues, to go and reap the fruits of that Victorie, by finishing what he had so happilie begun. And not being ignorant, that the *Consull Cominius*, who commanded the half of the *Roman* armie, might be in hands with them who were coming to relieve the Town which he had taken: He did cheerfullie re-take these same souldiers, who having no desire to share in the hazard with him, were amusing themselves with dividing the bootie which he had acquired to them. But in vain did he set shame and glorie before them: So that seeing their cowardlines, he abandoned them, and onlie followed by them who would willinglie accompanie him, (which were but a verie small number) went diligentlie in search of a new subject to his Valor. He arrived just at the Camp, in the instant wherein *Cominius* was going to give Battle to the enemie: And being all covered with blood and dust, his arrivall did some what amaise the *Consull*. But he had no sooner given acoount of the action he had done, then the newes of his first Victorie did presage a second. All the Souldiers reanimated their desires of fighting, hope and joy adorned their foreheads; And onlie by the sight of him, did they banish that fear which had seised their hearts. As for my Son, as if he had been verie sorie, that anie other should haue served the *Republick* better that day then he, having asked the *Consull* what trophues of the enemie were the best; And being informed that these *of Antiates* were the most couragious, Because the Volsques had put them in the front of the Battle; he desired in recompente of his taking *Coriolet*, permission to fight them. You know Illustrious *Romans*, that he obtained at that time what he had demanded: That his arme conducted by the Gods, had the first honor of breaking the enemies Squadrons: that he alone did attaque an armie, thereby to show the *Romans* how they must despise their life, to make themselves Masters of that of an other: And that his prodigious valor, had a succes which was likewaies so. But when victorie had declared it self for us, the *Consull* intreated my Son to consider the condition he was in: And to remember that by the wounds he had received, his blood dropped with that of his enemies.

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But he answered him *that Victores ought not to retire*: In Testimonie whereof, joining effects to his words, he pursued them who fled even till night: And as he had been the first in the Battle, he was the last in the Retreat. It may be some will say to me, that desire of reward inspired my Son with that valor, but none can be ignorant that he refused everie thing that was presented to him: On the contrare so great was his moderation, that after he had taken a town by force, gained a Battle, saved the Honor of the armie and of the *Reipublick*, he asked no recompence for his toillings, but the libertie of one man, who had formerlie been his Host and friend; And who was then prisoner of War among the *Romans*. I remember verie well, that the name *Coriolanus* which he did bear, (O Gods! Can I speak in such termes?) I say I well remember that that name was given him at that encounter, to eternise his action. But I also remember that the verie same People who named him *Coriolanus*, called him afterwards the disturber of the publick repose, the enemie of *Rome*, and the Senates Tirran. Since that, what hath he not also done in an other occasion? Certainly you remember of that fatall year, wherein it was thought that famine would have intirly desolated *Rome*: When all the People Geminated, wherein hunger made triumph of the poor Peoples deaths, and wherein the richest themselves were exposed to the like danger. You know, I say, that *Coriolanus* by his valor and courage, brought back abundance into *Rome*, revived the People; And all this with the price of his blood; And without desiring other recompence, but that of having saved the lives of the Citizens. Nevertheless, for the reward of so manie services; Of so manie brave actions; Of so manie wounds that he received And of so much blood that he shed: When he demanded the Consullship, which was granted to manie others, who did not merit it so well as he; They treated him as infamous, and as a criminall; they put him in the hands of the *Edilles*, as the worst of men, and banisht him his countrey. O Heavens! Could I ask favour for them who treated my Son so unworthilie, and how could that unfortunate Son consent to me? Further after so manie abusks that *Coriolanus* received,

what

what did he to revenge himself? Hath it been discovered that he desired to suborn anie of our Consulls? Hath he secretlie taken up money to make the armie of the Volsques subsist? Hath he furnished them with Souldiers? No, *Coriolanus* hath done none of all those things: He was content for his revenge of *Rome*, to put onlie the faithfullest of the Citizens in the hands of his enemies. But if that despare which forced him to it, had succeeded happilie; that he had found more Humanitie in the heart of *Tullus*, whose Triumphing enemie he severall times was, then in the hearts of all the People, for the glorie of whom he vanquished the same *Tullus*, would anie. I say, that by an extream ungratitude, that he should have abandoned him in a just War, and which he had undertaken in consideration of him? Would any, I say, that to merit the base treatment, he received from them whom he had served, had him betray them whom he protected: And who by a verie extraordinarie confidence had chosen him to be Generall of their armie? It may be some will say to me that *Coriolanus* did more hurt to the *Romans*, in accepting of that employment, then if he had suborned the Consuls of *Rome*; Then if he had taken up their riches: Then if he had made the People rebell, led an armie against his adversaries: Because it was seen that his person alone, joining with the Volsques partie made an intire change in their affairs: And that they who had so manie times desired peace with *Rome*, were in condition to make her deatlie buy it. But let none imagin that that was a simple effect of his conduct and valor. No, our Gods who are protectors of innocence, doubtless guided his arme, to subdue the pride of them who thought themselves invincible not fearing to abuse their Allayes. But in his happie succeedings, he did not forget that he was born a *Roman*, and though the Nobilitie abandoned it to the furie of the People, he did not forbear to preserve their countrey houses, against all the disorders of War. He also had respect for them who were become his enemies; And though his particular Fortune was in a deplorable condition, he never asked anie thing for himself in the Articles that he proposed, and desired no unjust thing for the Volsques whom he protected. Behold once more,

more, O Illustrious *Romans*, what *Coriolans* was: I recommend my Son by the picture I have made to you of him, preserve his image in your heart: Remember that without his Generositie, the famin would have destroyed your Fathers, your Brothers, your Husbands, your Children and your selves: Or what would yet be word, that you have been formerlie, partakers of their chains and bondage. Let us not imitate Generous *Romans*, the ungratitude of our Citizens: Let us eternise the Glorie of our Sex to their prejudice: And for our gratitude let us Crown them with confusion: This Temple which was granted to us, when my Son consented to the favour we asked of him, shall not be so glorious to us, as the affection that you will testifie, in desiring to preserve the memorie of *Coriolanus*. You owe your tears to him who formerlie dried them up, and who hath broken your chains. You also should (if I dare say so) sweeten the bitterness of my sorrow, by that which you will testifie for his death: I have immolated my Son for love to you, you can do no less then afflict your selves for love to him. And as you should have all carried mourning, if it had not been for my Sons Generositie: It is but just you should all wear it, in honour of his memorie. Let us go then *Virgilia*. Let us go Generous *Romans*, to ask this permission from the Senate. But O Gods! Can it be possibly, necessare to ask leave, to wear mourning for our Liberator? Yes the corruption of the age will have it so. Let us go then once more and ask with tears, the last thing that we can seek for my Son, because he is dead. But for his Glorie, I am verie much assured that *Rome* shall be destroyed, when the Name of *Coriolanus* shall be spoken of afterwards.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

SHe obtained what she desired of them: All the Roman *Ladies did put on mourning, and did wear it ten months, which was the accustomed time of wearing it for their Fathers and Husbands. Therefore this Illustrious exile was happier after his death, then while he was alive; And the fairest Sex at that time, was the most gratefull.*

ATHENAIS
TO
THEODOSIUS

THE THREETEEN
HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

ATHenais *Daughter to* Leontine *the Philosopher, being preferred to the Empire, by her beautie, and the rare qualities of her Soul, did not long enjoy her good Fortune: The Emperour* Theodosius *her husband being some what jealous of her, and of one of the principall men of his Court, named* Paulinus, *put him to death, and deprived her of his favour, In that abandonment, the unfortunate* Athenais *was skilfully made sensible, that she ought to retire from Court; So that of her self being sufficiently troubled in minde: She asked what she did obtaine and what they would have had her demand, I would say, permission to go and live at* Jerusalem. *It was then at the instane of her parting, and in her last fairwells, that she did speak in these termes, to the Emperour* Theodosius.

ATHENAIS TO THEODOSIUS

My Lord,

BEing readie to quit the Court; And to go confine my self in *Palestina*; I dare supplicat your Majestie, by the most venerable name of the Empetour *Trajan*, of whom you are comes; By that of the great *Theodosius* your grand-Father: By that of the equitable *Arcades* your Father; And by that of the great *Constantine*, of whom you hold the Scepter, and whose pietie you imitat, to permit me this day, to tell you all that I think, both of my past and present Fortune: That I may at least, have the satisfaction, at my departing from you, to be thought not to have whollie abandoned my innocence. Wo is me! If anie would have said formerlie to the poor *Athenais*, when her Father *Leontine* the Philosopher, taught her Vertue that hers should be one day suspected, she could not have thought it. The simplicitie of her education, the little ambition that she had, and the walls of the cottage that she inhabited, seemed to secure her against Calumnie. Innocence reigned in her Soul, She was contented with her Fortune; She sought after nothing but the acquisition of Sciences and Vertue: And the sole desire of learning, and practiseing good, was both

her delight and occupation. But is it not this *Athenais* whom they accuſe: It is the unhappie *Endoſia*; It is the Wife of a great Emperour; It is a perſon expoſed to the eies of a great Court; It is a perſon to whom nature hath given ſome advantages, to whom Fortune hath given the firſt Crown of the World; And the love of the moſt venerable Prince of the earth. All theſe things, invincible Emperour makes my diſgrace the more ſeemingly true: Great misfortunes are not ſeen but in the houſes of great Princes: Thunder falls oftner upon the ſtatlie Palaces of Kings, then upon Shepherds Cottages: And the Sea makes more Ship-wrackes then the Rivers. It is no wonder then, if *Endoſia* be more unhappie then *Athenais*, though ſhe be as innocent: And though ſhe be as Vertuous, under the Glorious Tittle that ſhe bears of Empereſs of the Eaſt, as ſhe was under that Name which her parents gave her. If Fortune, my Lord, had but robbed me of theſe things over which its domination extends; Had it pulled the Scepter from me which I carrie, after I had received it from your hands; Had it taken the Crown from off my head: Had your Subjects mutined againſt me, and tumbled me from the Throne as unworthie to have place upon it; I would endure that diſgrace without murmuring: Yes my Lord, that blind thing, ſo much accuſtomed to favour vice, at the expence of Vertue, that makes no preſents but to take them away; That eſtabliſhes no Kingdomes, but to deſtroy them; And which overturns all that it does eſtabliſh; In one word Fortune, ſhall not put a ſtand to my patience. I ſhall without regrate quit the Scepter, the Crown, the Throne, the Court, and the Empire, and all that ſplendid ſomp which accompanies Royalltie, if I could return into my ſolitude, with your eſteem and affection. Theſe two things, my Lord, if I be not miſtaken, ſhould not be under Fortunes Juriſdiction: It may both take day and Empire from you, It may alſo make you a ſlave, but it cannot make you unjuſt. You alone are the arbitrator of your will, your hatred, your eſteem and your affection. The noble priviledge, that God hath given to man, of being free among chains, nd of being abſolute Maſter of his inclinations, makes ou be obliged, to anſwer exactlie for yours. Never-

theleſs

theleſs, my Lord, the reſpect I have to you, makes that I dare not accuſe you of theſe you have to me; Though certainlie, my innocence renders them unjuſt: And for that reſpect I will rather call my ſelf unhappie then ſay you are culpable. I accuſe Fortune unjuſtlie of one thing which you alone can anſwer; It is not from its hand, to ſpeak more trulie then I have done that I hold the Scepter which I carrie; It is not ſhe hath put the Crown upon my head; Her wheel hath not thrown me upon the Throne; Her caprice made me not your Wife; All theſe things my Lord, are either effects of your goodneſs, of my merit, or of your blindneſs. If it be the firſt, I have learned of my Father, that crime alone juſtifies repentance: That it is a ſentment which vertue knows not, and which ſhould not be uſed but after a wicked action. If it be the ſecond, and if you have eſtemed me, by knowing how little I am worth, take not from me my Lord, what belongs to me: Becauſe being the verie ſame that I was, you ſhould be the ſame that you have been. But if you ſay to me, that I am the error of your judgement and that you have not found in my perſon, ſuch merit as you did believe to meet with; I diſpute not againſt you, take from me all that you have given me, but take not away my innocence, which I have onlie received from Heaven. When *Athenais* came to your Court, her reputation was ſpotleſs: Few People that did ſpeak, ſaid all good of her. To day all People ſpeak according to their fancie, yet without letting me know what they ſay: For to ſpeak ſincerlie, it is onlie with you that I would be juſtified. They who do good, becauſe it is good, and not becauſe it ſhould be divulged, care not what unjuſtice fame will do to their Vertue: They find their ſatisfaction on themſelves, without ſeeking after it in anie other: So that the wiſe are ſometimes moſt innocent, and moſt happie, when the Vulgar who onlie judge apparentlie, believes them guilty and unfortunate. But my Lord, ſince the affection that you have had for me, and that which I have for you, hath made you (if I dare ſay ſo) a ſecond ſelf to me, I ought to vindicate my actions before your eies. Remember, my Daughter, ſaid my Father to me one day; That you ſtudie not ſo much to acquire the eſteem of

others, as not to endeavour more, to obtain your own. Be you both your own judge, and partie; Think of satisfying your self; Examine your inclinations; Search the bottome of your heart, to know if Vertue be Mistris of it: But do not flatter your self, incline rather to rigor, then to indulgence. And after having made an exact scrutinie of your intentions, when you come to the point of being satisfied with your mind slight the glorie of the World, laugh at calumnie; And be better contented in having your own esteem then if you had that of the greatest Princes of the Earth. But my Lord, for this reason, I cannot be tranquill, so long as my better half doth not believe me innocent: Suffer me then my Lord, to repass exactlie, all the circumstances of my disgrace, and that dear part of my innocence that I may thereby with some tranquillitie go to my seatched for solitude. When I came to *Constantinople*, asking justice against my Brothers, who refused me that right which I had to the paternall Succession, the prudent *Pulcheria*, rejected not my requests: She heard me: And making me loss my cause verie advantageouslie gave me Fortunes, which she ought to have preserved for me. At that time my Lord, there was onlie a poor cottage in agitation, and three foot of Earth to cover me from extream necessitie: But to day when not onlie the honor of *Athenais* is in question, but that of *Eudoxia* your Wife, you are obliged to hear her, and to do her justice. I think my Lord, that the cause of your anger and my grief is, because I have given a trifle which you gave me: And that afterwards, to excuse an action, which I saw by your eies, would not have pleased you if you had known it; I excused that innocent error by a lie. Behold, my Lord, all the crime that I have committed: And the fear onlie of displeasing you, hath made me displease you. When your Majestie gave me that fatal fruit, which hath caused my disgrace, I received it with joy; Both for its extraordinar pleasantness, and more because it came from your hands. The pleasure I had in seeing of it, perswading me that it was more proper to divert the sight, then to satisfie the taste: And being irresolute to destroy it, I examined what I could do with such an agreeable present: The unfor-

tunate

tunate *Paulinus* was then sick: So that, being minded to send & visit him; I thought the amiable gift that you gave me, could not be better bestowed, then by giving it to a person whom you testified that you loved better then your self. But my Lord, *Paulinus* made not a misterie of this liberalitie: For because I did not tell him that I had received it from your Majestie, the same apprehension that had oblidged me to send him that fatall apple, was doubtless the cause, why to testifie to me the esteem he had of the present I made him, he would put it in more worthie hands then his own. But if you say to me, that since you gave me the gift, I ought never to have regiven it, because everie thing that comes from the person beloved, should be held as dear as the life: I shall agree with you, because by that I pretend to justifie my self. However there is an important distinction to be made in this encounter: For as there is great divetsitie in mens loves, the things which that passion produces, should also be all differing. The love of husband, and Wife, is no more that of Lover and Mistris: And though they be the same persons, and though love be as ardent in their hearts, as it was before their Marriage; Yet their opinons are different in manie occasions. They have more soliditie, and less affection; And none of all these follies which criminall loves do produce, are to be found in their Souls. So, my Lord, if *Paulinus* had had a passion for me, he would have keeped the present which I made him, with care and with jealoulie: Since it is most certain, that in this kind of illegittimate affections, (which I never heard spoken of since I have been at Court) the least things that comes from the person beloved, are ineftimable Treasures, which are never parted from, but with the life. However *Paulinus* no sooner received my present, but he sent it to you: And in that occasion it may be said, that he designed more to please you, then to content me. For me, my Lord, I never thought, you could take it ill, that I should have given a trivial thing, which you gave me: And that liberalitie was a vertue, which I ought not to practise. For, my Lord, if I ought to give nothing but what I have not received from you, I must give my self: Having brought nothing into your Palace, but

that

that simplicitie and innocence. which some would ravish me of to day. Why, my Lord, do you not remember, that by the innumerable riches that you have given me, I have diverse times enriched severall whole Towns? Why, my Lord, *Theodosius* hath permitted me to give Gold, Pearls and Diamonds, to a hundered people, who were unknown to him; And could I have foreseen that he would have been dissatisfied with my giving a simple fruit to the man in the World who had most profitablie served him, and for whom he had most affection? No, my Lord, that was not possible: And the wise *Pulcheria*, howsoever clear sighted she is, and is believed to be, and who foresees things from a far, had been deceived in it. But, my Lord if I ought to take care of anie nixt to your Majestie, it should be of *Paulinus*: And if I dare say it, I owe more to him then to my Father, and more then to your Majestie; For my Father gave me nothing but life, and having received nothing from you but the Throne, I can say, *Paulinus* having inspired me with the lights of faith, I am more oblidged to him, then to all the rest of the Earth. Yes, my Lord, I owe the saftie of my Soul to him, and my eternall beatitude, if the innocence of the life that I shal lead, do make me obtain it. You know, my Lord, that it was he who converted me, that all your Doctors could not convince me; that only he unseilled my eyes? And letting me see the absurdites of my religion gained me to embrace yours. Believe then my Lord, that the birth of our Friendship had too holie a beginning, to be criminall in its progress: And that he who had opened the gates of Heaven to me, would never conduct me to the waies of hell. And moreover, my Lord, know that when *Eudosia* shall again be *Athenais*; When she shall I say, be again of that Religion, wherein all crimes are authorised by the example of the Gods whom she adores: She shall not be less innocent. Chastitie is a Vertue which hath been known of all Nations, and through all ages; It is so essentiall to my Soul, that nothing can banish it thence. Judge then, my Lord, if being of a Religion, where modestie is rewarded, I could do anie thing against my dutie to you, and against my dutie to my self. I think if I be not deceived,

that

that I have made you know, that I might have given with out crime what you gave to me: And at last that I have made you see, with a similtude sufficientlie true, that *Paulinus* his liberalitie to you; Justifies mine towards him. Now as to what concerns the lie that I made, in telling you that I had eat the fruit, it is certain that I cannot deny. I would have done better to have told you the truth: But, my Lord, all follies are not crimes. When you spake to me at that time, I saw such alteration in your Countenance, and so much choller in your eies: That fear of angering you having seised my spirit, I lost my use of reason. Consider, my Lord, that if there had been anie too particular affection, between *Paulinus* and me; Afloon as you had spoken tome, I might have wel judged, that you did know something: And therefore, by an apparent ingenuitie, though artificiall; I should have told you that I sent it to *Paulinus*. But having nothing in my minde that objected anie error! I told an innocent lye not fearing it was evillie explained. I failled, through fear of being accused of a fault: And a too fearfull affection, hath made me loss yours. Further, my Lord, being unprepared for that accusation, and being ignorant of the crime that I am accused for; I then answered you onlie with tears. My silence and respect, were the onlie colours, that I employed for my justification: A too scrupulous & too austere Vertue, made me believe, that I would stain my self by vindicating me of such a thing; And I also think that I should never have spoken to you, if I had not designed to separate from you. But venerable Emperour I reprehend my self for all I have said; you are not the Subject of my disgrace, I accuse you no more; I receive it as the chastisement of my past errors. I have too much defended the cause of Idolls, to gain my own to day: And it is verie just having so eagerlie maintained a lie, that I be not believed, when I speak a truth that is of importance to me. I have sacrificed too much to *Jupiter*, and have offered too manie criminall Victimes, not to expiat that fault, by some innocent sacrifice. I my self must be my Victime at this time: And by patient suffering, merit the pardon of my past errours. My Lord, do not think that I bear anie grudge in my

soul:

Soul: I well see, that whereas the journey I am going to make, was undertaken by my own will; I well see, I say, that the permission which is given me, was consented to in such manner, that I may rather call it, a place of banishment, then of pilgramage. However that shall not hinder me from praying to GOD, that the blood of *Paulinus* be not an obstacle to the felicitie of your dayes. I shall also make vowes for the prudent *Pulcheria's* Reign; Whose pietie doubtless doth approve of the place I have chosen for my retirment. I shall be more profitable to her at *Jerusalem* then at *Constantinople*; And perhaps more agreeable. But in acknowledgement of the last obligations I had from her, I shall begg of Heaven, to give her such repose, as I go to enjoy in my solitude; Though perhaps this is not the favour that she askes from it in her praiers. Further my Lord, I go not so far off, that fame may not speak of me to you: And if I be not mistaken it shall tell you so manie things of my lifes innocence, that you will believe it was never soilled: And that holie land wherein I go to dwell, shall obtain for me from Heaven, the pleasure and honor of seeing you again. This, my Lord, is the hope, which a person who lived contented in a poor cottage bears in her minde: A person who without pride received the first Crown of the World; Who without regrate quits the higheſt Throne that is upon the Earth; And who never loved anie thing but the Emperour *Theodosius* and vertue.

THE EFFECT
OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis discourse was not unprofitable, though its effects were slow: It left impressions of heat in the heart of Theodosius, *which in fine rekindled his first flames. It is true,* Athenais *departed: But she returned with Glory: She saw begging pardon at her feet, him who saw the half of the Earth at his: And her innocence and reputation remounted the Throne with her: After that time, and reason reestablished tranquillity in the Emperors mind.*

PULCHERIA
TO THE
PATRIARCH
OF
CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE FOURTEEN
HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

ATHENAIS being received again in favour with the Emperour Theodosius *her Husband, by the intercession of* Crisaphius; *Was no sooner returned from* Palestina *to* Constantinople, *but useing her new power, she changed all order of affairs in it, and knowing that* Pulcheria *did not oppose her departure, she would not let her return be so agreeable to her, as her departing had been. She then caused the Emperour, who was charmed with his seeing of her again, resolve to take the Administration of State from the Princess his Sister: And command the Patriarch of* Constantinople *to go take her, and put her among the consecrated Virgins. This order seemed so hard to* Flavian, *that he could not resolve to execute it to the rigor: He caused secretlie advertise* Pulcheria *of it: That if she did not absent her self, he would be constrained to do her that displeasure. The Princess was quickly resolved to it: And at her going to part from the Court, and retire to the Countrey she did thus speak to him.*

PULCHERIA TO THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



He advertisement you gave me, doth rather astonish nor trouble me: I verie well foresaw wise *Flavian*, that *Eudesia* return would cause *Pulcheria* departure: And being acquainted with the revolutions of *Mundain* affairs: I see without regrate a change which perhaps will not be disadvantageous but to them who cause it. This so sudden mutation is the effect of *Crisaphius* his malice, of *Theodosius* his goodness, and of the Empereesse ambition. *Flavian*, if anie had told formerlie, that this poor *Athenais*, who had not a cottage to cover her, when she did cast her self at my feet, should carrie the first Crown of the World upon her

head, could it have been seeminglie true? But what is yet more strange; Who could have thought that this person whom with my own hands I have Crowned, would violentlie take from me the Reins of the Empire, which I have alwaies happilie enough held, under the Authoritie of *Theodosius* since I was fifteen years old? No, Venerable *Flavian*, I desire not that posteritie should accuse the Emperour or Empereſs for banishing a Princeſs to whom partlie they owe the Crown which they carrie: For if I did put it upon the head of *Athenais*, I securlie set it upon that of *Theodosius*. That famous Victorie which he gained of *Roilas*, who having past the Danube, was coming with all the forces of *Scithia* and *Russia*, to ranverse the Imperiall Throne of *Constantinople*, doubtleſs was not the effect of *Theodosius* his care: And if I dare say it, I forced thunder from the hands of GOD to knock that *Barbarian* in the head; For you know, hat he died with a Thunder Bolt. Yes, *Flavian*, *Theodosius* owes that Victorie to me, and also that which he gained of *Baravanes* King of the *Persians*, who being in league with *Alamondar* King of the *Sarasins*, had formed so strong an armie, that doubtleſs there was more then humane force needfull to oppose that innumerable multitude of men, composed of diverse Nations. Nevertheleſs, a Pannik fear having posseſt their Troups, they were destroyed by themselves: And that which should have made them victorious, rendered them uncapable of conquering. Yes, most prudent, and most holy *Flavian*; I have made winds: storms, and tempests, serve for the glorie of *Theodosius*: I have made Heaven interested with his protection: And not the bloodie Victories which he gained, were the reward of that Vertue which I taught him. You know that being two years older then he was when he came to the Empire, I took care of his education: I had the honor of being his Sister, but he was my Son by Adoption: And you are not ignorant of what I have done, since *Theodosius* did me the favour to divide his power with me, and make me his associate in the Empire. Could there be a more prosperous Reign seen then his? Was there a Prince in all the World, who did not either love, or fear *Theodosius*? Did anie complain of my Government? Were not my Counsells

Counsells just, or have they not been fortunate? Now wi-e *Flavian*, to speak rationallie of everie thing, I have done favours formerlie to *Athenais*, but I never did unjustice to anie bodie. However, think not by what I say, that I would make you understand, the Empereſs is unworthie of the Throne: No, I will not destroy what I have established: And I was not deceived, when I thought I saw in her a most extraordinare Vertue. Without doubt, *Athenais* is a miracle of nature: She is born with advantages, which I never saw but in her person: And if her Birth were as great as her Spirit, and if in stead of being bred in solitude, she had been brought up at Court; she had been incomparable in everie thing: But to her misfortune, she hath begun, with what I am going to finish. Doubtless it is more easie to them who have a well accomplished Soul, to live gloriouslie in solitude, after they have lived in the World; Then to go from solitude to domination. They who have known how to conduct manie People can certainlie lead their flocks without going astray: But all they who can industriouslie use a sheep-hook, cannot carrie a Scepter with honor. In fine, Kings may be Shepherds, but all Shepherds cannot be Kings. The Philosophers also, who establish themselves Soverain Judges of all the actions of men; Who boast of knowing the weight of Crowns; Who make imaginary *Republicks*? Who give laws to all the Earth? And who form Modeles, by which the greatest Princes of the World should Regulate their Lives and Governments: I say these men, who make Kings so perfect by their writings are not fit to Reign. *Athenais* gives me a domestick example of this! She knows Philosophy: She is Daughter to a man who taught it her: She is born with all noble inclinations; She knows all that any of her Sex can know; She was without ambition when she came to the Court; She has as much Spirit as anie bodie can have: But because she knows not the World but by books, and because her experience hath taught her nothing; Her simplicity hath made her listen to *Crisaphius* his divices: And doubtless hath possest her with the opinion that she has of me to day. All these things, *Flavian*, were not of my knowledge, when kindled in the Emperours heart, that flame which de-

stroys me to day: But now I well know, that an active Philosophie is requisite to know how to reign: That experience is the surest studie of Kings; And I have also known by my own, that none can be perfectlie wise, but at its expences, and truly I should not think it strange, that the Empereſs do everie thing, to preserve that qualitie which I have given her: It is so advantageous to her; That I also wonder she doth not make it more. But as I have alreadie said to you, the change that happens to day, doth neitther astonish nor trouble me: And I do yet preserve so much affection for *Theodosius*, and so much esteem for *Athenais*, that to hinder them from committing a publick fault, I will denude my self of what power I had; Abandon *Theodosius* to the affection that he has for the Empereſs: And abandon her to her little experience, and to the divices of *Crisaphius*. I know not reverend *Flavian*, if my conjectures will be as false this day, as they were when I Crowned *Athenais*: But if I be not mistaken, the reign of these Illustrious Persons, shall neither be long nor happie. The complacencie of *Theodosius*, and the little experience of the Empereſs, makes me compassionate them: Methinks I alreadie see her, going to consult her books, upon the least unexpected accident: But my Father, her books were not made for our Age: And if she have not her judgement verie clear, that which was glorious to *Alexander*, shall be disgracefull to *Theodosius*; That which made him love, shall make this hate: And that which made him redoubtable, shall make this despised. The Throne whereon she is to day is so high, that I fear her sight is not stronge enough, to see the cottage again wherein she did formerlie dwell. I fear, I say, she will be transported, and abandoning the reins of State which I have forsaken to her, fall into some important errour. For me, I was never dazled by Grandeure: I am born among purples: The playes of my infancie past upon the Throne: And the first thing I learned was to reign over others, and over my self. The wise *Anthemius* teaching me policie, which I have happilie enough practised since, told me one day, that to be never surprised at fortunes unconstancy; We must always be prepared to endure, what others do undergo: And never to mount a Triumphing Chariot, without being

prepared

prepared to be tied to it, if Fortune desire it. Wherefore, *Flavian*, I should not be surprised, if having partlie banished the Empereſs into *Paleſtina*; She should to day send me into solitude. The sweet pleasure that she found there, without doubt makes her wish it to me: And it is onlie in gratitude, that she desires to be employed in that place which I did hold. When she came to cast her self at my feet, and when by reasons which would be too long to relate, I resolved to make her Empereſs: I thought that that person, who esteemed her self happie, in having a roof of straw for riches would behave infinitlie, when she should see her self reign over the heart of *Theodoſius*, and set upon a Throne, to which she dared not to lift her eyes. However matters go not so; And she who onlie desired a simple cottage for her contentmemt, cannot find her self in a great and statelie Palace, if she be not there alone, and if she banish not her who opened the gates to her, and put her in posſession. It may truelie be said for her excuse, that she does not believe, it was from my hands she received the crown which she carries: The assurance her Father gave her a dying, that she should be richer then her brothers, perſwads her that this Crown did fall from the higheſt heavens upon her head. She believes that the influence of the stars caused her good Fortune. And that I did nothing at that time, but what I could not hinder me from doing. She thinks I was constrained, by that constellation under which she is born, to make her Empereſs of the *Eaſt*: And in this manner, believing that she holds her good Fortune of the stars, she thinks her self thankful enough, when without looking upon me, she hath onlie lifted up her eyes to Heaven. But wise *Flavian*, I who never believed all the miracles that have been told me of judicial Astrologie, who knows the uncertaintie of that Science: How millie, and doubious are the predictions which it makes; And how unprofitable they are: I say, I know verie well, that I was not constrained to Crown *Athenais*. I designed it not without reason, I examined the thing exactlie. And because it was of importance to me, I did not tumultuouslie resolve it: And it might have come to pass, that *Athenais* should have gained her cause, and lost the Empire that day, in spight of

the Planets and Stars. *In* fine, my Father, I well know, that this Science, whose predictions are not understood, untill the things come to pass, is not a gift of Heaven: GOD did make nothing unprofitable in the World: And yet judiciall Astrologie is of such a nature, that it oblidges me the more to believe its falsitie. Who is he that hath profited by the Prophesies have been made of him? Or to say better who hath understood them? Chance, that caused the Sponge be so fortunatlie thrown at the famous Painter, which accomplished without thinking of it, that which all his Art could not do, doubtless makes these occurencies, upon which the reputation of this Science is established, sometimes mervaillous: But ordinarlie, they who adjust accidents to Prophesie, must have more spirit then the greatest masters of this Art. When *Lantine* a dying said to *Athenais*, that she should be richer then her Brothers: The good-man said it rather in praise of her beautie and vertue, then in assurance of the Empire. And if he had certainlie foreseen, that the Crown which she carries to day, was to be upon her head; He had but little judgement, to amuse himself with dividing three or four foot of earth among his Sons: Because it was verie credible, that if she did become Empereſs, she would not let her brothers live in the povertie of their birth, and consequentlie the paternall Succession would be of no use to them. Yes, wise *Flavian*, onlie I have made *Athenais* Empereſs of the *East*: However, I forgive her want of gratitude: And I wish with all my heart, that in fine she may know the talent which Heaven hath given her. She is certainlie proper for great vertues: And if she attempt but to Reign over her self; She shall be the mervaill of her age. She shall reap more Palms in *Palestina*, then she can acquire Glorie by the Government of affairs: And if I be not deceived, she shall there be happier. For me my Father, who am otherwaies born, I should willinglie put my self, as you have been ordained, among these Virgins, who have no other care, but to make ane oblation of their hearts to God; If I did not think that *Theodosius* and the Empereſs may perhaps need my assistance: But knowing them as I do, it shall suffice, that retiring to my solitude, I leave them libertie of

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acting according to their fancies: And I wish to GOD, that fame inform me of nothing to their disadvantage. I shall be verie glad that their conduct let it be seen, that what I had of *Theodosius* had no evil success: And that I have not made a bad choice of *Athenais*. However, *Flavian*, if it be possible, let the Emperour know, that without murmuring I quit that share of domination which he gave me: That not having taken it but onlie for his ease and glorie, I willinglie demit, how soon I know that he thinks it no more agreeable to him. But let him remember, that at my parting from him, I leave all his Empire in peace; That all his subjects love him; That all his Neighbours fear him; That there is abundance in all his towns: That Vertue is seen in everie particular Familie; That vice appears no more among them; That his Court (except *Crisaphius*) hath no flatterers; That the Rable are without insolence; That the great are without pride; And that pietie reigns in all the Temples of his Empire. Let him remember, Venerable *Flavian*, that that great vertue (if I dare say it) hath past from my heart into his; And from his, into that of all his Subjects, that thereby the memorie of me be not troublesome to him: And also to the end, that if it come to pass by chance, that he one day do recall me, as he hath recalled *Athenais*; He may see, if the Government will be then in the condition I leave it in this day: As for the Empereſs, I shall be glad she know, that though I have not made a particular studie of Philosophie, that though I be of a birth to exile others, and not to be banished; That though I have some portion in the Throne which she wholl ie this day possesses, I forbear not I say, to quit that Throne, and endure my exile, with more moderation then she testifies by receiving the crown which I gave her: I wish from Heaven, that I may know better how to use my disgrace, then she hath done her good Fortune: And to conclude this discourse, remember my Father, you who have Governed my Conscience, so long as I governed the Empire; That I never in my life proposed anie other thing to my self, then alwaies to do what I ought, and what I believed to be most glorious, and most just. Veritable Wisdom consists in the good usage of what accidents befall us: There is no

need

need of a ſcrupulous atachment to one Vertue: They muſt be all practiſed according to ſeverall occaſions. There is a time wherein humilitie is not laudable; And wherein Grandeur of courage is more neceſſarie: And others alſo wherein diſſimulation is Wiſdom: And Freedom criminall. We muſt know how to change ſeaſonablie, yet without ever changing the reſolution of doing what we ought. If a Prince with whom I have made a juſt War, ſhould by chance of Armes make me his ſlave; I ſhould then look upon him no more as my enemie, but as my Maſter; I would be faithfull to him in that condition; And renew the chains which he would make me carrie, if of themſelves they did break; Becauſe I could not break them without crime. It is by the ſame reaſon, wiſe *Flavian*, and, by that ſame vertue, that without making factions in the Empire; Without cauſing the People rebell in my favours; And without making the Eccleſiaſticks remember, that I have ſeverall times deſtroyed Hereſie, and ſuſtained their Altars; Without *I* ſay doing anie of theſe things, I do reſolve after having known how to reign Soveraignlie enough; To obey with as much ſubmiſſion of Spirit, as I have had Grandeur of courage, in commanding the half of the World, from the age of fifteen years untill this day.

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THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis *Diſcourſe which was told to* Theodoſius *was effectuall in its time, as well as that of the Empereſs had been; And becauſe affairs did not proſper well under the adminiſtration of* Athenais, Pulcheria *after four years was recalled to the Government; Which with much Glorie ſhe poſſeſſed till her death: After having cauſed ſtrick of the head of* Criſaphius: *And the fair and knowing* Athenais *moleſted with he changes of Court; retired of her own accord to* Paleſtina, *where ſhe lived and died in a mervellous Sanctitie*

CALPHURNIA TO LEPIDUS

THE FIFTEENTH HARRANGUE.

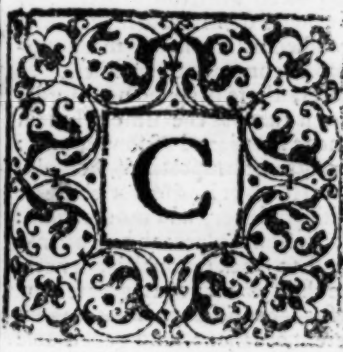
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ARGUMENT.

All Ages all Nations, and almost all men, have made Cesars *Elegy; But I know none, that hath made his Apology. They thought it was easier to praise his Valour, then to justifie his Intentions, and that his warrs were more Glorious then was their cause. Everie one believes he was a great Captain, but all do not believe that he was a good Citizen. They who called him the Father of Souldiers, have also called him the Tirran of* Rome, *and almost all have thought that he aspired at Soveraign power. Yet who soever considers the business will find, that he appeared rather innocent then criminall, and I do assure my self, if you will hearken to his reasons in the mouth of* Calphurnia, *you will not condemn him. Because our Nation was conquered by him, me thinks it is important to our Glorie, that our Conquerour be without tache, and I think to defend the honour of* France, *by defending the illustrious* Cesar. *He ha h spoken so worthily of the Gaules in his commentaries, that it is just the Gaules should speak of him, and I cannot endure it to be said that we have followed a Tirrans Chariot. Hear then what his Wife is going to say, who knew his intentions, and is going to make them known to you.*

CALPHURNIA

CALPHURNIA TO LEPIDUS.



ESAR is revenged, *Lepidus*; The laſt of his murderers hath loſt his life; And all the *Romans* have a Maſter: They themſelves give to *Auguſtus* the Soveraign power, which they would have refuſed to the great *Ceſar* if he had been capable of aſking it: And for the puniſhment of their crime, they with their own hands forge the chains, which they not onlie ought to carrie; But which by right of Succeſſion ſhall paſs to their Poſtertie. Yes, *Lepidus*, becauſe the *Romans* did unjuſtlie accuſe *Ceſar*, of deſiring to be their Tirran, they ſhall if I be not deceived, have triall of all that the cruelleſt Tirrany can make them endure. We alreadie ſee that *Auguſtus* hath no children, and that *Tiberius* hath inclinations ſpeedilie to begin, what I ſay. And moreover, the knowledge that I have of the innocency of the firſt *Ceſars*, makes me almoſt certainlie ſee the misfortunes which ſhall oppreſs *Rome*. The Gods are too juſt, not to chaſtiſe with rigour, them who maſſacred the Father of his countrey, and the protector of libertie. Yes, *Lepidus*, the great *Ceſar* trulie mer-

ed these two Glorious Titles, and did not at all merit the treatment that he received. Trulie I wonder that the *Romans* have so evillie explained his intentions, since his whole life lets them see that he loved libertie: And also that the greatest crimes he is accused of, are the effects of his passionate desires to preserve it. You know *Lepidus* that in his more tender years, he declared himself enemie to *Sylla*, and consequentlie to Tirranie. He was looked upon then as a Citizen too passionate for libertie, and was constrained to hid himself, and also to retire from *Rome*, that he might escape the Ambuscadoes that were laid against his life. After that, he accused *Dollabela*, and Rigorouslie prosecuted him, for having acted with too much Soveraignitie, in the Government of his Province: And by that action made it sufficientlie known, that he approved not in him, what he condemned in others. In effect, while he was Pretor, there happned no disorder in the *Republick*: Though that was the time wherein he might have rather made his wicked actions appear: Because that charge was of greater importance, then what he had formerlie possest: However he did not abuse it: He did everie thing with prudence, and moderation: And his verie enemies could not reproach him of anie thing of that time. And to speak rationallie, it never did anie thing but make the *Romans* power greater, by making new conquests for it everie day, hazarding his life in a thousand different occasions, and gerouslie opposing all the Tirrans, who minded to usurpe the domination, He did not regard their being his relations or allayes: And did so much for the publick good, that he no more considered his particular interests. Trulie *Lepidus*, everie time *I* remember what *Cesar* hath done for the *Romans*, of the numbers of victories he hath gained, or against their enemies, or against their Tirrans; I immediatlie believe that my memorie deceives me: And that it altogether presents to me all the brave actions, that have been done since the beginning of Ages. I cannot, I say, think, that one and the same person had interprised so manie things, had accomplished so manie glorious designes had made so manie Conquests, had given so manie Battles, had so much hazarded his life, had escaped so manie dangers, and

and had not lived longer then others. Nevertheles, *Lepidus* you know, that *Cesar* hath done more then I say although he hath lived but fiftie six years: And to recount onlie one part of his victories, and of the brave actions which he hath done before *I* undertake to justifie him, remember what he did in *Spain*. He subiugated the Callaciens, and the *Lusitanians* even to the *Ocean*, where the *Romans* had never been. The conqueſt of the *Gaules*, you know, hath immortaliſed his glorie: For there in leſs then ten years, he did take either by compoſition or aſſault, more then eight hundered Towns, conquered three hundered different Nations; And having ſeen before him in ranged Battle above three millions of armed men in manie encounters, he killed more then one million, and did take as manie priſoners. (O *Cesar*, O Illuſtrious Conqueror! Muſt the poigniard of an ungratefull Traytor, make thee loſs thy life!) But I am not yet come to the laſt of his Victories: That famous Battle which he gave to *Arioviſtus* upon the banks of the *Rhine*, where more then eightie thouſand men died, makes it ſufficientlie ſeen that Conquerours are never wearie. Further *Cesar* did not alwaies overcome with eaſe: He hath ſome times ſeen victorie flie above his enemies camp, and fame altogether readie to publiſh his defate: But his ſingle valour forced them to return to his partie. The adventure of the *Nervianes* makes what I ſay abundantlie ſeen: All the *Romans* were defated, and the other were verie like to have been Maſters of the field of battle, when *Cesar* did caſt himſelf alone, amidſt his enemies with his ſword in his hand, and a ſheild upon his left arm: And by an action worthie of *Ceſar*, deſerved to conquer theſe, who had almoſt conquered his People. After that, he was the firſt who paſſed the *Rhine*; He was the firſt who ſailed with an armie upon the Occidentall *Ocean*; He conquered *England*, which none believed was in being: And carried his armes and *Romes* Glorie, in places where the name of *Romans* had never been. The famous priſe of *Alexia*, is none of *Ceſar's* leaſt actions: He ſaw in head of him, an Armie of three hundered thouſand men, to make him raiſe the ſiedge: But having as much prudence as courage, he devided

his armie, and acted so skilfullie, that they who lived before *Alexia*, did not know there was a powerfull reliefe coming to the Town. They did not know I say, they were incloſed between two powerfull enemies, untill *Ceſar* had defated them: And *Vercingentorix*, who was in that place, was rendered to that famous Conquerour. Ah ſurelie! After that I doubt not but Hiſtorie will one day ſay, that he ſurmounted all ther *Heroes*: Yes, *Lepidus*, whoſoever would compare the great qualities of the moſt Illuſtrious with him, will find that he hath excelled them. The *Fabianes*, *Scipioes*, the *Metalles*, and alſo they of his own time as *Silla*, *Marius*, the two invincible *Lucullus*, and *Pompey*, are inferiour to him in everie thing: he ſurmounted one by the difficulties of the countreys he conquered: The ſecond by the extent of the Nations which he hath put under the *Romans* dominion: The third by the multitudes of enemies he hath defated: An other by the feirceneſs of the People with whom he had to do, and whom he behooved both to overcome and teach: An other in ſweetneſs, in clemencie, and in humanitie, to them whom he conquered: The laſt in magnificence and liberalitie to them who fought under him: And all of them in gaining manie battles, in defateing numbers of enemies, and in practiſing manie vertues. Behold *Lepidus*, the Victories which the *Romans* could not diſpute with *Ceſar*. They are reduable to him for all the blood that he ſhed in the many encounters he met with. It was for them that he fought; It was for them that he overcame; It was for them that he conquered ſo manie countreys? And there were none to be found, untill the paſſage of that famous River, which *Ceſar* traverſed to come to *Rome*, or to ſay better, to come againſt the Tirran of *Rome*; I ſay there was none to be found but who did agree, that the *Republick* was much oblidged and indebted to *Ceſar*. But *Lepidus*, I intend to ſhow you this day that the other Victories which *Ceſar* gained, are theſe for which the *Romans* are more oblidged to him. I intend to let you ſee that *Ceſar* did never more ſtronglie teſtifie the paſſion that he had for libertie, and the hatred that he had to tirranie; Then when he fought and conquered *Pompey*. But to reſume the matter from its

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source, to justifie *Cesar*, *Pompey* must be accused: And it must be seen, that as the one did alwaies testifie his being the Protector of libertie. the other, hath still made it appear that he aspired at Tirranie. All the World hath known, that *Pompey* did so manie things to usurpe the domination, that to hinder him from interprising it any more they wereconstrained to declare him alone Consull: And the *Romans* at that time loved better to satisfie his vanitie some way, then to oppose directlie him. But they did not use *Cesar* so, for so far from granting new honors to him, they utragiouslie refused the just things that he sought. *Lentulus Pompeyes Partysan*, disgracefullie banished *Anthonie* and *Curio*, who were constrained to disguise themselves like slaves, that they might return with safitie to *Cesar*; And all that *Lepidus*, because *Cesar* by them did ask, the continuation of the Government of the *Gaules*, whom he conquered. The unjust refusall that he got, did not carrie him to unjust designs: He did at that time know, that *Pompey* demanded not his return to *Rome*, but for his loss; That *Pompey* looked upon him as his enemie: And as the onlie obstacle that could hinder him from obtaining the Soveraign power, which he had so long pretended to. *Cesar* did then consider his particular preservation, and also the publick good: He had a minde to disarme his enemie, and the enemie of *Rome*, and also disarme himself. He then caused tell the Senate, to let the puritie of his intentions be seen, that he was readie to quit the Government of the *Gaules*, who had so often made him expose his life; That he was readie to lay down his armes; That he was readie to come and give account of his actions; That he was readie absolutlie to renounce all kind of authoritie, conditionallie that *Pompey* should lay down his armes, as well as he, and that they should both live as private persons. Me thinks these propositions were not Tirranick: Tirrans never do expose themselves to such things: And *Pompeyes* Procedour makes what I say verie well seen. If *Cesar* had proposed to him to divide the Soveraign power with him, perhaps he would have more favourablie heard him; But because he desired to put him out of condition of being able to aspire anie more at Tirranie, he could not suffer so just

a proposition; He made factions to hinder the Senate from being brought to reason; And to wearie *Cesars* patience entirlie, he caused as I have alreadie told you, and as you know, ignominiouslie banish them whom he had sent. He was treated as enemie of the publick good: And *Pompey* who sought but to set affairs on fire for *Cesars* death, and to profit himself by the misfortunes of others, loved better to ruine his countrey, then to change his wicked designs. All the Senators found *Cesars* propositions just: For he caused demonstrate to them, that if they would have him quit his armes, and *Pompey* not quit his: It was to give him the means of arriving at *Monarchie*: But demanding that it should be ordained for them both to quit, was asking a thing equallie profitable to all the people, and which should not offend *Pompey*, if he truelie had no wicked intentions. his Father in law *Scipio*, and his friend *Marcellus*, liked not to consent to it: And also they were almost the onlie men who hindered *Cesar* from obtaining what he demanded: And did so highlie speak of *Pompeys* interest, that because the Senate could resolve upon nothing, publick mourning was ordained for that particular detention. Yet *Cesar* was not wearied: He writ again to the Senate; He made just propositions to them a second time: And both these times *Pompeys* faction was the strongest. Further I know not how *Cesar* can be accused, of having so much as dreamed to usurpe the Soveraign power; Because some time before the last injuries were done to him, *Pompey* having sent to recall some Troupes that he had given him; *Cesar* sent them back without being pressed to it: Sufficientlie testifying by that action, that he feared not for the weakening his own forces, nor the augmenting those of his Enemie: And did consequentlie let them see, that he had no concealled designs. But morover, where are the great preparations of War that *Cesar* hath made for so great an enterprise? Where are the intelligences that he hath practised in *Rome* or in anie other Towns: Where are his great Armies, or the manie Machines, for the battles that he must have given, or for the siedges he must have laid? No *Lepidus*, *Cesar* had none of all those things: And when *Caius* and *Anthonie* came to him disguised

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as slaves, to acquaint him of the unworthie treatment he had received in their persons, and of the wicked designs which *Pompey* had both against him and the *Republick*: He had but five thousand infantrie; And three hundred horse with him. Do you think *Lepidus* that these Troupes were sufficient for a design of that importance? If *Cesar* had had that intention, he would without doubt have Leived a much stronger Armie, he would have found pretexts for it; And he was more wise then to have undertaken such a thing, without having a long time before searched out a way to make it succeed. It was not then a premeditated design that made him pass that River, which he hath made so famous by his passage: It was both a resentment of choller, of shame and despight, with an earnest desire to be revenged of his enemie, and to destroy a man who not onlie desired to destroy him, but also destroy the *Republick*. He departed then without anie premeditation: And the justice of Heaven conducting all his designs; He made himself Master of *Italie* in sixty dayes, without shedding the blood of the Citizens. As to *Pompey*, it well appeared by his conduct, that remorse of conscience made him loss his good sense: He was no more the great *Pompey*, who when he had none but lawfull designs, and when he served the *Republick*, testified so much prudence and so much courage. He lost both the one and the other at that time: For though he had more Wariours then *Cesar*, and though he had the advantage of being in *Rome*; He no sooner understood, that he had past the *Rubicone*; But he fled in disorder: without so much as giving leasure for making sacrifices to the Gods, to calme that storme. But the knowledge he had of his wicked designs, doubtless made him believe, they would not be favourable to him: And there may be manie persons found, who in so great a trouble will loss that respect, which they alwaies did bear to them. Some did remember at that time, that he had been heard say formerlie, *that stricking the foot against the Earth would make Souldiers arise*. That way of speaking, which smells of Tirranie, was he reproached with: And one of the chiefest of *Rome*, seeing his astonishment, boldlie said to him; *Now strick the earth, to*

encrease

encreaſe your armie, that you may oppoſe Ceſar. He was alſo reproached of ambition and unjuſtice: And what was ſaid againſt him at that time, makes it ſufficently ſeen that *Pompey*, was the tyrran, that *Ceſar*, was the Protector. In effect he was no ſooner in *Rome*, then he courtiouslie treated all the ſenatores: he with a ſweet tenderneſs prayed them to Pacifie every thing; and again propoſed to them moſt juſt, and moſt reaſonable articles of peace, thereby to make them agree with *Pompey*. But they knowing that *Pompey* would be all or nothing; They did not make it, and excuſed themſelves to *Ceſar*. But *Lepidus*, when this Illuſtrious *Heros*, was created dictator, gave he any markes of his having deſires to aſpire at tyrranie. Non at all; He recalled the baniſhed; Replaced in honor the children of them who had been confiſcated in the time of *Silla*, who was a Tyrran, and eleven dayes after voluntarlie demitted the dictatorſhip, contenting himſelf with being Conſulate, with *Servilius Iſauricus*. After that *Lepidus*, can any ſay that *Ceſar* was a tyrran, and that *Pompey*, was the defender of libertie. But let us finiſh the giving account of his Illuſtrious Life in few words, that we may have the more leaſure to Lament his death. Doubtleſs you remember all the artifice that *Pompey* uſed, to ſhun fighting with *Ceſar*, and draw affairs to delay: and they were ſo certainly viſible, and his ambitione ſo known, that his verie ſouldiers boldlie ſaid, he continued not the warr, but for to continue his authority. In effect, he knew that either victorious or conquered, he muſt quitt the ſoveraign Power, or altogether take of the Maſk, that concealed him to the halph of the *Romaines*. But *Ceſar*, whoſe confidence was in the equity of his cauſe, and in that of the gods, ſearched after his enemies. He feared not to aſſault and fight him; He had nothing in his heart that reproached him of crime; He knew that he revenged *Rome*, by revenging himſelf; And by freeing himſelf of an adverſarie, He freed *Rome* of a tyrran. His hope of heaven did not deceive him: He gained the battle and *Pompey* loſt it. That man who had been ſo much favoured by fortune whille he was innocent, was abandoned by it when he became Criminal. He did not anie more know aither to fight or overcome; nor did ſomuch as know how to be overcome like a man

of

of courage. Howſoon his partie had gotten the worſt in the battle of *Pharſalia*, in ſted of annimating them by his example he went into his tent, without knowing almoſt what he ſaid: And knowing that affairs went ſtill worſe for him, that his entrenchments were forced And that *Ceſar*, approached, *what* (ſaid he all frightned) *even in our Camp*, and after he had ſpoken in this mannner, he again fledd, and abandoned all that remained of his Partie. Yet me thinks it would have ben more glorious for him to have died by *Ceſars* armes then by the ſword of the traitour *Septimius*, who formerlie commanded under him: But this great man, having in his heart, hatred, remorſe, repentance; ſhame of being overcome, and ambition; We neid not wonder if loſing hopes of reinging, He, in fine loſt his reaſon. But after we have ſeen that *Ceſar* was skilful in the art of conquering, I pray you *Lepidus* let us look if he did alſo know the uſe of victorie; if he was inhuman or clement; If he was juſt or rigorous? If he was tyrran or *Romane* Citiſen. How ſoon the field of battle was left to him, and the eagerneſſe he had to fight was mitigated when he ſaw ſuch multitudes of dead ſouldiers round about him, he ſhedd ſo many tears, as he had cauſed them ſhedd bloud: *O gods*, (cried he weeping,) *Te know it was their desyre and that they Compelled me to be their conqueror! For Ceſar after having gained ſo many Illuſtrious victories, doubtleſs would have bein blamed, if he had abandoned his armie.* Any other Conqueror but *Ceſar*, would have ſhedd tears of ioy, after having gained the battle: But for him, He could not rejoyce in his Victorie, becauſe it had coſt the lives of ſome of his citiſens. Believe me *Lepidus*, Tyrrants do not weep for their ennemies: And clemencie and pitty are ſentiments which they know not at all. However you know that *Ceſar*, almoſt pardoned all his: He alſo had a particular care to cauſe ſearch for that prefidious man, who afterwards cauſed him loſs his life: And when the traytor *Brutus*, rendred himſelf to him, he treated him as if he had bein his ſon: Woe is me! me thinks I ſee my dear *Ceſar*, going from rank to rank aſking from his people news of *Brutus*, looking among the dead bodies, if he was not yet there in condition to be ſuccoured, and doing all things poſſible to ſave him,

who

who by a horrid ungratitude, thrusted a poignard into his breast. *O gods!* is it possible that *Cesar*, could make so bad a choice? That among all the *Romans* he loved his murtherer, better then any other, and that the *gods* who testified their having such particular care of his life, did not advertise him, that he whom he loved best of all men, should of all men be the most cruell against him. But it is not yet tyme to speak of *Brutus*, his ungratitude; The clemency and the goodness of *Cesar*, furnishes me With too good a subject to leave it so soon: And to let his assasinates cryme appear as great as it is, his vertues must appear with all the splendour that they had. Tyrrans have some times put a pryce upon the heads of their enemies, they have promised abolitione of all sorts of crimes to these who would bring them: And sometimes when they have been satisfied, they have looked upon that fatall present with joy. But *Cesar*, used not his so; He would not see that of *Pompey*; He weeped bitterlie; He treated him ignominiously who presented it to him, and forced him to the necessity, of making his recourse to flight, thereby to save his life. For me, I find that actione more glorious for *Cesar*, then if he had overcome *Pompey*: But though he was alone to weep for his enemie; He was not alone to fight. Furtber, He well testified that He did not so much regaird *Pompey*, as to his own Particular, then as to that of the Republick? For he not only pardoned all them of his partie who would render themselves? But he took a particular care of all *Pompeys* friends: And by that made it seen that he hated not his person, but only that He desyred to destroy his unjust and pernicious dessignes. Any other but *Cesar*, after having been victor, would have considred his own security; By banishing some, by puting others to death, and by putting himself in a condition to defie the rest. But for him, He considered nothing but the gathering the ruptures of *Pompeyes* naufrage. It might have been said that it was his army that was defated: And that He stayed in that place, to railly his troups. He testified so much swetnesse and goodness to them who came and listed themselves under his coulors. He did also wreat to *Rome*, *That the sweetest fruits he receved of the Victorie, was that every day, He saved the life of some of their*

Citizens

Citizens. O *Lepidus*. Tirrants have no ſuch words! Further to demonſtrate the equitie of his intentions, and to ſhow that his victorie was not a chance of Fortune, but an effect of the will of the Gods; he continued happie in other things that he enterpriſed. The War of *Egypt*, and that of *Armenia*, from whence he writ to *Rome*, *that he was come, that he had ſeen, and that he had overcome*, makes what I ſay abundantlie ſeen. After that, in one ſingle day, he made himſelf Maſter of three Camps; killed fiftie thouſand men; And loſt but fiftie Souldiers. In your opinion *Lepidus*, was it *Ceſars* arm that fought ſo, or rather was it not that of the Gods? That illuſtrious victorie made him no more inexorable then the reſt: For when he was told, that *Cato* was killed by his own hand? *O Cato!* (ſaid he) *how I envie thy death, becauſe thou haſt envied my glorie of ſaving thy life.* Perhaps ſome will ſay, that if *Cato* had lived, *Ceſar* would not have done what he ſaid: But it is eaſie to imagine, that he who pardoned *Brutus* and *Cicero*, who carried armes againſt him, would have alſo pardoned *Cato*. But *Lepidus* I will have none judge of *Ceſar* by the knowledge I have of him; I will have none judge of *Ceſar* by what his friends will ſay of him; But I will onlie have them judge of him by the honors that the *Romans* have done to him, dureing his life, and after his death. And truelie, it was not without reaſon that there was a Temple of Clemencie builded in acknowledgement of his; Becauſe there was never a conqueror, who did ſo perfectlie know the practiſe of that vertue. But pray you tell me *Lepidus*, how is it poſſible that theſe ſame *Romans*, who ſince the ending of the Wars, could not reprocah *Ceſar* of anie act of Soveraignitie; how is it I ſay poſſible, that theſe verie men who builded this Temple of clemencie, by the knowledge they had of his goodneſs, could call him Tirran; It might be found in Hiſtorie, that Triumphant Arches have been erected for Tirrans: That by their orders, and by their violence, their ſtatues have been placed upon the Altars: But that by a voluntary gratitude, Temples have been builded to their glorie, and Temples of Clemencie; Is that which will not be found in all Ages, and which wil be found of *Ceſar*; For in fine, he

was no Tirran, and doubtleſs, merited more then was given him. Do you not remember *Lepidus*, of the day wherein he cauſed redreſs *Pompeyes* ſtatues, and wherein *Cicero* ſaid, *that by re-elevating them, he ſecured his own*: That action was then found as brave, as it was; All the *Romans* ſpake of no other thing, and all did agree, that *Ceſar* was the moſt Illuſtrious of all the *Heroes*, And trulie at that time *Ceſar* ſeemed as juſt as generous: For whereas theſe ſtatues were erected for *Pompey*, in the time that he ſerved the *Republick*; He would have no mark of honour taken from him. which he did effectuallie merit. Further Tirrans are never in ſafitie: They fear everie thing, and truſt themſelves to no bodie: They judge themſelves worthie of a violent death: And by the pains they take to ſhun it, they make it appear that they know they merit it. But for *Ceſar*, becauſe he truſted to his innocence, he alſo truſted to all People: For he put *Brutus* and *Caſſius* in authoritie by making them Pretors and would take no care of his ſafitie. Ah would to Heaven! That he had followed his friends counſell at that time: But he was too Generous, to be capable of ſuch prudence, as does ſo ſtranglie reſemble fear, that it does verie ſoften produce the ſame effects. And moreover, he thought that having made known to the *Romans*, the ſinceritie of his intentions, he ſhould have no need of anie other proviſion for his ſafitie. He loſt not one ſingle occaſion of teſtifying to them that he preferred the qualitie of a *Roman* Citizen to all other: As you know, when he returned one day from *Alba*, when ſome did ſalute him, they called him *King*; But he anſwered them, *that he was named* Ceſar *and not King*. Yes, *Ceſar* you had reaſon to prefer that name to this of King: You have rendered it ſo famous that you cannot quit it without loſing by the change: You muſt having lived *Ceſar*, die *Ceſar*. Do you alſo remember *Lepidus*, that when the Senate decered new honors for him, he ſaid with an extream moderation, *that his honors had rather need of being retrinched then augmented*: Nor are you ignorant, that when *Anthonie* by an inconſiderate zeal cauſed preſent the Royall *Bandeau* to him, he twice refuſed it: And commanded it to be carried to *Jupiters* ſtatue:

As if he would have said, that the *Romans* should oblige be commanded by the Gods. What could he do more at that time to testifie to the *Romans*, that he aspired not at Tirranie, then Publicklie to refuse the badge of Royaltie? would anie have had him cause put *Anthony* to death for that cryme? No that would not have been just: and he who had pardoned his enemies of a hundered crymes, ought also to pardone a rash zeal in on of his friends. I well know that *Pompeys* partisans have said, that *Cesar*, contributed to some excessive honors that were done to him, thereby to essay the peoples good will: But know, *Lepidus*, if he had contributed to them, his refuseing of them would have been with designe, to justifie his intentions. Ah, *Lepidus*, to speak truelie of the matter, the friends, flatterers, and enemies of *Cesar*, are they who equally oppressed him, with the Crowns of flowres, that they did throw upon him The first by excesse of affection: others, by the desyre of pleasing and making themselves great, and others, by design of giving pretexts to the people, to murmure against *Cesar*; And of having some coulor for the villanies which they under hand devised against him. But tell me, *Lepidus*, what other thing could *Cesar* doe, then refuse the honors that were offered to him! Moreover if *Cesar*, had a desyred to be King, it would not have been impossible to him: That same arm that made him conquer so many countreyes, and gain so many victories, would have secured the Empire to him. He was too well instructed in worldlie affairs, to belive that by meeknesse, and the suffrage of all the *Romans*, he could arrive at the throne: Doubtless, he knew that crowns are taken by violence, and are never given: And if he had intended to make himself King, He would have used force and not meekness. France would have furnished him with ane armie strong enough for that: And if with five thousand foot and three hundred horse he put *Pompey* to the flight, and made himself master of all *Italie*; It would not have been more difficult for him after the battle of Pharsalia, to have usurped the soveraign authority. The *Gaules*, would have followed him with joy, and would have come unto *Rome*, to retake the bootie, which the *Roman* Legions had for merlie taken from them. In fine *Lepidus*;

He would have acted like a tyran, and usurper, and not like a citizen. I do avouch that *Cesar*, desired to reign, but it was in the *Romans* hearts, and not in *Rome*: He did them everie day new favours; He considered onlie their felicity and their glory: And in the verie time wherein they were meditating his death he employed all his pains to make them live happily. *Lepidus*, was there ever a more illustrious Heroe then *Cesar*? Repass all his life with himself, you shal not find on single blemish, but you shall their find all vertues in the highest degree the victorys which he gained were not of those which fortune gives blindlie to them who confide in it absolutlie: He gained them both by valour and reason: and when he gave any thing to chance, it was because reason would have it so. The stadefastnes of mind, that he alwayes testified, in all the dangers wherein he exposed himself for the republick, is ane incomprehensible thing: He ever beheld good and evil fortune with the same countenance. Love, Choller, Hatred Revenge, and Ambition, did never make him guilty of anie imbecillitie: He was alwaies Master of his passions, and did never let himself be surmounted but by Clemencie. Nevertheles, there are men, there are *Romans*, who have been so wicked, as to look upon *Cesar* as a Tirran. But no, *Lepidus*, the businesse was not altogether so; The particular hatred which *Cassius* did bear to *Cesar*, because he preferred *Brutus* to him, in designing to make him Consull to his prejudice, was that which made the conspiracie. It was not for having violated the *Roman* Laws; it was not for having male-treated the Senators; It was not for causing put Citizens to death: It was onlie for revenging *Cassius*. But if *Cesar* was to die, for preferring *Brutus* to *Cassius*, it should not have been *Brutus*, who was to stabb *Cesar* for revenging *Cassius*, whom *Cesar* did not abuse but by oblidgeing *Brutus*. No, *Lepidus*, if *Cesar* had been what he was not, I would say the cruellest Tirran that ever was, the sword of *Brutus* ought not to have been tainted with his blood: And he should have been the last of all the *Romans*, in abandoning him, after what he had done for him. Ah let none say to me, that the more ungrate he appeared to *Cesar* the more thankfull did he seem to his countrey: No, *Lepidus*

Generositie

Generositie is not compatible with ungratitude, Vice and Vertue cannot be togethet: And none can be ungrate and thanksull equallie. Whosoever receives an obligation engadges themselves to the person oblidging: Therefore they who have a high spirit do never receive benefits but from their ffriends: and in the choice of the two, they love better to oblidge their adversaries, then not to be oblidging. If *Brutus* could not have lived happie, while *Cesar* was alive, he should have alwaies appeared under his enemies coulors: He should have refused all the honors which *Cesar* gave him; He should not have rendered himself to him; And rather then to have received that life which *Cesar* gave him, he should with his own hand have killed himself, as the generous *Cato* did. But having received his life from *Cesar*; Having accepted the first offices of the *Republick*; After that by a kindlie resentment, *Cesar* had preferred him to *Cassius*; That he should have let himself been perswaded by Cassius, to stab *Cesar*; Is that which I cannot comprehend; Is that which cannot be approved off by anie rationall person; And is that which could not have been glorious to *Brutus* although *Cesar* had been a Tirran. Nevertheless *Lepidus*, that was the ungrate, this is that Traitor, who was chief of the conspiration, who gave him his deaths wound: Why *Brutus*! Why cruell! Could thou strick him who saved thy life? Why *Barbarian*, why did not the sword drop from thy hands, when the Illustrious and Great *Cesar*, seeing you come to him like the rest, did forebear to defend himself, and also said to you with more affection then splen, *And thou also my Son!* Why *Tyger*, these words touched not thy heart, and thou could strick *Cesar*? Ah no *Brutus*! If thou hadest had anie reason thou shouldest have changed such a wicked design; Thou shouldest have fought for *Cesar*, rendered to him that life which he gave thee, or if thou could not, thou should have deleated thy ungratitude with thy blood, and killed thy self upon the dead bodie of *Cesar*. But what do I *Lepidus*? My grief transports me: That dolefull image of *Cesars* death, irritates my displeasure and anger, everie time that it comes in my mind; And without having any design to it, I change both discourse and subject Let us return then to my first

intention: And say that if *Cesars* innocence, could be questioned, by the actions he did dureing his life, it shall be fullie justified, by what is come to pass at his death, and after his death. The extraordinare care that the Gods took to advertise him of the misfortune that was to befall him, lets the puritie of his Soul be sufficentlie seen: All those signs which appeared in Heaven; Those defective Victimes, those dreams which frighted me; The hands of these Souldiers which appeared in fire; He who Prognosticated to him that the *Ides* of *March* would be fatall to him; And all these other things which thought to impede the effects of the conspiration: makes it abundantlie known that *Cesar* was not an ordinaric man. If *Cesars* death could have been for the good of the *Republick*, the Gods would not have given so manie presages of it. They foretell misfortunes, thereby to make men shun them; But of the felicitie that they send them, they never give so manie signs. Perhaps it may be said to me, that *Brutus* was sufficientlie forewarned of his death: But that horrid *Phantasme* which appeared twice to him, was rather sent for his chastisement, then to give him means of escaping the misfortune that was prepared for him. Further who did ever see dead Tirrans venerated? When they are alive they are feared, but when they are dead, their bodies are dragged through the publick places; they are torn in pieces: The laws which they have made are changed; Their statues are demolished; Their memories are in execration; And they who killed them, live insafue and with honour. But for *Cesar*, all dead as he was, he hath been respected: The places which were marked with his blood, were worshiped by the *Romans*, and seemed to be sacred His bloodie Gown all peirced with the wounds he received, excitted sorrowin the Souls of all the Citizens: His Testament which enriched them all, was given earto as that of the Father of the countrey: The People made him a pile, more Glorious for his memorie, then if they had given him the nobleft funerall that Kings are honored with: Because this was an effect of his affection; And that because the same fire that did consume my dear *Cesar*, desired to embrace the houses of his murtherers. The Senate changed none of the ordi-

nances

nances which he made; They gave him new honours: All his assassinates took the flight, and by an universall consent, he was ranked among the Gods. Who ever saw a Tirran deified after his death? *Alexander* himself, who was the greatest Prince of all Antiquitie, did not pass for *Jupiters* son, but dureing his life: But *Cesar* hath that advantage above this Illustrious *Heros* that what *Alexanders* freinds did while he was alive, the witnesses of *Cesars* merit have done to him, after he ceased to live. The Gods also, after they had given sinister presages of his death, desired likewayes to testifie; That it had infinitlie offended them. That terrifying *Comet* which appeared seven whole days after his death, was alreadie a sign of the vengeance they would take: The Sun also that was a whole year, without giving his accustomed heat and brightnes, has made it known to all the earth that by *Cesars* death, the *Republick* had lost its greatest ornament and best lustre: And also to testifie his innocence better, the vengeance of Heaven hath pertinaciouslie pursued even to death, all them who onlie by their Counsells, had contributed anie thing to that unjust conspiration. They all died violent deaths, without so much as one escaping; They found no Element, where they could live quietlie; The Sea was fatal to them as well as the land, they who escaped the furie of their enemies, killed themselves with their own hand; *Cassius* peirced his own heart, with that same sword, wherewith he struck *Cesar*; And in that manner, he is punished with these same armes with which he committed the crime. *Brutus* you know ended his dayes that same way: And in fine I know that none of *Cesars* murtherers, remains anie more in the World. Judge from that *Lepidus*, if he is not fullie justified. If his death be not as Glorious to him as his life, because it hath shown to us that all nature was interessed in it? And to speak rationallie, if *Cesar* was not indeed the protector, and Father of his countrey, then the *Romans* Tyrrans.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE

IT belongs not to me to tell you the effect of this Harrange, it belongs to you, to let me know it. For its object, it has had the design of perswading you, it belongs to you then to let me understand if you be. It is you she hath spoken to under the name of Lepidus, it belongs to you to tell me if it hath hitt its aime. For me, I do assure you, if I have seduced your reason, it is but because my own is seduced: And because I do not endeavour to make you believe, but what I believe, my self. I have so great veneration for Cesar that I can have no evil thought of his intentions: And Me thinks we owe that respect to all great men, not to condemn them upon slight conjectures. They are deceitful; Great mens designs are secret: Let us then respect them, and not enterprise to judge them.

LIVIA TO MECENAS

THE SIXTEENTH HARRANGUE

ARGUMENT.

IT is to the glorie of good learning, that this Harrangue is consecrated. But though this be its principall object, it may be said that it doth not alienate me from the Generall design of my Book, because Poesie being one of the most agreeable employments of Ladies, and one of their dearest divertisements; It vindicates their pleasure, to make the merit be seen. Behold then what I have proposed to my self by this discourse, which if I be not deceived in, is rather more reasonable then interessed: At least I know, if I defend this cause, it is because I think it good, and also because I do not contravert the oath of Orators, which oblidges them not to defend any that they find evill. Judge of it Reader, *and hear* Livia *speak to* Mecenas *upon this subject, the famous Protector of the* Muses. *But to not abombard to hear her speak to the depth of this matter,* Augustus *loved verse too much, & made them too often, not to have inspired that same inclination, in her who possessed his heart: and she was too industrious not to be complacent. So then if I have chosen, I had reason, and none shall have anie to blame me.*

LIVIA TO MECENAS.



Know Illustrious *Mecenas*, that *Augustus* oweth the Empire to your Conselles: That the *Romans*, owe to you the felicity they enjoy, under a reigne so differring from Tyrranie; And also that I owe to you that quality I have to day. Yes, *Mecenas*; it was you who surmounted the powerful reasons of *Agrippa*, in that day, wherin *Augustus*, becoming enemie of his own glory, and of the *Romans* repose, disputed with himself; Whither he should preserve the supreame power, or whither he should remit it into the disposition of the people. That great Emperour would with his own hand have taken off the crown that was upon his head, for saken the reines of the Empire, descended from the throne whereon he was seated by so many toylings; And by a retreat more shameful, then *Anthonies* flight was from the battel of *Actium*, Altogither lost the fruits of so many victories that he gained: It might be said that at that time, love caused *Anthonies* flight: But in this encounter can *Augustus*, be accused of any thing but imbecility. It might have been said, that his hand was not strong enough to carrie the scepter which it held: and that he onlie abandoned what he could not keep. However, *Mecanas* you had no feeble enimies to fight with at that time: *Augustus*, and *Agrippa*, that is to say, the two first men of the world, were they who opposed you: their opinion seemed to be the juster

juſter, as appearing the more generous: And it hath been ſaid, that he ſhould have had more glory by deſtroying the *Empire*, then by eſtabliſhing of it; And more advantage in obeying then in commanding. Nevertheleſs you was conquerour in that famous battle: And yet by a moſt extraordinar chance, the conquered continued crowned: And you contented your ſelf, with obeying him for whom you preſerved the authority. That obligation which the *Emperour*, has to you, doubtleſs is verie great: But in my opinion, he is more redeuable to you, for the care you took to reconcile him to the good will of the Muſes, then for all the things which you have done for him. It is truellie, by that mean, that you can give him immortality, and alſo give it to your ſelf: It is for that, that *Auguſtus*, his age can call it ſelf happy: And I mantain it to be more glorious for the *Emperour*, to be beloved of *Virgill*, of *Horace*, of *Titus Livius*, and of the famous *Mecenas*, who is protector of theſe favorites of *Apollo*; then if he had bein feared of all the earth. Fear by rendring him redoubtable to all nations, doubtleſs would have made him obeyed while he was alive: But the praiſes of *Virgil*, and of *Horace*, ſhal render him venerable to all ages to come. Certainlie *Mecenas* if all Kings were truelie inſpired with deſire of glorie, they ſhould carefulie conſider, how to acquire the affections of them whome the gods have choſen to diſtribute it. It is by hiſtorie and poliſie, that they can obtain the immortaliſing of their names: And that they may pretend to conquer after their death both time and fortune.

But betwixt thoſe two famous waies that conducts to eternitie, *Poeſie* ſeems to have a particular privileadge to deifie men: It is whollie Celeſtiall and divine; The fire that it animates doth purifie and clarifie all them whoſe Elogies it makes; And without abandoning truth, it excuſes faults, and makes good qualities ſeen with all the advantages they have. Hiſtorie demonſtrates to us vertue all naked, and Poeſie adornes it with its beſt ornaments. Hiſtorie is ſo ſcrupulous, that it dares not determine anie thing: It gives a ſimple narrative of things. but doth not judge them: But poeſie judges Soveraignlie of all. It praiſes, it blames, it punifhes, it recompences, it gives Crowns, and chaſtiſments, it Illuſtrates or ſtains the lives of them whom it

it speaks of: And to speak all in few words it hath equall the advantages of Historie and Eloquence: And dispoſes absolutlie of that immortall Glorie, which is the nobleſt reward of all the *Heroes* toillings. Further, a Historian looks upon ſo manie things, that it is impoſſible, that the Prince whoſe reign he deſcribes, be not as it were inrolled among the number of his ſubjects. He owes his pen as well to all the criminalls of theſe times, as to all the Illuſtrious: He has not the libertie of chooſing his ſubject: He muſt take it as fortune and tyme do give it to him: And the prince and his ſubjectes are ſo ſtrongly mingled together, that almoſt He can never been ſeen, But in Armies, in publick places, and and in a popular multitude. On the contrare, the Poet, ſeparates the Prince from the people; He chooſes object and ſubject; He follows his *Heroes* to the Tombe: He ſpeaks of noihing but what pleaſes him, and yet ſpeaks all when he finds it convient. In fine the hiſtorians object is ſimplie veritie: And that of the poet is the glorie and immortalitie of his *Heros*. You ſee I do not much differ from your thoughts: And that the converſation of *Auguſtus*, and *Mecenas*, have given me knowledge enough, in everie thing that concerns Poeſie, to ſpeak rationallie of it. Wherefore, I think *I* may ſay, that Kings ſhould employ all their care, to make themſelves beloved of poets: And that *Auguſtus* is more oblidged to you, for the freindſhip of of *Horace* and *Virgil*, then for your having conſtrained him not to denudehimſelf of the *Empire* that he poſſeſſes Doubtleſs *Alexander*, had reaſon, to envie *Achilles* his deſtiny, becauſe he had the advantage, of having *Homer* to proclame his glorie; But *Auguſtus*, ſhall have non to complain of his age, becauſe the gods have given him for freinds, *Virgile*, *Horace* and *Mecenas*. However I certainlie mantain, that he hath ſome ſubject to accuſe fate, for having compelled him to baniſh *Ovide*. Yet you know to excuſe the Emperor, the regrate that he teſtified; And how much pain he had to refuſe you his pardon. I avouch *Mecenas*, that I fear the baniſhing of ſuch a brave ſpirit, will one day be a greater reproach to *Auguſtus*, then all the proſcriptions of the Triumvirate. Theſe men who can illuſtrate or denigrate the whole life of a great Prince, ſhould me-thinks be

much

much feared or much beloved: And whither by generositie or interest they should be in veneration among all the Kings of the Universe. Conquerours think a well erecting Trophies of building Triumphant Arches, causing put their statues in publick places, engraveing magnificent inscriptions upon their Tombes for immortalising their glorie; All those things fall successivelie into ruine, they destroy themselves, they burie themselves under ground and in oblivion: And their memorie perishes with the Marble that is elevated. But when a Poet who is truelie worthie of that name, undertakes the protection of a *Heroe*; He is in condition to defie, envie, time, and fortune. Nothing can anie more obscurate his reputation; His protector refutes all his enemies; And from age to ages, He renewes his life, and acquires for him a new splendour. The writtings of *Virgil* and of *Horace*, shall not onlie be glorious for *Augustus*, by the places which speak of him; but by everie thing that will be admired, in these famous Authors. They who read with astonishment, and admiration, *Virgills* divine *Eneides*, shall find the lost of this Prince, worthie to be envied by all the Monarchs of the World; In having meritted the praise and friendship, of the most excellent man, that all ages have ever produced. They who shall read *Horace* his works will find them verie advantageous to *Augustus*, in having meritted the good will of a man, who could conduct the spirit so agreeablyto vertue, by reprehending of vice: Yet to have had a greater share in his *Odes* then in his Satyres. Everie time that I consider the advantages and charmes of Poesie, I become the more passionate of it; And if the decencie of my Sex would permit me, I would say that *Didoes* chastitie pleases me less in Historie, then her weakness and despaire does in the *Eneides*. Judge then *Mecenas*, if they who can render vice so agreeable; Cannot make vertue appear with all the Ornaments: And if they who can impose Fables, cannot perswade to truth. You know *Mecenas*, that some are bold enough to affirme, that the *Scamander* is but a rivolet; And that *Troy* is of the number of things which never have been. Yet *Homer* found credit in all Nations: All the *Heroes* whom he introduces in his *Iliades*, or into his *Odyses*, have their friends and

Partisans

partisans: And the trueſt hiſtorie doth not ſo much intereſs his Readers, as the one and the other of theſe mervailous works. Let Princes learn then from thence, that they who can ſo well immortaliſe their fancies and imaginations, can with much ſtronger reaſon make them live eternallie, when they render themſelves worthie of it, both by their merit and by their Benifices. Doubtleſs it belongs to them to publiſh the Victories of their Princes: But it alſo belongs to their Princes, to make them reap of the fruits of their Victories. They who ſay that the Muſes deſire not abundance: And that ſolitude and povertie are not unprofitable for the production of their works; Perhaps will loſs that opinion when they know that the liberalities of *Auguſtus* and *Mecenas*, have not hindred *Virgill* from making of Maſter peices; *Horace* from acquiring Univerſall eſteem: And *Titus-Livius* from having merited a glorie which ſhall not die. In effect it is eaſilie comprehended that they who do brave things, when they work but for neceſſitie; Will do miracles if they work onlie for glorie. Such a Noble object will exalt their ſpirits to the verie heavens: Whereas ſadneſs diſturbs the heart, and makes them rampe upon the earth. All the watchings they employ, in complaining of fortune; in accuſing the unjuſtice of their age, in blaming the ignorance of the times wherein they live: And in publiſhing the avarice of their Princes; Doubtleſs would be emploied in more famous ſubjects. I know verie well, that ſolitude, fountains, rivers, groves, and woods, have been alwaies looked upon, as places proper for the compoſition of fine works: But if all thoſe things do belong to him who makes them, I do not ſee that it can be anie obſtacle to his glorie: And if I be not miſtaken, he ſhall better deſcribe the beautie of his own praierie, then that of an other; The ſhades of his own woods ſhall defend him better from the ſcorching heat of the Sun, then theſe of his Neighbours: The noiſe of his fountains ſhall yeeld him more agreeable fancies, then thoſe of the publick can give him; a river to which he hath ſome right, will ſeem more proper for his making a fine deſcription, then if he looked upon it with an indifferent eye: And in fine ſolitude, which is not by conſtraint,

will certainlie afford more agreeable *Ideas*, then these whereto he is forced. It is true that shepherds cottages renders pesantry most agreeable: But painters when they are skilfull, do alwaies place them a far of; So then to do things according to reason, Poets must never see a roof of straw, but in their journeys, or from the windows of their Palaces. For it is not to be imagined, that a man who passes all his life time incommodiouslie, in chagrine and solitude; Can speak of abundance which he hath not, of Magnificence which he sees not, of the Court which he never frequents, of Kings whom he knows not but onlie by their names, of war which he hath not seen but in books, and of a great manie other things which are strange and new to him, if it be true that he is poor and solitarie? Believe me *Mecenas*, Poets in such encounters are like painters, who represent nothing perfectlie but what they see. Great Princes then must alwaies have them to be witnesses of their actions, if they would have them leave tablets of them to posteritie. For it is not to be thought, that they to whom just subject of complaint is given, can elegantlie praise them whom they do secretlie accuse in their heart? It is not to be thought I say, that they who praise for gain, do praise so arduouslie as they who praise for thanks? No *Mecenas*, that cannot possiblie be so. Further, as dreams are ordinarlie formed by the thoughts of the day, so these agreeable transportations which Poesie gives to them who medle with it, when they are happie; Losses all their brightness by the Authors chagrine, when he is not, but alwaies laments his evil fortune. He would do well to strive to be divided from himself, for he is seen by all; He carries his discontent even into the hearts of the *Heroes*, whose lives he writs; And does not writ one verse which his heart doth not secretlie disavow. In fine, *Mecenas*, I am perswaded that a rich Poet, lodged in a statly Palace will with more ease make a picture of povertie and solitude; Then a poor lodged in a cottage, shall make of the magnificence of the Court, of the vertues of Kings, of policie, and all those other things, which are not perfectlie learned. but in the societie of men & in abundance. There is this difference between the rich and the poor, that the one are solitarie when they please, that they ha

have rockes and caves when they will: And the others cannot have a palace, and that their ſolitude is forced. And moreover, who can comprehend? That Poeſie which is the Nobleſt effort of imagination, may not ſome way need beautifull objects, either to excit, to divert, or to recreat it? They who have aſſigned woods and rocks to the Muſes, have doubtleſs been of this opinion, yet without making their conſideration deſtroy mine. They have ſpoken of foreſts and rivers, becauſe theſe univerſall beauties are in the power of all the World: But that doth not hinder, that theſe ſame Muſes who ſearch the woods, may not walk in a cultivated Garden. Art doth not ſpoill Nature, it perfectionats it: And *trees regularlie* planted, hinder not if I be not deceived, the Poets from working under their *Ombrages* with pleaſure and with glorie. It is true, *Mecenas*, that theſe nine famous Siſters, from whom our Muſes draw their Origine, had no habitation as is ſaid, but woods and mountains, and did not devert themſelves but beſide fountains: Yet theſe woods, theſe mountains, and theſe fountains, belongs to them: *Parnaſſus* is of their dominion: The waters of *Parmeſſa* are alſo theirs; And *Apollo* nor the Muſes, borrow nothing of other divinitie. After all *Mecenas*, it is for the Grandour of Princes, not onlie to know how to conquer their enemies in war, not onlie to know how to reign dureing peace; Not onlie to make themſelves to be feared of their Neighbours; Not onlie to make themſelves be beloved of their ſubjects; But alſo to make themſelves ſurpaſs all other men in liberalitie. They muſt give like Maſters of the Univerſe; They muſt when they make preſents, look rather to themſelves, then regard others; And proportionat their gifts to their own Grandour onlie. They who receive go halfes with profit, but ordinarlie they have no ſhare in glorie. It belongs whollie to the giver: And to ſpeak rationallie, the moſt glorious conqueſts that Kings can make, are theſe which they make by liberalitie. In war, ſucceſs is alwaies dubious: There is no battle ſo advantageous in its beginning, whoſe end may not be fatall: But here we are alwaies aſſured of Victorie: A liberall Prince doth equallie make to himſelf, ſlaves, ſubjects, and friends of them to whom he gives: And

this is the onlie way whereby he can merit the rank of the Gods. But among all men, Princes should choose for the principall object of their liberalitie, these famous dispensatores of glorie, yet with this difference, that what is pure liberalitie at other occasions, is gratitude in this? For what is not due to them who give immortalitie. They have been formerlie, stupide, ignorant and covetous Princes, who have let the Muses languish in povertie, without giving a just subject of astonishment. But if *Augustus* having such insights as he hath, in all brave Sciences; Loving fine works at the rate he doth; Making Poesie his divertisement; Being a lover of glorie, as he hath alwaies made appear; And making of things himself, which may place him in the rank of the most Illustrious Authors: I say, if *Augustus* having all these advantages, do give but meanlie, to the professours of good learning, he shall be dishonored by it, and it should be almost less shameful for him, to be both stupide, ignorant, and avaritious, then to be knowing and not to be liberall. But thanks to the Gods, his inclinations and your counsells, have well hindered that blemish from poluting one of the speciall passages of his life: And to know if *Augustus* hath known the price of all brave Sciences, we need but consider the rewards he gave to them who practised them. But among all them who are careful of this mervaillous Art, which the Gods have taught to men, it must be avouched that they whose spirits are sublime enough, for being capable to undertake a Heroick Poem, deserve the first rank near Kings: And doubtless it is principallie of them, thatthey should have a particular esteem. For of all the various species of Poesie which we admire, this work is the greatest, the most Illustrious, the most Difficile, the most Glorious, both for him that makes it, and for the *Heros* whom he chooses. To speak rationalie, an Epique Poem, contains whollie in it self, all others beauties, and something more. They who make Elogies, do eternise rather their misfrises, their passions, and their languishings, then the merit of their Princes: We see but short tablets in *Odes*, wherein the most part of things are not distinguished: One single action is sometimes too ample a subject for that work: And its limits, in fine,

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are too much contracted to boast of its having conquered time and fortune. Eglogues can do no more, then make posterite imagine, that the reigne was fortunate, dureing which the Muses might employ themselves, to make shepherds speak, and not in complaining of the violence of their Kings.

The *Satyres*, these bold painters, wherein all the world find their picturs; Cannot be glorious for Princes, but when their images are not found in them: And to speak more clearlie, their silence is the greatest glorie that they can give. *Epigrames* for the most part, are but sparkles of diamonds, whose brightness though splendid, cannot furbish the life of a great Prince: They are a simple pastime of the spirit and of the imagination: which at most, cannot preserve but the glorie of him, who hath fortunatlie acquited himself of that sort of work; A Tragedie, which is certainlie one of the noblest employments of the Muses, although it do bragg of teaching by its diverting, and though it pass among the most learned, for the Master-peice of this art; Yet should not be so considerable to a Prince, as a heroick poeme. He who makes Tragedies, works more for himself then for his King: He makes tablets, but his Master can pretend to have no other glorie in his work, but that, of haveing known all the beautie, of preserving these rare paintings with care, and in buying of them magnificentlie. It is not so with ane Epique Poeme: It is truelie it, that deifies Princes, for whom they are composed; all their vertues appear splendidlie there; Their conquests are there painted forth in their finest lustre: Their faults if they have anie are skillfullie minced; fortune, victorie, and fame are allwayes of their partie; They have no enemies in it whom they excell not; They are happie, in warr, and in love; Their splendour, contrarie to custome, returns from them to the Origine of their race; And whereas children did use to derive their glory from that of their predecessours; on the contrarie, here the predecessours, extract their greatest advantages from the vertues of their Children.

The goodness of *Augustus*, caused *Virgil*, eternise the pietie of *Æneas*: The conquests which he made, shall make these of his forefathers live eternally: It is for

love to him, that this great Poet hath conducted that illuſtrious *Trojan*, even upon the throne: And to ſpeak truelie, it is he who hath ſaved him from the conflagrations of Troy, with his father, and his domeſtick gods: Becauſe without him, doubtleſs, He ſhould have continued buried under theſe mightie ruines: At leaſt poſterity ſhould no more have heard his valor ſpoken of, then if he had never been.

It belongs then to Princes, to make a dilligent ſcruting thorow all their provinces, after them who are capable of ſuch a noble occupation: To the end that having found them, they may by their benefits oblidge them, to undertake ſo great a work.

They who make *Hector Achilles*, and *Agamemnont* ſpeak in a Tragedie, with the ſame ſpirit that *Homer* hath given them, doubtleſs are capable of acompliſhing ſo long ane enterpriſe with glorie, if they be oblidged to it by allurements.

But they are not to engadge themſelves, in ſo long a courſe, without being aſſured to find a priſe at the end of the Carcere. s

They who run at the *Olimpique games*, find Crowne at the end of the liſt: wherefore then would anie deſire, a man to beſtow his pains, his watchings, Hiſtaſtings, and all his life for a poeme, without pretending to anie other advantage by it, but onlie the glorie of having made it. No, *Mecenas*, it would not be juſt, and I ſay again, that it belongs to a Prince to make choice of him, whom he would have to praiſe his victories; That it belongs to this to make that happie, if he deſire that he ſhould render him immortall: And in fine that it belongs to him, to doe, what *Auguſtus*, and *Mecenas*, have done for the incomparable *Virgil*. You ſee (as I think I have already ſaid to you) that I differr not from your ſentiments, and that the converſation that I have had with *Auguſtus*, and you, hath made meknowing enough in poeſie, to dare ſpeak to you

But nevertheleſs if you are ſurpriſed at it, you will eaſilie find the reaſon of it, if you conſider, that the *Emperours*, glorie was in gitatione.

It was for it, that I have examined all theſe things: And it is for it, that I conjuere you, to continue to entertain him in ſo brave ane inclination.

Purſue

Purſue then *Mecenas*, ſuch a noble deſigne: Enrich all the Muſes with *Auguſtus* his treaſures; In imitation of the gods, give them gold for incence: And know, that if you cauſe give them Kingdoms, they ſhall again give you more.

Yes *Mecenas*, you ſhall reign over the moſt Illuſtrious of all ages: And if conjectures deceive me not, your name ſhall be ſo venerable to poſteritie, principally among the learned; That all they who render themſelves their protectors, ſhall eſteeme it ane honor to bear it.

They ſhall be called the *Mecenaes* of theſe times: And from age to age, that glorie renewing it ſelf every day, your name ſhall be in the memorie, and in the mouths of all men, ſo long as the ſun ſhall give light to the World.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

I Know not what effect this Harrange will have among the Grandes, of this age: But I verie well know, that it ſhall have a moſt advantageous, one if their Magnificence doe but come near to that of Auguſtus, *and* Mecenas, *neither the one nor the other of theſe great men needed to have their liberality excited: Nor have they been ſpoken of, but thereby to ſpeak to others: And the literall ſenſe is but the pretext of the Allegorik.*

CLOELIA TO PORSENNA

THE *SEVENTEENTH* HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

WHen the Romans had made peace with Porsenna, they sent their Daughters to him in hostage, for assurance of their treatie. But when they were come to that Princes Camp, one among them named Cloelia, judgeing that their chastitie was not seeure, among so manie warriours, exhorted her Companions to deliver themselves from so just an apprehension, and that they would rather expose their lives then their honour. She gained them all to be of her opinion and by a prodigious hardineß, they did undertake to croß the Tyber by swimming. Their resolution was as fortunate as great, they all passed without anie misfortune, under the conduct of that couragious Maid, and returned to Rome. There Parents did truelie admire such brave temerity, but the Roman severity, that would not endure the publick faith to be violated, made them be sent back to the King, that thereby he might punish their perfidie, if he had a mind to it. When they were before him, he asked them who had been the first among them, that proposed so dangerous an enterprise: But they all imagining that he only asked but for to punish her, none of them would answer. Then this Generous Maid, took upon her the discourse, and almost spake to him these words.

CLOELIA

CLOELIA TO PORSENNA

THe action that I have done, having too noble a cauſe not to be Glorious, the ſilence of my companions is injurious to me, though their intention be innocent. I would have hoped *Porſenna*, that they ſhould have Acknowledged me for their liberatrix: And that they ſhould have publiſhed aloud before you, that it was under my conduct, and by my counſells, that they went out of your Camp,: But ſince they put me to the neceſſitie of praiſeing my ſelf becauſe they fear you will male-treat me; I ſhall freelie tell you, that it was I who did withdraw them from your hands. Do not think that what hindered them to name me, is a remorſe of what they have done. No, they do not doubt my enterpriſe having been juſt: But they doubt if you

will be generous enough to reverence vertue in your verie enemies. For me who am uncapable of fearing anie thing, if it be not the loſs of my honor, I tell you again, that it was by my counſels, by my care, and under my conduct, that theſe generous *Romans* reſolved to go out of your power; And abandone themſelves to the impetuouſneſs of the water to follow me; And couragiouſlie expoſe their lives, to deliver themſelves from the fear of ſuffering ſome treatment unworthy of their vertue. Why! Illuſtrious *Romans*, (ſaid I to them, to encourage them to caſt themſelves in the river, as I did propoſe to them) can you put your lives in the balance with your honour: And in fear of loſing the one or the other, can you have anie trouble in chooſing? No, no (purſued I) you are *Romans*, and my companions: And conſequentlie too Generous, not to love better to put your ſelves in hazard of dying glorioulie then of living with infamie.

Who did ever hear it ſaid (inſiſted I) that Virgins were in good repute in a Camp, where ſhame, and modeſtie are not to be found? We are in ane armie, continued I (which I hope your Majeſtie will pardon me for ſpeaking ſo) whoſe General, is Protector, of the *Tarquines*: It is for them that King *Porſenna*, hath undertaken the warr: And by what means then do you think to find a place of ſaftie with a Prince, where *Lucretias*, raviſher hath found a refuge and a defender? No, my companions, flatter not your ſelves: If the blood of that chaſte unfortunate had not power to hinder a Prince from oppoſing the revenge that the *Romans*, were taking? Our tears will never prevail with him to revenge us of them who would abuſe us.

It may be you will ſay to me, that we were given to him in hoſtage, and that the publick faith is engadged to him by our perſones: But know my companions, that whatſoever is done for honor, cannot but be glorious.

We will not break the peace; we will not cheat *Porſenna*; we will onlie ſhun ſhame and infamie, or die with the ſame glorie wherein we lived.

Let us go then, Illuſtrious *Romans*, ſo long as we have libertie.

Hear the noiſe, that the Souldiers make in their campe, and be a feard of their inſolence.

They

They are altogether ſouldiers, ſtrangers, our enemies and the defenders of the *Tarquins*
Conſider in fine my companions, that in the place where you are, you may loſe your honor: But in that wherin I will conduct you, you can loſe but your life.

Behold, *Porſenna*, a part of the reaſons I uſed to perſwade theſe Generous Virgins to follow me; And I ſhall ſay for their glorie and for that of my countrey, that it was eaſie for me to perſwade them to my inclinations. I was not contradicted in my opinion: They looked death in the face with conſtancie, aud quitted the banks of the river with joy, though according to all liklie hood, they almoſt ſaw their death aſſured. But becauſe our intentions were moſt innocent, the Gods did take care of conducting us; They aſſiſted our feeblneſs, they ſuſtained us upon the waters, and happilie brought us to the other ſide. Yet we did not find there all the repoſe that we expected: For that auſtere vertue, which all the *Romans* do profeſs, made our Relations have no joy at our return: They admired our reſolution, they have alſo praiſed our deſign: But to ſatisfie the publick faith that they had engadged to you, they would have us brought back to your Camp: And for that effect, they have given us a convoy to conduct us hither, See *Porſenna*, by this adventure, what the *Roman* Virgins are, who loved better to hazard their life, and break their word, then expoſe their honour: And again ſee, what the *Roman* men are, who love better to expoſe the lives and honour of their Daughters, then to break their word. Yes, *Porſenna*, theſe two actions are equallie praiſe worthie: And to be juſt at ſuch a time, we render to our parents the ſame honours which they gave us. They haye praiſed our flight, though they have not foreborn to remit us into your hands: And we alſo admire their vertue, though it deprives us of that libertie which we had acquired to our ſelves. The deſign of preſerving our honour, cauſed our flight: And that of not loſing their reputation hath cauſed our return. Perhaps you will ſay to me, that it will be hard to comprehend how one and the ſame action can be both worthie of praiſe and of blame; And in fine, that our return is an infallible ſign, that our flight was criminall. No, *Porſenna*, the buſineſs ſhould not be ſo

considered: It must be better examined, to judge of it equitablie. And I am verie certain, that if it be regarded with an unintereſſed eye, it will be found that our flight was glorious to us, and that our return is ſo to our parents, I avouch that in ſome manner, we ſeem to have broken the publick faith: But before we be convinced of that fault, I muſt be permitted to defend our cauſe. Doubtleſs it cannot be denied that honour ſhould be the rule of all the actions of men: It is for it that life is expoſed in war! It is for it that ſometimes all the ſentiments of Nature are renounced: It is for it that men do voluntarlie devout themſelves to the ſafety of their countrey: It is for it that the publick faith is exactlie keeped; And in fine, it is for it that all things ought to be done. Wherefore, let none wonder, if for preſerving our honour we have expoſed our lives, and broken the publick faith. For ſeeing it is not keeped but onlie for honour, it was permitted to us to violate it; Becauſe we could not keep it, but by expoſing our ſelves to infamie. Further, ſince our Sex is deprived of all publick charge, as to our particular we had promiſed nothing: And we thought, that for the intereſt of *Rome*, we ought to have gone out of your camp, becauſe if misfortune had happened, to us it might have ſuffered an outrage in our perſons. Its glorie then finding it ſelf ingadged with ours, we believed that it was juſt, to poſe our lives for preſerving both the one and the er: And doubtleſs we ſhall do the ſame thing, if ſame occaſion does offer. *Lucretias* misfortune h but too much taught us to prevent ſuch diſaſters; d I can aſſure you, that if we had death in our option, ſhou'd at leaſt die innocent. Further, there is noag from which an exception cannot be made: Lywhich is doubtleſs a baſeneſs, is ſometimes glori, and I am aſſured that no bodie blames that which generous *Mutius* told, when ſeeing his hand burn, with a prodigious conſtancie, he aſſured you that re were three hundred in our camp who deſigned to you, though effectivelie it was onlie he. That adble hardineſs that made *Horatius Cocles* under, to ſtand himſelf alone unmoveable againſt all r armie, and oblidged him at laſt to caſt himſelf all d as he was in the Tyber, ſhall not be put in the number

number of ridiculous temerities. The firme resolution of *Brutus*, himself to see his children die, because they were Traitors to their countrey, shall rather pass for the zeal of a good Citizen, then for the inclination of an un-naturall Father. Wherefore, why would anie that the interest of honour and of the publick, justifying *Mutius* his lie, *Cocles* his temeritie, and the insensibilitie of *Brutus*, should not also justifie the flight of *Clælia* and of her companions; Since they had no other object, but the preservation of their honour, and that of their countrey? If *Mutius* did courageously burn his hand; If *Cocles* be entitlie devoted to the publick safitie; If *Brutus* gave the blood of his children, for these two things onlie; We have also exposed our lives for the same cause, and may consequentlie pretend to the same glorie. Why, *Porsenna*, *Lucretia* hath merited an immortall reputation, for having killed herself after her crime, and are we laughed at as infamous, for having exposed our lives, to the end that we might die innocent? No, no, it is impossible that it should be so: Posteritie will be more just: And I do verilie believe, that if you examine your thoughts exactlie, you will find that they do not condemn us. We have never seen that the gods who are so jealous of their authoritie, have caused Thunder fall upon the Victimes, which escape from the Altars: And wherefore then *Porsenna*, would you unworthilie treat Virgins, who having seen themselves abandoned of their guards, or to speak better their enemies; Went in quest of safitie, at the expence of their lives? Perhaps it will be said to me, that it seems by my reasons, that we had no wrong done to us: But if it be so, it seems likewaies that our parents had no reason to send us back. Yet this consequence is not well grounded: And if I be not mistaken, I shall destroy it in few words. *I* have alreadie told you, that honour caused our flight, and that this same honor hath caused our return: For to speak rationallie, it was our Fathers who engadged their words to you; It was they who gave us in pledge, it was they who treated with you; It was they who consented to the articles of peace; And it is also they, who should exactlie performe all that they promised to you, thereby to oblidge you to do the same thing. The publick faith engadges

them to it: The publick interest desires it; Their countreys honor requires it; Their own in particular oblidges them to it. And in fine nothing can exempt them from it. For they verie well know that these same Virgins, who have despised the impetuositie of the Tyber, onlie through fear of receiving an abuse; Will again contemn their lives, rather then do anie thing unworthie of *Roman* vertue; And in that manner shall they keep their word, without hazarding their honour or that of their countrey. See, *Porsenna*, what our Parents opinions are, and also what ours are: It belongs now to you, to consider if you will treat us like fugitives, like enemies or like *Romans*. Yet I hope that you will take the juster and most advantageous partie. But know, that if by violating the lawes of men, you should treat us unworthilie, and break the peace that you have made, your designs shall advance no further then they have done. That which *Mutius* and *Cocles* did undertake against you a thousand *Romans* shall yet attempt. They are all born for great actions; All of them have an obstinat vertue, that blushes at nothing: Despaire does nothing, but corroborate their courage; Fear of death is unknown to them, They, endeavour to live with glorie and not to live long; Particular interest can do nothing in their spirits; They do everie thing for honor, and do never anie thing that can blast it. See *Porsenna*, what the *Romans* are: See what sentiments they have given to us: And see in fine, that which hath both caused our flight and our return. It is true that at first flight, I had great repugnancie to return under the power of a Prince, whom til then I had not considered, but as the protector of the *Tarquins*, and as the enemie of *Rome*: But coming to ponder the matter with a more tranquill spirit; That last quality did begin to give me a better opinion of you. Yes *Porsenna*, I found that you must doubtless have a great and bold spirit, in having attempted to make war with *Rome*: And consequentlie I believed, that if you had not been worthie of the rank that you keep, the *Romans* would not have made peace with you, and would not have received you into their Aliance. So that after I had perswaded my companions to go out of your Camp; I have likewaies perswaded them to return to it. Let us go (said I to them) let us go, and satisfie

the publick faith, which our parents have engadged: Let us go and confirme the peace that they have made; And let us no more look upon *Porſenna*, as the protector of the *Tarquins*, but as their greateſt enemie, becauſe he hath abandoned them. Let us believe my companions, that if this Prince had no vertue, the *Romans* would not have remitted us in his power. And moreover if it ſhould come to paſs that he have not ſo much as he ought, to treat us as he ſhould; We ſhall alwaies have enough, to have our recourſe to death, rather then preſerve a life unworthie of what we are. Let us go then my companions, let us go and ask from that Prince, the recompence of our flight: He hath been here a long enough time, within the territories of *Rome*, to have learned, that vertue ſhould be loved and rewarded, in his verie enemies: he hath freelie pardoned *Mutius*, who attempted his life; Yet it will be eaſier for him to forget our flight, and grant us the favour, of ſending us back to our parents. It belongs to you now *Porſenna*, to tell me if I have had reaſon to perſwade theſe generous Virgins to truſt themſelves to your goodneſs; For me, if I were not concerned in the thing, I would counſel you to uſe it thus. For it is not onlie glorious to you, to have been enemie of the *Romans*, and to be at preſent their Allay: But it ſhall alſo be more to you, if you undertake to diſpute vertue with them. That is the thing wherein it will be brave to outdoe them: For that ſort of war, hath this particular priviledge, that the conquered as well as the Victorious, ſhall alwaies acquire abundance of glorie. The ſole deſire of ſurmounting at ſuch occaſions, is more advantageous, then the gaining of a battle. Undertake then *Porſenna* this famous combate, truſt your ſelf abſolutly to the *Romans* faith, and ſend us back to our parents.

Methinks they have keeped their word to you in a Generous enough manner, not to permit you to queſtion it: Yet that doth not hinder, But you ſhall do a brave action, if you reſtore us to libertie. But to give libertie to *Roman* Virgins, and to Virgins, who can deſpiſe death to ſhun infamie, is to give them more then Kingdoms, more then Empires, and more then life. That place of Hiſtorie, ſhall be ſo advantageous to you, that your reign ſhall have nothing more brave: You ſhal gain the hearts of all the *Romans*; And by this

means, you shall have fewer hostages in your Camp, but you shall have more intelligence in *Rome*. We do not pray to the Gods here, but only for our country: But in *Rome* we shall daylie offer them vows, for your glorie. You shall be our protector, and without our having been slaves, we shall not forbear to consider you with the same sentiments, as if you had broken our chains, and as if you had relieved us from servitude. Refuse not *Porsenna*, the glorious title of our Liberator, because we earnstlie desire to give it you. Perhaps you will say to me, that we abused you by our flight, because we would not have fled, but for having feared you, and because we looked upon you as a Prince cruel, barbarous and Tirranick: But remember *Porsenna* that the vertue of Women should be scrupulous and timide, They should almost look upon all People, as if they were their enemies: And because by custome armes are forbidden to them, fear must serve in stead of prudence: And it was more worthie for them to flee, or to have died a little too soon, then to have lingered, or to have lived a little too long. Further, we had evil thoughts of you, because we did not know you, but by the name of the Protector of Tirranie, and I declare to you presentlie, that I do not yet know who you are: Speak then *Porsenna*, that I may thereby know you: Remember that you are within the sight of *Rome*, that you have all the *Romans* for your spectators; that you are to speak to Virgins, who can alwaies live or die with glorie; That fame attends our arrest to publish it over all the Earth; That the Gods who see you, do alreadie hold Crowns to put upon your head, if you can surpass your resentment: And overcome the vertue of our Fathers and ours, by trusting to them, and by granting us our libertie.

THE

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THe Sublime Vertue of that Generous Virgin made him an Illustrious slave, though he was Crowned. Porsenna was ravished at her; He ordained infinit praises to Cloelia. He rendered unto her, her liberty, and that of her companions; And to signalise the Grandeure of her action, he made a present of a Cataphractarie horse which was the recompence of a Valiant man, who had done brave actions in the wars: As if he would have said, that her action equalled that of the most generous. In fine, he sent them all backe to their parents: And also permitted Cloelia, to choose among all the other hostages them whom she pleased to deliever. This Illustrious Person made choice of all the young children, as being most exposed: And in that manner returned to Rome, with the Allegreß and Magnificence of a Triumph. She was there received with a joy equall to what she had: And the Roman austeritie yeelded at that time to the resentments of Nature and Reason: They erected for her, in the publick market place, a statue on horse back, to eternize her equalitie, her vertue, her boldneß, and the generoßitie of Porsenna.

OCTAVIA TO AUGUSTUS

THE EIGHTEENTH HARRANGUE.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

AFairs being allwaies in agitations betwixt Augustus, *and* Mark Anthonie, *and both the one and the other being making preparations to renew a warr; The first would have obliged his sister* Octavia, *to depart from the house of a housband, by whom she had been unworthily used.*

But this verteous wife, who could not approve of that counsel, did with all her strength oppose it: And spake in these termes to that Illustrious and Dear Brother.

OCTAVIA TO AUGUSTUS



Pray you my Lord, command me not to quit *Anthonies* houſe: And force me not to the neceſſitie of diſobeying you. The vertue that I profeſſe, will not permit me to commit ſuch a fault; And the exceſs of the friendſhip that you have for me, doubtleſs is that which carries you on to give me this counſel. It is true that *Anthonie*, robbs me of his heart, and of his affection, to give both the one and the other to *Cleopatra*: But my Lord, will it be convenient that if the Love of that Queen hath cauſed *Anthonie*, commit a fault, that *Octavias*, jealouſie ſhould carrie you to doe ane other! No it will not be juſt: Conſider then if you pleaſe, the publick intereſt, and not mine, and think alſo, that it will be equallie diſgraceful to *Ceſar*, and to *Anthonie*, to begin a warr, and to deſtroy the Empire, for the Love of one woman and for the jealouſie of ane other. But nevertheleſs if you cannot be equally blamed for it, *I* dare ſay, that you ſhall be more juſtlie accuſed then *Anthonie*; Becauſe he is no more in condition either to hear, or underſtand reaſon: And yours cannot be diſturbed but onlie in conſideration of me. The love of *Cleopatra*, hath in ſuch manner obſcured his judgement, that he is blind to his own intereſts

intereſts: He hath not conſidered that he has done me ane injurie, when he refuſed the preſents that I made to him: And that in ſtead of letting me ſee him, he is returned into *Alexandria*. I ſay he hath not deſſigned to offend *Octavia*, but to pleaſe *Cleopatra*. He has feared that the ſight of me would give him other inclinations; And doubtleſs he knows that he hath ſufficiently loved me already, not to be able to endure my preſence without confuſion and repentance. In fine my Lord, his imbecility, and his blindneſs muſt be pitied, and he not imitated in his fault. The paſſion that I am deſired to follow, is yet more dangerous, then that which poſſeſſes *Anthonie*: And if it ſhould paſſe from my heart into yours, doubtleſs you ſhall Act with more violence, and with more injuſtice then it does: Becauſe it will certainlie communicate to you, a part of that furie, that doth allwaies accompanie it. The injurie that I have receved, requires not the bloud of the *Romanes*, to blot it out: That will not be the way, of reſtoring *Anthonies*, affection to me, to declare warr aginſt him for my ſake: On the contrare, it will be ane authoriſing his fault and unconſtancie; Becauſe it is certain, that I ſhould merit the treatment I receve, if for baniſhing of me from his heart, I ſhould baniſh me from his houſe, and ſhould joyn with his enemies partie. *I* know that I am a *Roman*, and that I have the honor of being your ſiſter, but I alſo know, that I am *Anthonies* wife; That his intereſts ought to be mine; And that though He hath not for me, all the affection that He is oblidged to have; My own vertue does not permit me to deſpenſe with that which I owe to him: And if I uſe it any other way, it will be the acknowledging of *Clopatra*, for *Anthonys* lawfull wife, and a voluntarie yeelding a quality to her, which ſhe cannot take from me. Let me then conceal my greif and teares in the houſe of my husband: My Lord, let me then abſconde my affliction, and my reſentment: And if it be true, that my intereſts are dear to you, as you have alwayes teſtified to me; Aſſiſt me in excuſeing *Anthonie*, to the Senate. Tell that this Love is too violent, to laſt long time: And that as the great Julius *Ceſar*, had ſtrength enough to diſſipate the charmes of that fair *Egyptian* which had ſurpriſed him: *Anthonie*, having the ſame feeblneſſe,

will

will at last have courage enough to break that enchantment as well as he. But in fine, my Lord, see that that Love be not the beginning of war: Remember that glorious day wherein my tears made the armes fall from the hands of the two greatest *Emperors* that ever was. You was then environed with your Legions; your armie was all in a readyneſſe to fight; The three hundered ſhips which *Anthonie* led, were in ſight of your troupes: Their was then to be ſeen in both parties, that fervour, which the ſight of enemies gives in ſuch encounters; Deſire of victorie was in the hearts of all the ſouldiers: They had alreadie conſidered the richneſſe of the bootie; Eagles were ſeen againſt Eagles; *Romans* againſt *Romans*; Citizens againſt Citizens; Freinds againſt freinds: Relationes againſt relations: And in fine to ſay all, the battle of *Pharſalia*, did make nothing more terrible to the ſight, then what my eyes ſaw at that time. However though *Anthonie*, appeared the agreſſor, becauſe he came to attaque you? My tears, my reaſons, and my prayers ſurpaſſed your reſentment. You embraced *Anthonie*, in ſtead of fighting of him: You receved him as the husband of your ſiſter, and not as your enemie: And theſe two puiſſante armies, which you had raiſed to deſtroy your ſelves ſerved but to give you reciprocall marks of a perfect intelligence. For you have not forgot, that *Anthonie*, gave you a hundred Galies, and twentie Brigantines: Alſo that you gave him two Legions: And beſides that, you granted alſo to me for him a thouſand of your beſt ſouldiers. Think you, my Lord, that that firſt victorie, doth not make me hope for a ſecond. You love me as much to day, as you Loved me at that time? The ſight of your enemies does not acerberate your reſentment: You have no Legions about you, who preſſe you to give them a new ſubject to their courage: You are alone, you are unarmed, I am unfortunate and afflicted, and my tears, my reaſones, and my prayers, ſhould alſo be more powerful with you, then they were that day, becauſe there is nothing in agitation but my intereſt.

Further, it is eaſier to hinder ones ſelf from taking up of armes, then to quit them: And it ſhould have been then more difficult for you, to have made peace with *Anthonie*, then it can be to you now to begin a warr: It is *Anthonies*, paſſion, and not his perſon that

muſt

must be fought againſt; And for that effect, I ought to endure his unconſtancy without complaining, I ought to preſerve myheart forhim, though he robbes meof his; Ioughtto have compaſſion ofhisweakneſs; Ioughtto have reſpect for him, though he deſpiſes me; I ought to dwell in his houſe, ſo long as he does me the favour, to ſuffer me there; And to ſay all, I ought to oppoſeyou, every time that you would oblidge me to doethings which might be diſhonorable to me. If *Anthonie*, would deſire to carrie me on to a deſign of hurting youI ſhould oppoſe him, as I doe oppoſe you: And with the ſame armes wherewith I fight you now, would I fight his unjuſtice and his obſtinacie. Yes my Lord I ſhall alwayes be *Ceſars* ſiſter, and *Anthonies* wife: And let fortune doe what it will, I ſhall never do any thing unworthie of theſe two glorious qualities. Pardon me then, if I tell you boldlie, that I will not go out of my Husbands houſe, unleſs he command me; And if it ſhould alſo come to paſs, that *Cleopatras* Love, doe even carrie him to ſuch ane irregularity, as to ordain me to quit it: I ſhall abandon it with ſhedding as few tears as is poſſible for me, for fear that the compaſſion that will be had for me, doe not augment the hatred that will be had to him. Behold my Lord what *Octavias* thoughts are and what they ſhall allwayes be. And moreover, to ſpeak rationallie, *Anthonie*, is not ane ordinarie man: The great qualities: which are in him, merits the excuſe of his imbecillity: And the brave actiones which he hath doneinthe wars ſhould doubtleſs obtain from the equity of all men, ſome indulgence for theſe which love makes him doe. The affection that he alwayes had for tne great *Julius Ceſar*, ſhould oblidge you not condemn him ſlightlie: Beçauſe being his ſone by adoption, and his lawful ſucceſſor, me thinks you ſhould be heir to his inclinationes and to his friends, as well as to his riches. When *Anthonie*, fought for *Julius Ceſar*, He fought for you, you ought to reward him for all that he did for him: For in fine, of all *Ceſares* debts, the moſt juſt and moſt glorious to pay, are doubtleſs the good offices, which his freinds have rendered to him. Remember what *Anthonie*, did for that Excellent man: it was he who did generouslie oppoſe *Pompeyes* faction, when it would have had *Ceſar* lay down his armes, and his enemie not lay down

down his: He ſpake zealouſlie at that time, and feared not the expoſing of himſelf, to receve an outrage; as in effect he was unworthilie uſed, in conſideration of that: And was conſtrained to diſguiſe himſelf like a ſlave, to goe and ſeek a refuge, in the Camp of him whom he had protected. But what He did at that time, He did alſo at a hundered others as important; He hath repayed with his blood, and with his perſon, the friendſhip that *Ceſar* did bear to him. He was ſeen ſeverall times to rallie his troupes, bring them back to the battle, and render them victorious, when they were almoſt ready to be conquered. He was ſeen at the battle of *Pharſalia*, command the right wing of *Ceſars* armie, fight for glorie, and expoſe his life, to ſecure in his hands, that ſoveraign Power, which at laſt hath come to yours. Further, if he fought for *Ceſar*, dureing his life, He hath alſo cauſed *Ceſar* conquer after his death: His eloquence did that, which the valour of anie other had not power to doe: For you are not ignorant, that without that fervent zeal that made him ſpeak, the *Roman* people dared not to teſtifie, how near the blood of *Ceſar* did touch them. They would have bein contented with ſhedding of tears, and would not have ſet fire to the houſes of his murtherers. You ſee then my Lord, in what manner he erected the firſt ſtepp, by which you obtained the power that you have? But if after what he hath done for *Ceſar*, it be permitted to put in account, what he hath done for the common cauſe, both againſt *Caſſius*, and againſt *Brutus*; You will find that he was alwaies their conqueror: And that in ſome encounters wherein you was not in condition to fight he was as advantageous to you, as he was to your freinds: Becauſe that without his valor, they ſhould have doubtleſſe gained a victorie, which perhaps would have put them in condition of not being anie more conquered. I well know my Lord, that ſince that you have not ſtill bein equallie well together: And that this noble jealouſie that inſeparablie followes them, who are lovers of glorie, and who aſpyre at great things, hath altered your freindſhip: But if I be not miſtaken, this kind of hatred, ſhould not ſo much as reach the perſon: Ane enemie muſt be excelled in grandour of courage and in generoſitie: He muſt be oppoſed, if

he attempts to destroy us: But for particular causes the publick repose must never be troubled: nor for everie slight reason, should a warr be begun, whose successe is allwaies dubious. Hatred is a passion for particulars: And if it be permitted to persones who have the supreame power to have it, it should be a hatred of vice, of slaverie, and of infamie; Otherwayes if they fight not against that passion, and if they let it bear sway with them, they shall doubtlesse be capable of all sort of unjustice. For revenging their own injuries, they will make no difficultie to violate the lawes of men, to forget naturall equitie, to infringe the justest Lawes, to destroy their countrey, and to despise the power of the gods. Behold, my Lord the disorders that hatred may cause sometimes in the most steaddie mind; And to hinder you from falling in the like misfortune consider a little what ane excesse of love makes the unfortunat *Anthonie* doe. Think you my Lord, that hatred can give you juster sentiments? And that jealousie, if *I* were capable of it, permitts me to act with lesse violence? No my Lord, these three passiones being put in opposition to one another, as they will be in this encounter, will be capable of destroying the whole earth. Doe not engadge your self then, in such a perverse designe; But how ever if you will revenge your self of *Anthonie*, abandone him to his own judgement, and to the charms of *Cleopatra*. Let him preserve that fair conquest in repose: And doe not fear that he will attempt to oppose yours, if you let him enjoy that peaceablie. But my Lord consider if you doe irritate him, he may parhaps give you much trouble: *Anthonies* first valour is not dead, it is but benumbed: Perhaps it may at last rouse it self with furie: And without quitting the passion, that reignes in his soul, he may oppose your designs, with all the fervour that man can have, who fights to defend himself, to revenge himself, for his own glorie, and to preserue his Mistress. Make not then a redoubtable enemie of ane unfortunat freind: I conjure you never to let me see you undertake a warr, wherein it will not be permitted me, to have the power of wishing you to gain the victorie. Consider I pray you in what condition my soul will find it self, if I should again see you ready to come to shedding

of

of blood. But with this cruel difference from the first that that was but for love to you, and that this will be for love of me. No, No, revenge not the injurie that is done to me, and seek not a remedie worse then the desease. The sole thought of seing my brother and my husband, ready to give death to each other for my sake, transports me with horror; I almost know no more what I say: And in so gteata trouble I am ready to give my blood and my life, to preserve yours and that of *Anthonies*: But since you would neither accept of my blood nor of my life, see my tears with with compassion; At least hear my prayers and my sighs; And since by your command, I am *Anthonies* wife: Doe not command mte to quit his house, as that of my enemie. Consider I am mother of *Anthonies* children: And that in that quality I should neither forsake them nor make them goe out of their fathers house. That will be almost to say, that they are not legittimat successors if I should cause them depart; And it will be also my giving of armes to destroy my self, to all *Anthonies* flatterers, and to *Cleopatras* slaves. But I am verie well assured not to use it so; my patience shall last longer then *Anthonies* love: And let the contempt he has of me goe to what height it can, my vertue shall yet goe further. Yes my Lord, though his affection should never return to me; And though he should live and die in *Cleopatras* armes? I shall shed tears for his death: His memorie shall be dear to me: The children of *Fulvia* and also of *Cleopatra*, shonld become mine: I will take care of their education, and of their fortune: And so long as *Octavia* shall be alive, she shall never forbear to give new proofes of her constancie. Since I am of a Sex to whom valor is forbidden, at least patience may be permitted me, and that that vertue may serve me for courage. There is sometimes as much generosity, in knowing how to endure misfortunes, as in knowing how to fight enemies: Do not you then oppose the victorie, that I will have of my self: And to make it more glorious, let me surmount you as well as my self. Doe not expose your self to be conquered by *Anthonies* power, and let your self be overcome by *Octavia*. But because I doe not see in your eyes, that you are yet in condition of yeelding your self, to

my prayers and teares; Suffer me my Lord, to goe and wait for your resolution in my husbands house, because it is the only place wherein I can dwel with honnor, so long as *Anthonie* permitts me. However I do assure you, that whereas I doe make no vowes: gainst *Anthonie*, while I Im in your palace; I shal make none against *Cesar*, when I am in the house of *Anthonie*.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis fair and Vertuous person obtained from the freindship of Augustus, *all that she asked: And he permitted her to live in her husbands house, so long as she could conveniently. Yet she was not there long:* For Anthonie, *was so unjust to her, and so complacent to* Cleopatra, *that he sent her a command to goe out of it: She did it with the same modestie that she had alwaies testified: And for all the disgraces that hurried after this unfortunate, both dureing her life and after his death; she was ever what till then she was I would say a famous and rare example of conjugal freind ship.*

AGRIPINA

AGRIPINA TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

THE

NINTEENTH

HARRANGUE.

ARGUMENT.

After the death of Germanicus, Agrippina *his wife carried his Ashes back to* Rome, *to put them in the tomb of* Augustus. *All the people did goe with her even to* Brundusium, *and testified by their sadnes's that they complained of the malice of* Tiberius. *That generous wife, whose imperious and bold spirit, could never disguise its thoughts did nomore conceal them at that time: But on the contrare, letting her self be transported with greif as with her natural humor she thus spake to the* Roman *people who were hearing her.*

AGRIPPINA TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.



GERMANICVS, the grand-Son of *Augustus*, and the Nephew of *Anthonie*; *Germanicus*, the terror of *Germanie*, and the love of the *Romans*; *Germanicus*, in whom all vertue shined equallie; *Germanicus*, whose whole Actions have been glorious, *Germanicus*, husband to the unfortunate *Agripin.* grand-Daughter to *Augustus*; In fine *Germanicus*, the bravest, the most valiant, the most modest, the most equitable, and the most accomplished that shall ever be; Is now no more but a few ashes and this Urne contains, (O pitifull accident!) him whose valor might have conquered all the Earth, if he had been but suffered to have lived a little longer. Yes *Romans*, see your *Germanicus* in a state of needing you, to make him live eternallie. See him there equallie uncapable to serve you, and to revenge himself of his and your enemies: See him now in condition not to excit anie more envie against his vertue: He hath conquered this Monster by death: For the least circumstances of his life are so glorious, that calumnie it self can find nothing in them to repeat. Lament then *Romans*, our common misfortune: Because if I have lost a husband

a husband, you have loſt your Protector. Look I pray you, round about this Urne, upon *Germanicus* his ſix Children all clouded with tears: Take pittie of their youth, and of their misfortune: And fear with me that by their father his abandoning of them, he hath not taken from them all their vertue. If his life had been ſo long, as rationallie it might have been, his example, if they had had perverſe inclinations, would have alwaies led them to good: But to day, in the condition that things are, who ſhall he be who can inſtruct them? Who ſhall he be who will correct them? Who is he who will lead them into the War? Who is he who will make them hate Vice, and love Vertue? I doubt not but that *Tiberius* will have for them, the ſame ſentiments which he had for their father: For his inclinations are not eaſilie changed: But ſince the Emperour did not hinder him from having enemies, envyers, perſecutors, and from dying by poiſon, it may alſo be, that the care he will take for their education, will not be profitable: And I wiſh to heaven that all I apprehend of *Caligula* do not come to paſs: Let us *Romans*, let us leave what is to come under the providence of the Gods: And let us onlie ſpeak of the misfortunes which are befallen us. They are great enough to merit all our tears: Divide them not I conjure you: Let them all be ſhed for my dear *Germanicus*, and remember that he was of the blood of the *Julius Ceſareſes*, of the *Anthonies*, of the *Marcelluſes*, and of the *Auguſtuſes*. It belongs to you *Romans*, to weep of his death, and to Celebrate his memorie. And for the ſtronger teſtifying the eſteem you had for him, hate them who hated him; Deteſt his enviers, his enemies, and his murtherers: Fear not to ſpeak of the wickedneſs of *Piſo*, nor of the ambition of *Plancina*, publiſh without apprehenſion, that theſe dead bodies which were found without their Tombes; That theſe imprecations which were made againſt *Germanicus*; That his name that was engraven upon blades of lead; And all thoſe ſignes of enchantments which have been known, are manifeſt proofes of the deſigns which were had againſt his life. Publiſh I ſay, that poiſon hath finiſhed what charmes could not do: And do not fear that you will be puniſhed for this crime; The death of *Germanicus* hath ſo over joyed them

them who cauſed it, that for a long time they ſhall not be in condition to take notice of your ſadneſs nor of your diſcourſe. This Victorie that they have gained of the moſt valiant man that ever was, doubtleſs gives them vanitie enough to ſlight your reſentment; And not to trouble themſelves, for what you will think of that accident. I do alſo believe, that they are ſo much blinded by their ambition, as to be verie glad, that poſteritie ſhould know, that they have put *Germanicus* to death. They aſpire more to the reputation of great *Politicians*, then of vertuous men: And conditionallie that it be ſaid, that they did know how to loſs him who could oppoſe their unjuſt authoritie, it is no matter to them, to paſs for cruell, for un-naturall, for impious, for perverſe, and for bloodie. Yes treacherous *Piſo*. Yes cowardlie enemies of *Germanicus*, it will be ſaid that you did know how to reign, it wil be known that you put him to death; It will be known that you have violated by his perſon, all ſorts of *Laws*: It will be known that you have not reſpected in him, the Nobleſt blood among the Romans; It will be known that you have cut the threed, of the moſt Illuſtrious life that ſhall ever be; It will be known that the number of his vertues, hath ſhortned that of his dayes; It will be known that you did not extinguiſh that bright light, but becauſe it made the blackneſs of your lives the clearer; And in fine it will be known that the exceſs of your crimes, and that of his Vertues, are the true cauſes of his death. I ſhall make no ſtope O Generous *Romans*, to repaſs exactlie to you, what all the enemies of *Germanicus* were: It is not that fear doth hinder me from naming of them, for *Agripina* is incapable of it: But it is becauſe I know that they are all known to you. You know the cauſe of their hatred nor do I ſpeak to you this day, but of the pittifull effects of that dangerous paſſion, But ye Gods! How is it poſſible that *Germanicus* could be hated? What had he done in all his life; That could have acquired enemies to him? Let us repaſs it, I conjure you: Let us be rigid Judges to him: And let us ſee if he could have merited the puniſhment that he ſuffered. Firſt as to abmition, never was anie man ſo voide of it: And all the earth hath ſeen, that the more opportunitie he had to pretend to the Empire; The greater

er affection did he testifie to *Tiberius*, and did deviate himself the more, from what would have conducted him to the Throne. Ah! would to the Gods! That he had rather followed my counsells, then his own inclinations! It was he who caused present an oath of fidelitie, to the Bdlgiks, a Neighbouring Nation of *Germanie*. It was he who appeased the revolt of the Legions and who rather then listen to the offers which they made to him, of following him everie where, would peirce his heart with the blow of a dager. Behold *Romans*, what *Germanicus* did for *Tiberius* at that time. He would die for him: And perhaps by another way, and by other sentiments, hath he had the same destinie. But though it be so, let us not continue upon such a doleful discourse. Let us remember that *Germanicus* comm anded me a dying to lose some of that noble ferocity that innocence gives me, and the illustrious Blood from which I am descended. Let us ay then simply, that without lying it may be affirmed that *Germanicus* preserved the Empire for *Tiberius*: because it was he who remitted obedience and military Discipline among the greatest part of the Legions, without whom the Emperours could not have enjoyed the Soveraign power. The disorder was so great, the complaints which were made against *Tiberius* so injurious; the demands of the Souldiers so insolent, their proceedings accompanied with so much violence; that *Germanicus* was constrained to cause me go out of the Camp, fearing I might receive an abuse in it: However I did what I could, that I might not be separated from him at that time: For as I have already told you, fear had no place in the heart of *Agrippina*: and no humane power could oblidge her, either to be silent or to speak, until that it pleased her, and that Reason required it. But generous *Romans*, *Germanicus* did not only appease the sedition of the Souldiers, but he caused the same Soaldiers, who would no more know a Commander; who only followed their own fancies; who would hear nothing but their own fury, who did not arm themselves but to oppose the Emperours will; return under their Colours, render themselves capable of Reason, hear the commands of *Germanicus*, and take up their armes, to follow him with fervency, in all the dangers wherein he exposed himself at that time, and from which he retired with glory

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It was with these same Souldiers that he revenged the defate of *Varus*, that he did retake the Eagle of the nineteenth Legion; that he past thorow the *Bructores*; that he wholly ransacked all that is betwixt the Rivers *Amisa* and *Luppia*; and unsatisfied with testifying his valour in the Wars, he did let his piety be seen as well as his courage. For coming to the same place where *Varrus* had been defated, and where there is yet to be seen an infinite number of blanched bones, scattered upon the plain, or cumulated together in great heaps, according as the Souldiers fled or fought: Where I say there is yet to be seen shivered launces, and quantities of other broken armes, horses heads tied to trees; altars whereon the *Barbarians* had immolated the *Tribunes* and the *Centurians*; where they who had escaped from the defate, shewed the places, where the Commanders had received their deaths wounds; where the Eagles had been taken, where *Varrus* had received his first wounds; and where quickly after he died by his own hand. I say *Germanicus* being come to that horrid place, and there seeing such fatal Reliques of a *Roman* army, expelled bloody sighs, poured out tears, and abandoned his invincible Soul to sorrow and compassion. He exhorted the Souldiers to render the last duties to these unfortunate men, of whom some had been their Relations and their Freinds. He inspires their hearts with sadness, thereby to carry them on afterwards with the more zeal to revenge: and with his own hand did lay the first turf to the tomb that was builded for these unfortunate worthies. However *Tiberius* did not approve of that laudable action. He did not comprehend that a man could be equally valiant and pious; give burial to his Freinds, and conquer his Enemies; and *in fine* he belived that Piety was a Vertue unworthy of a great Spirit. He wished that *Germanicus* had trode upon these dead mountains, without remembering that they had been *Romans* like himself, that they had fought, as he was going to fight: that the same enemies waited for him: that to render him victorious over them, who had conquered these, he must make the Gods propitious to him; and infuse desire of vengeance into the souls of his Souldiers, thereby to encrease that of fighting, and of gaining the victory. But the maximes of *Tiberius*, and these of *Germanicus* were

very different: they did also lead them to very different wayes. *Romans*, *Tiberius* reignes, and *Germanicus* is dead. Render to him at least the same honours, which he gave to *Varrus* his Souldiers; and because he had courage enough to revenge their death, be you at least so generous as to mourn for his. Nevertheless let us not leave him any longer in the shad of this terrifying field all covered with dead bodies: let us behold him in his conquests: let us look how the Valiant *Arminius* dares not wait for him: and let us see with what skill, what conduct, and with what courage he pursued and excelled so generous an enemy. *Germanicus* at that time joyned prudence with valour: And surprising the *Cattaneans*, when they least thought of him, he ransacked all their countrey: took the town of *Martium* Capitoll of the Province. He set it on fire, he had many prisoners in it; And after he had carried terrour everie where, he retook the way to the Rhine, without the enemies dareing to follow him. From thence he relived *Segesta*, which they of his countrey held besidged, in favours of *Arminius*, who afterward, by a tromperie of war, seemed rather to flee, then to retire. But it was onlie untill *Germanicus* was arrived at an Ambuscadoe that was laid for him: And I wish from heaven that he had so happilie evited all the ambushes which were laid a gainst his life. He payed for his valour at that time: And seeing the *Germans* who followed his partie, going to cast themselves in a Marrish most advantageous for the enemies; he caused all the Legions advance in *Battalion*, which did put terrour among all *Arminius* this troupes, and assurance among outs. *Germanicus* his good-fortune, went even to *Cecina* his Lieutenent: For he surpassed all difficulties which he encountered; Fought with glorie, the troupes of *Inguiomere*, and these of *Arminius*: and in fine the *Roman* armes were but too fortunate at that time: Because if *Germanicus* had acquired less glorie, he would have been less suspected. I have cheiflie known, that I contributed somewhat to his death: His valour was thought to be as contagious, as vice is in this age: And that he had communicate a part of it to me. It has been thought (*I* say) that since he had made me courragious, he would make *Heroes* of all the Souldiers who fought for him. But they who believe that, remembor

member no more that *Agrippina* is of the blood of *Augustus*: Aud that *Germanicus* had more trouble to retain her courage, then to excit it. And moreover at that time, I did nothing that could give anie shadow: It is true that when the noise did run that the *Roman* armie was beaten, and that the enemie were coming to pillage the *Gaules*: I hindered that anie who was too fearfull of that false news, should break the bridge that crossed the *Rhine*: And by that means, I did in some manner serve the *Roman* Legions. It is also true, that when they were returning; I keeped my self at the end of the bridge, to thank the Souldiers: To praise some, assist others, comfort the wounded, and in the end to do everie thing that compassion and Generositie counselled me to do in favours of them, who had fought for the advantage, of their countrey, for the safitie of *Tiberius*, and for the glorie of *Germanicus*: But if I be not deceived, I ought rather to have been thanked for that action, then to have been looked upon as an enemie. Further the freindship that the Legions had, both for *Agrippina* and for *Germanicus*, hath onlie served for the advantage of his enemies: For though he knew as well as I, that they had but verie unjust inclinations for him: He made use of that freindship of the Legions, to engage them to his designs: And his designs had no other object but the glorie of them who loved him not; It is true he was obstinate for the *German* War: But it was onlie, because he beleived it convenient to do it for the publick good: As in effect, the event at last made what I say appear: For after the valiant *Arminius* and the generous *Inguiomere* had done their last endeavours to raise an armie, capable of conquering that of *Germanicus*: And that by all stratagemes of warr; which great Captains do use, they had considered how to take all advantages, which the scituation of the place could give them: *Germanicus* ceased not to gain so manie Victories, as he made fights, or as he gave battles. Never were enemies seen defend themselves more obstinatly: It seemed that they did not sometimes flee, but to return with the greater courage to fight: The defaiting of their troupes did onlie augment their courage: And the nearer they seemed to be conquered, the more they

to put themselves in condition of being victorious. It might have been said that the valor of the Souldiers who were killed, past into the hearts of their companions to revenge their death: And therefore, *Germanicus* merits not a little glorie for having conquered such enemies. Among the things which were found in the bootie that was taken from them, after one of the battles which was lost; There were a great manie chains to be seen, which they caried with them, to fetter the *Roman* Souldiers, whom they should take prisoners; For they doubted not, that they should gain the victorie. However, after that *Germanicus*, by his valor and conduct had revenged the death of *Varrus*; The loss of his Legions; Had again found the lost coulors; And caried horror amongst all the *Barbarians*; What did he for his particular intereſt? What did he for his own glorie? Shall I tell it generous *Romans*. Yes let us tell it for his honour, and for the shame of his enemies; He erected a Magnificent Trophie, with an inscription that simply said: *That* Tiberius Cesars *armie, had consecrated these monuments to* Mars, *to* Jupiter, *and to* Augustus: *For the victorie that it had obtained, against these Nations which inhabitated betwixt the* Rhine *and* Albis. And all that, *Romans*, without speaking of himself, more then of the meanest Souldier of the armie that he commanded. I shall not tell you exactlie all the actions which *Germanicus* hath done: Fame hath teached you it: And the hatred that hath been had to him, should also perswade you that he merited your freindship. Further, when *Tiberius* judged, that it was convenient, for the designs which he had, that *Germanicus* should return to *Rome*, to receive the honor of the Triumph; That unfortunate *Heroe* did well know, that they desired they should Triumph before the victorie. Nevertheless, he did not forbear to obey them, he left that imperfect war which he was going to finish so profitablie, and so gloriously for you: And without desiring to use all his prudence, he listned onlie to his generositie. You saw him, invincible *Romans* in the Triumphing Chariot: But in the verie instant wherein you was sheding tears of joy, perhaps there was some of the Magicians of which *Rome* is plentifullie furnished, who then foretold, that you should verie soon

ſoon ſhed tears of ſorrow upon the Aſhes of *Germanicus*. You alſo know, that he was not recalled to his countrey, to permit him to live in it: On the contrare, he was ſent to a place verie far off: And it was found convenient, or to ſpeak better, neceſſar; Whither for the publick good or for particular reaſons; To baniſh him from *Rome*, upon ſome honorable pretext. Let it be what it would, he did what he was deſired he was as fortunate in pacifying the intereſts of the Princes allyed to the *Roman* people, as he had been in fighting his enemies, and if the treacherous *Piſo* and the ambitious *Planeina* had not attempted his death? Perhaps they might have had trouble enough to have brought it to paſs. *Germanicus* was ſo unverſallie beloved, that it would have been a hard matter for them who put him to death, to have encreaſed the number of their complices. He knew what was thought of him: And the eſteem that he had acquired, could not make him ſuſpected. For everie time that he went into the warr, he was accuſtomed, to go alone in the night diſguiſed like a ſimple Souldier from tent to tent to hear what was ſaid of him. Yet it was not that he delighted in hearing the praiſes, which were given to his valour: On the contrare, he ſaid, he ſearched to be inſtructed of his faults, that he might amend them. Behold *Romans*, what *Germanicus* was: His Soul was whollie Noble and Generous: And under whatſoever form death did preſent it ſelf, he looked upon it with a fixed countenance. He hath ſeen tempeſt diſperſe his armie, and drive his ſhip againſt the rocks, without having anie other fear then that of ſeeing the *Roman* Legions periſh. He has been ſeen after ſhip-wrack, repay to all the Souldiers who eſcaped, what the ſtorme had made them loſe: He was ſeen while he lived ſerve his greateſt enemies: And that which is more ſtrange, and more mervalous, he is dead, without having ſaid anie thing, againſt the chief of the conſpiracie, that was done againſt his life: And he is contented with having prayed his friends, to cauſe puniſh the complices. Me thinks *Romans*, that it is the leaſt thing, can be granted to the Aſhes of *Anthonies* Nephew, of *Auguſtus* his grand-ſon, and of *Agrippina* husband. Yes *Romans*, if *Tiberius* were chief of that conſpiration, (which none among you dare ſay) that

is be by his order, that *Germanicus* is put to death; Being a great *Politician* as he is, he ought alwaies to put the complices of his crime to death. *Piso* and *Plancina* should be sacrificed to *Germanicus*: though it should be but for to hinder them from speaking, and to dry up your tears, their blood ought to be shed. All they who concern themselves with doing of horrid Villanies have alwaies used to let the executioners of their wicked designs be lost, to the end that they be not suspected. *Piso* hath alreadie had the audacity, to say to *Marsus Vibius*, by an insolent rallerie, that seems to be like a person whom I name not, because I have more respect then he; *that he would come to* Rome *to justifie the death of* Germanicus, *when the Prator informed of the poisons had summoned there all the criminals, and all the accusers.* Yes *Romans*, *I* tell you again, that whatsoever way *Germanicus* was put to death, *Piso* should die; And I have so much hope from the prudence of *Tiberius*, that I doubt not but *Piso* shall die: And that in some manner the death of *Germanicus* will be revenged. But to obtain this satisfaction, employ your tears and prayers: Let the name of *Germanicus* be heared over all: Do not enclose your sorrow in the tomb of *Augustus*, with those pittifull Reliques which we are carieing to it. Follow me *Romans*; Let us go to the Senat and demand justice for *Germanicus*: Let us represent that it will be disgracefull to it, not to revenge the death of a man, for whom Triumphant Arches were erected; Who was seen enter *Rome*, in a Triumphant Chariot; And who past among all Nations, and among the *Barbarians* themselves, for the most accomplished among mortals. Let us not use charmes nor enchantments, for destroying our enemies, as they have done to destroy *Germanicus*; Let us not revenge his death by the same armes which caused it; Let us trust to the justice of the Gods, to the prudence of *Tiberius*, and to the Senats authoritie: The justice that we desire cannot be refused to us. You Souldiers, who have followed him, ask the blood of *Piso*, to revenge the death of your Captain. Recount to the Senate the perills wherein you did accompanie him, show the wounds you received in the fights where he was: Tell truelie the things which you was witnesses of: And in fine, desire, that the death of

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the Father of his Legions and your Generall may be revenged. You generous Citizens who hear me, desire boldlie that the death of *Germanicus* may be revenged: Remember what he was; Remember his vertue, his modestie, his goodness, his courage, his liberalitie, and his moderation. Say that he was the *Model* by which you hoped to regulate the lives of your children, & to hinder them from following the pernicious examples which they see every day. Tel that you have lost your Supporter, and your upholder: And desire at least, that they may revenge on the person of the treacherous *Piso*, him who is taken from you. In fine, who ever you be that hears my voice, employ yours, in asking this equitable vengeance. Echo over all, the names of *Julius Cesar*, of *Anthonie*, of *Marcellus*, and of *Augustus*, thereby to obtain what you desire. Speak of Tombs, of Urnes, and of Ashes, to excit compassion in the most cruel heart. Joyn also some menaces with prayers, if they be unprofitable: And forget nothing of all that can cause *Piso* his death, comfort *Agrippina*, and revenge *Germanicus*.

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THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

THis Harrangue failed not of an advantageous Effect, all the Senate, and all the Roman People were ſenſibly touched with it: The one and the other ſhed tears, breathed complaints, and abandoned themſelves to ſorrow: And it was ſaid that all the glorie of Rome entered the Tomb, with the Aſhes of Germanicus. Everie on called Agrippina, the honour of her countrey, the blood of Auguſtus, the onlie and laſt example of the ancient Roman Vertue: And everie one prayed the Gods that they would preſerve her Race, and make her live beyond, and after the intire ruine of theſe wicked men. In fine, the publick zeal was ſo arduous for Germanicus, and for Agrippina, that Tiberius was conſtrained to abandone. Iſo to the rigour of juſtice. But he prevented his judgement by the wound of a ſword which he gave himſelf in the throat, and whereof he inſtantly dyed.

SAPHO TO ERINNA

THE TWENTIETH HARRANGUE.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

YOu are to hear that Illuſtrious Woman ſpeak, of whom all ages have ſaid ſo much: Whom Plato himſelf admired; whoſe image was engraven, like that of a great Princeſs, of whom we have yet remaining a ſpecies of Poeſie, whoſe verſes are called Saphick, becauſe it was ſhe who invented their meaſure, and whom two great men of Antiquity a Grecian and a Roman, called the tenth Muſe. I cauſe her take occaſion to exhort her friend to make verſes as ſhe did, thereby to make it appear that Ladies are capable of it: And that they wrong themſelves by neglecting ſuch an agreeable occupation. It is the Argument of this Harrangue, that I give in particular to the glorie of this fair Sex; as in generall I have given all this Volumn.

SAPHQ

SAPHO TO ERINNA



Mine *Erinna*, I must this day overcome in your mynd that distrust of your self, and that false shame, that hinders you from employing your mind with things which it is Capable of. But before I speak to you particularlie of your merit, I must let you see that of our Sex in general, that by the knowledge thereof I may the more easily bring you to what I would. They who say that beauty is the portion of women; And that fine arts, good learning, and all the sublime and eminent sciences, are of the domination of men, without our having power to pretend to any part of them; Are equallie differing from justice and vertue. If it were so, all women would be born with beautie and all men with a strong disposition to become learned; Otherwayes nature would be unjust in the dispensationes of her treasures. Nevertheless we see every day that uglinesse is seen in our Sex, and stupidity in the other. But if it were true that beauty was the only advantage which we receive from heaven; All women would not onlie be fair, but I also belve they would be so till death; That time would respect in them what

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it destroyes every moment; And that not being sent in to the world, but to let their beautie be seen; They would be fair so long as they should be in the world. In effect, this would be a strange destiny to survive ane age, for one onlie thing that could render us recommendable: And of the many years which doe conduct us to the tombe, not to passe but five or six with glorie. The things which nature seemes to have made for the ornament of the Universe, do almost never lose that beautie which it hath once given them. Gold, Pearles Diamonds preserve their brightnesse so long as they have being: And the Phenix her self, as is said of her, dies with her beautie that it may resuscitate with her. Let us say then after this, that because we see no roses, nor lilies upon the fairest complexiones; which the rigour of some winters will not blast; that we see no eyes, which after they have been brighter then the sun, doe not cover themselves, with darknesse; And which after they have made a hundered famous conquests, do find themselves to be in condition of almost not seeing any more the conquests of others; May, let us say, that since we see every instant of our life robbe us in spight of our selves, and in spight of our cares of the finest things which we have; That time makes our youth impotent; That these threeds of Gold, wherwith so many hearts have been caught shall be one day no more then threeds of silver; And in fine that this air of beautie, that so agreeablie mixes with all the traits of a fair countenance, and where a ray of divinity seemes to appear, is not strong enough to conquer diseases, time and old age: Let us conclude I say that we must of necessity have other advantages then that. And to speak rationalie of it, beautie is in our Sex, what valor is in that of men; But as that quality doeth not hinder their loving the studie of good learning, so this advantage does not hinder us from learning and knowing of it. But if there be any difference betwixt men and women, it should onlie be in affaires of war: It belongs to the beautie of my Sex to conquer hearts; and to the valor and strength of men to conquer Kingdomes: Natures intention does appear so cleare in this encounter, that it cannot be opposed: I consent then that we let townes be taken, battles given, and armies conducted by them who are born for it: But for things which doe onlie require

acquire fancie, vivacity of spirit, memorie and judgement, I cannot endure that we should be deprived of them. You know that men for the most part are wholly our slaves or our enemies, if the chains which we cause them wear seem to be too weightie for them, or if they break them, they are the more irritated against us; however let us not dispute, neither the beautie of imagination, the vivacitie of spirit, nor the force of memorie; But for judgement some have the injustice to maintain that they have more of it then we. Nevertheless I think that the moderation, and modestie of our Sex, makes it sufficientlie seen that we do not want it; And moreover if it be true, that we possess these first advantages in the highest degree: it is almost impossible for us not to possess the other. But if our imagination demonstrat things to us as they are, if our spirit understand them perfectlie; And if our memorie serve us as it ought: By consequence our judgement cannot erre? The imagination when it is livelie, it is a faithfull mirrour; the spirit when it is enlightned, doth so deeplie penetrate things; And the memorie when it is fortunate and cultivated, instructs so stronglie by example that it is impossible for the judgement not to form it self. Believe me *Erinna*, it is impossible to make ship-wrack when the Sea is calme; the worst Pilot can enter the Harbour. And there are no rocks but may be shunned when they are seen, and when the waves are not swelling. For me, I avouch to you, that I do not comprehend, how they who leave imagination, spirit and memorie for our portion, can boast of having more judgement then we. For it is not to be thought, that their imagination not showing them things as they are That their Spirit not knowing them perfectlie, and that their memorie not being faithfull to them: I say it is not to be thought that upon such false similitudes, their judgement can act equitablie? No *Erinna*, that is not possible: And that we may be more rationall then any among them: Let us say, that among them and among us, there are persons who have both fancie, spirit, memorie and judgement. It is not if I would, but I could make appear, by a strong and puissante inducemen t that our Sex can boast: of being more richlie furnished with spirituall treasures, then that of men. For conside

Erinna, that almoſt univerſal order, which is to be ſeen among all animals, who live in woods and in caves; You ſee that they who are born with ſtrength and courage, are verie often unskillfull and of litle underſtanding, and ordinarlie the weak have a ſtronger inſtinct, and come nearer to reaſon, then they to whom nature hath given other advantages. Judge you then that according to this order, ſince Nature has given more ſtrength and more courage to men, then to women; It ſhould have alſo given more ſpirit and more judgement to us: But again *Erinna*, let us grant to them, that they have as much as we, provided that they alſo conſent to our having as much as they. Perhaps you will ſay to me, that when by conſent of all men, I have obtained that declaration, I ſhall not for all that be able to perſwad, that the knowledge of good learning is decent for a woman, becauſe by an eſtabliſhed cuſtome of men, for fear of being excelled by us, ſtudie is as much forbidden to us as war. Making of verſes, is the ſame thing as to give battles, if we will believe them: And to ſay all, we have nothing permitted to us, but what ſhould be rather forbidden to us. See *Erinna*, we have a good fancie, a clear ſighted ſpirit, a fortunate memorie, a ſolid judgement, and muſt we employ all theſe things to friſle our hair, and to ſeek after Ornaments which can add ſomething to our beautie? No *Erinna*, that would be an unprofitable abuſe of the favours which we recive from Heaven. They who are born with eyes to make conqu[illegible] need not joyn art to graces of nature: And that would be a giving of an unworthie employment to the ſpirit, to give it no other work all our life, but ſuch occupation. It might likewaies be ſaid, that if things were ordained as they ſhould, the ſtudie of learning ſhould be rather permitted to Women then to Men: For becauſe they have the guiding of the univerſe. Some being Kings, others Governours of Provinces, ſome Sacrificers, others Magiſtrats, and all in general Maſters of their Families: And conſequently taken up either with publick affaires, or with their own in particular. They doubtleſs muſt have but litle time to beſtow, upon this kind of ſtudie. They muſt ſubſtract from their ſubjects their freinds or from themſelves: But for us, our leaſure and our retirement, gives us all the eaſe that

we could wish. We take nothing from the publick nor from our selves: In the contrare, we enrich our selves without empoverishing others; We illustrate our country by making our selves famous; And without wronging anie bodie, we acquir abundance of glorie. It is but verie just, me thinks, since we quit the domination of men, that at least they allow us, the libertie of knowing all the things, which our spirit is capable of: The desire of righteousnes should not be forbidden us: And consequentlie it can be no crime to practise it. The Gods have made no unprofitable thing in all nature: Everie thing follows the order that has been given to it. The Sun enlightens and warms the Universe: the Earth gives us flowers and fruits every year: The Sea gives us of all its riches; the Rivers water our meadows; The woods lend us their shades: And in fine, all things are useful for publick Societie. Wherefore then, if it be so, should it be desired that we should be only rebels & ungrateful creatures to the gods! why I say, should it be desired, that our spirits should either be unworthilie employed, or eternallie unprofitable? What improvement can there be had, by despising what is honest: And how can it agree with reason, that what is of it self infinitlie laudable, doth become wicked and damnable, when it is in our possession? They who have slaves, do cause instruct them for their own advantage: And they whom Nature or custome has given to us for Masters, would have us extinguish in our souls, all these lights which heaven hath put there: And that we should live in the thickest darkness of ignorance. If this be for obtaining our admiration the more easilie, they shall not come to their purpose: Because we do not admire, what we know not: But if it be also to render us more subject to them, that is not a generous sentiment: And if it be true that they have any Empire over us, it is the making of their Government the less glorious to reign over stupid and ignorants. Perhaps you will say to me, that all men are not so rigid to us: And that some do consent to Womens imploying of their spirits, in the knowledge of good learning: Provided that they medle not, with desire of making works themselves. But let them who are of that opinion, remember, that if *Mercurius* and *Apollo* are of their Sex *Minerva* & the *Muses* are of ours. Nevertheless I avouch

that Having received so much from heaven as we have, we should not slightlie engadge our selves, in such things, As for example it is no shame, to make verse, but to make them evil: And if mine had not had the good fortune of pleasing, I should never have shown them twice. However this shame is not particular to us, and who ever doth a thing evilie; that he voluntarlie undertakes: Doubtless merits to be blamed, of whatsoever Sex he is. A perverse Orator, an evil Philosopher an evil Poet do acquire no more glorie, then a woman who with no good grace does acquit her self of all those things: And of whatsorver Sex anie is, they merit reproof when they do ill, and great esteem when they do well: But to give something to the custome and depravedness of the age, leave, *Erinna*, all those thornie Sciences to them who love not to seek for glorie, but in difficult pathes.

I will not lead you unto places where you shall see nothing agreeable: I will not have you spend your life in importunate inquires after secrets which are not to be found: I will not have you unprofitablie employ all your spirits to know the place whereto the winds retires after they have made shipwrackes: And in fine I will not have you consume the rest of your dayes, in divyning indifferently upon all things. I love your repose, your glorie and your beautie equallie: I doe not wish to you such studies, as make the complexion yellow, the eyes hollow, the countenance ghastlie, which make wrinekles on the forehead; and which make the humor melancholie and unquiet. I will not have you flee societie nor light: But I onlie will have you follow me to the banks of Parnassus. It is there *Erinna*, that I will conduct you; It is there that you shall surpass me, how soon you arrive at it: It is there, that you shall acquire beauty, which time, yeares, seasones, old Age, nor Death it self can robb you of: And in fine it is there, that you shall know perfectlie, that our Sex is capable of every thing that it would undertake. It may be you will say to me, that by my desiring to engadge you to poesie, I do not keep my word to you: Because in the descriptions which are given of them who make verses, it seemes that beautie cannot correspond with the grimaces which itcauses them

them make; But know *Erinna*, that this is but ane invention of men; who would make us belive that as we see them who give oracles troubled by the presence of the god that makes them speak; The same way, poesie being whollie divyn, troubles them who practise it. But though that were so, your eyes shall not be lesse bright: For how soon the Oracle is given, the Preist is restored to his former tranquillity; So shall you also no sooner quit the pen, then you shall refind all your premire urbanities: And moreover, I doe not think that you will replenish your spirits with so dooleful images, as may cause any sorrowful thing result in your eyes. You shall be absolute Mistris of the subjects you wonld treat of: And of the manie beauties which are in nature; you may choise what pleases most your inclination, the description of a wood, or of a fountain, the complaints of a lover and of a Mistris; Or the Elogie of some vertue will give you ample enough subject, to make the talents appear which heaven hath endued your person with. You are born with such glorious advantages, as that you will be ungrate to these who have given you them, if you know not the good use of them: Perhaps you will ask of me, if it be not sufficiently glorious for a fine woman, that all the brave spirits of her time; make verses in praise of her, without that she medle, to make her own Pictur her self: I say you may ask me, if her glorie be not better established this way then the other; But I have this answer to give you, that what ever Elogies can be given to you, it will be more glorious for you, to have made verses for all the Illustrious of your time, if you doe them well then it can be to you, when they have all been made for you. Believe me *Erinna*, it is much better to give immortalitie to others, then to receive it from any other: And to find ones own glorie with themselves, then to hear of it elsewhere the pictures which shall be this way made of you perhaps shall not passe one day with posterity, but as tablets made for pleasure. The Poets imagination, will be more admired then your beauty; And the Copies in fine shall passe fore the original. But if from your own hand, you doe leave some signes of what you are, you shall still live with honor, in the memories of all men; They of your age who have praised

you, shall then passe for true; And they who have not done it for stupid or envious. Nevertheless I doe not pretend that you should make your own Picture; That you should speak of your beautie; Of your vertue; And of all the rare qualities that are in you: No I will not impose such a hard thing upon your modestie. Poesie has many other privileges, you need not speak of your self, to make posterity know you: You need but speak Elegantlie, and you shall be sufficiently known. Yes *Erinna*, when you make no other use of your pen, but to blame the vices of your age, your praise shall not be forgotten. Consider also again I conjure you, how feeble and undureable is the reputation that is founded upon beautie. Of all the infinit numbers of beautiful women, who doubtless have lived in these ages which preceded ours, we have scarse heard two or three onlie spoken of: And in these very ages, we see the glorie of most men, solidlie established by the wreatings which they have left behind them; let not *Erinna*, tyme, old age and death robb you of any thing but Roses; And not take away all your beautie. Triumph over these enemies in everie good thing: Put your self in condition to sustain the glorie of our Sex by your example: make our common enemies avouch that it is as easie for us to conquer, with the force of our spirits, as with the beauty of our eyes: Let your judgement appear, by despiseing the sottisnes, that the vulgare will say of your resolution: Let all the earth see such fine tablets of your imagination; such noble efforts of your spirit; Such brave effects of your memorie; And such good testimonies of your judgement; that you alone may have the advantage, of having reestablished the glorie of all women. Doe not contemn then what I say to you: But if for a false shame, you will not resolve to follow me; And will make all your glorie consist in your Beautie you shall lament while you are alive the losse of that beautie. You shall be spoken of, as if you had been of ane other age, And you shall then find that I had reason to say to you this day, what I think I have said formerly in some of my verses.

your

Your looks, and all that charming grace,
Of roſe and lilies in your face;
Your heav'nly orbes ſo clear and bright.
Tho'emblems of Eternall light,
Muſt all decay; your beauty wither,
Death makes you both forgot together:
But learning does immortality gaine
And victory o'r death and the grave make obtain.

THE EFFECT OF THIS HARRANGUE.

IT cannot be said that this harrangue had no Effect; If things be taken literally: For it well appears, that she to whom it was adreſt let her ſelf be caried where it was deſired, because a Greek Epigrame hath told us; That by how much Sapho excelled Erinna, in Lirick Poeſie, ſo much Erinna did ſurpaſs Sapho in hexametr verſe. But if any differ from the literall ſenſe, to come nearer my intentions, I ſhal be verie happy, if I can perſwade our Ladies, to what this fair Lesbian perſwaded her freind: But yet more if I could perſwade all the earth, that the beautifull Sex is worthie of our adoration; That thereby Temples and Altars, might be one day conſecrated to them, as I do now conſecrate, THIS TRIVMPHING ARCH, WHICH I HAVE ELEVATED TO THEIR GLORIE.

FINIS.